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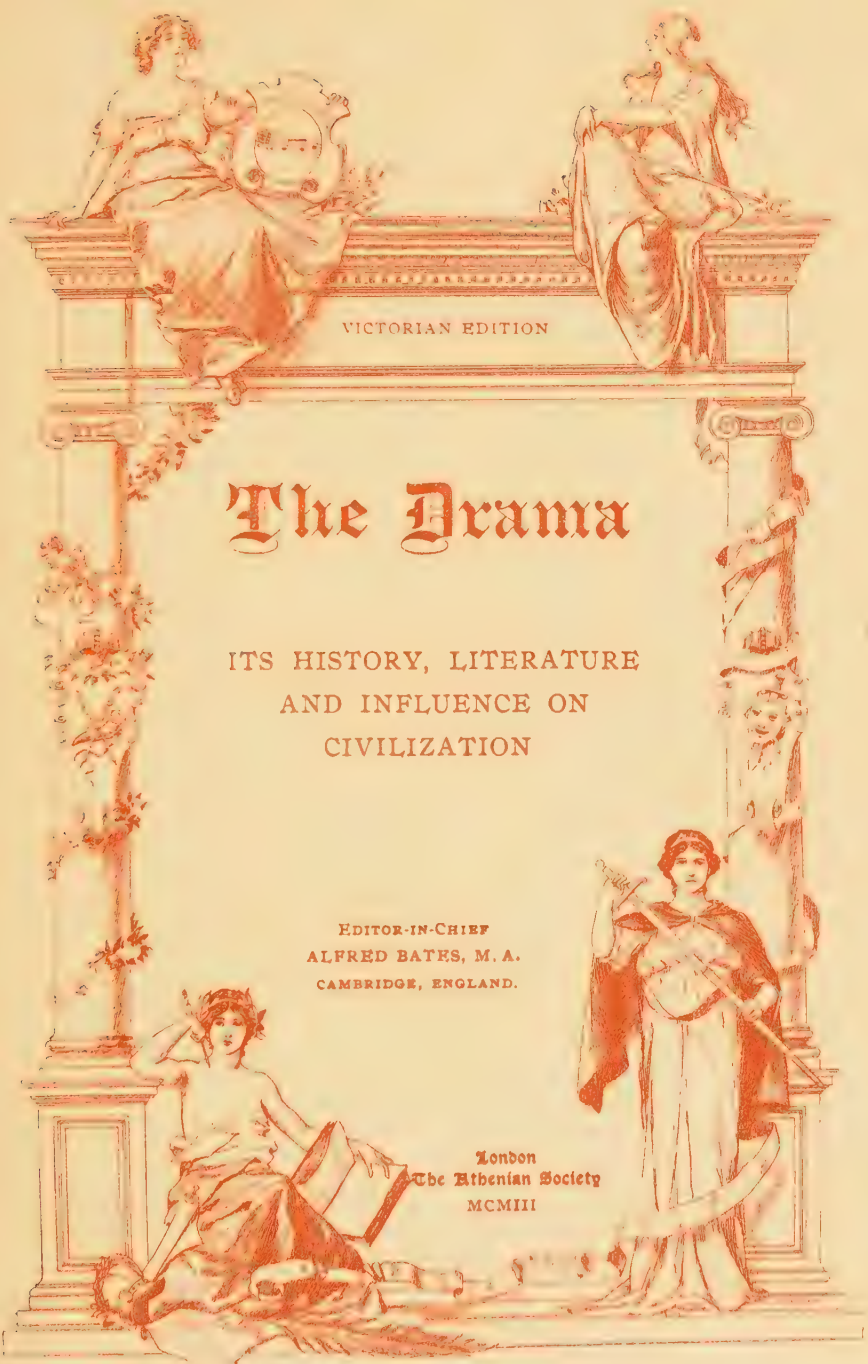
Victorian Edition

Bound in Buckram

*There are but one thousand sets made for the world
of which this is*

No. 755

The Drama

The book cover is framed by a decorative border of classical figures and architectural elements. At the top left, a female figure sits on a ledge, holding a large, ornate mirror. At the top right, another female figure sits on a ledge, holding a long, flowing robe. The left side of the frame is decorated with a column entwined with a vine and leaves. The right side features a column with a carved face. At the bottom left, a female figure lies on the ground, holding a large, ornate mirror. At the bottom right, a female figure stands, holding a long, flowing robe. The entire cover is rendered in a reddish-brown color.

VICTORIAN EDITION

The Drama

ITS HISTORY, LITERATURE
AND INFLUENCE ON
CIVILIZATION

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ALFRED BATES, M. A.
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

London
The Athenian Society
MCMIII

DEATH OF FRANCESCA DA RIMINI
After an original painting by Alexander Cabanel



American Drama

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ALFRED BATES

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JAMES P. BOYD, A.M., L.B.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

PROF. JOHN P. LAMBERTON

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



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Prologue



OUR comprehensive survey of the progress of the Drama has extended from its obscure origin in the license of the Greek worship of Bacchus to its splendid achievements in ancient Athens, to its transmigration to Rome, to its decay with the decline of Roman civilization, to its mysterious reappearance in the Middle Ages under the sanction of the Christian Church, to its complete secular revival after the Renaissance, and its full establishment in all modern civilized countries. We have found valuable examples of the



PROLOGUE

Drama in Oriental lands as well as in Europe, whence it has been transported to the New World. Our work is now brought to a close with an exhibition of the American theatre in recent years.

It must be acknowledged that however prominent the theatre has become in the United States as an intellectual diversion and agency of culture, the genius of native writers has not yet been conspicuously successful in contributing to dramatic literature. There has been no such grand development as was witnessed in England with the reign of Elizabeth, nor even such a renewal as was seen there in the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is contrary to American ideas for the government to assist or direct in any way the amusements of the people, as is the practice on the continent of Europe. Nor is there here an aristocracy of birth, or even one of wealth, to provide with sufficient liberality for public diversion. The acting drama in America has been from the start a matter of business, and it has always borne the commercial impress. Managers and actors have been compelled to tax their ingenuity to gratify the public demand for pleasure, and, at the same time, keep down expenses. It is creditable to the na-

PROLOGUE

tional character that they have succeeded so well, that the best theatres in the country are worthy of comparison with the best in Europe.

The acted drama was introduced here by an English company after the eighteenth century. For more than a hundred years the chief actors and managers were of British birth and training, and the theatre has retained the character they gave it. Even the Shakespearean revivals, with all the modern accessories which have given renown to various actors, managers, companies and theatres, were started in England by Macready and his contemporaries. Yet in this department America has eventually equalled, if not surpassed, the mother country. In steady conformity with the increased culture and refinement of the audience the style of acting has been improved, and the tone of the drama has been elevated, but plays of English origin still form the style of the exhibition.

The laudable efforts of Edwin Forrest to stimulate native authorship met with limited success, and the plays for which he awarded prizes have been shelved since his departure. Even the poetical dramas of Longfellow and Boker are almost unknown to the theatre. But we would

PROLOGUE

fain hope that the increasing popularity of the refined amusement will yet attract native genius to the production of dramas which Americans may esteem as beauties of the literature of the world.

In presenting this twentieth volume our Prologue assumes the form of an Epilogue. Trusting that the earnest efforts of the editors and publishers to entertain and instruct our readers have met with their cordial approval, we retire from the congenial task with the customary formula of the ancient Roman actors: *Valete et Plaudite*. Farewell and Applaud.



Contents.

	PAGE
SECTION I.—Progress of the Drama	I
Adverse Conditions of American Drama	3
Appropriated Plays	5
General Literary Development	6
American Writers	7
Indian Plays, Character of	9
<i>Solon Shingle</i> , Complete Text of	107
SECTION II.—Edwin Forrest	15
Forrest's First Appearance	16
The Drama in the West	17
Richard III Off the Stage.	19
Forrest's Early Struggles	21
Forrest Promotes American Dramas	22
John Augustus Stone as Dramatist and Actor	22
Dr. Bird's <i>Gladiator</i> , Production of	24
Conrad's <i>Jack Cade</i> , Success of	25
Forrest in England	26
Forrest's Troubles Begin	29
Forrest's Later Years	31
SECTION III.—Old-time American Playwrights	35
Robert T. Conrad, Dramatic Style of	36
<i>Jack Cade</i> , Merits and Quotations	39
Henry J. Finn, Dramas of	40
Part II, Vol. XX.	

	PAGE
James H. Kennicott, Plays of	41
<i>Irma</i> , Style and Quotations	42
Cornelius A. Logan, Comedies of	43
Henry W. Longfellow, Dramatic Works of	43
Horatio Newton Moore, Tragedies of	44
Mordecai M. Noah, Dramas of	45
James Rees, Names and Style of Plays	46
Epes Sargent, Dramatic Style of	46
<i>Velasco</i> , Merits and Quotations	46
A Severe Frost	49
Silas S. Steele, Style and Merits	50
Richard Penn Smith, Style of Dramatic Writings	50
Mark Benjamin, Dramatic Career of	51
Nathaniel Parker Willis, Dramatic Works of	52
<i>Bianca Visconti</i> , Plot and Quotations	52
Robert Montgomery Bird, Style and Writings	54
<i>The Gladiator</i> , Analysis and Style of	55
James K. Paulding on the American Drama	56
David Paul Brown, Dramatic Style of	57
<i>Sertorius</i> , Dramatic Merits of	57
N. Harrington Bannister, Dramas of	58
<i>Psammetichus</i> , Style and Quotations	58
Mrs. Mowatt's <i>Fashion</i> , Merits of	60
Prologue and Epilogue to <i>Fashion</i>	64
Mrs. Mowatt as Author and Actress	65
Charlotte Cushman, Career and Histrionic Qualities	68
George Henry Boker, Dramatic Works of	70
 SECTION IV.—The Drama from 1850 to 1870	 73
<i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i> , Dramatized	74
Controversy Over the Theatre	76
The Wallack Dynasty	79
Dion Boucicault, Dramas and Dramatic Style of	81
John Brougham, Dramas and Dramatic Career	83
<i>A Row at the Lyceum</i> , Style and Success of	85
<i>Po-Ca-Hon-Tas</i> , Complete Text of	153
War-Time Drama	86
Extravagance After the Civil War	88
Revival of Legitimate Drama	89
Laura Keene, Dramatic Career of	90
Part II, Vol. XX.	

CONTENTS.

III

PAGE

SECTION V.—Edwin Booth	95
Edwin Booth as King Lear	99
Booth as Richelieu and Hamlet	100
John S. Clarke, Dramatic Career of	102
Lawrence Barrett, Histrionic Style and Success	103
John McCullough, Stage Career of	106
SECTION VI.—Joseph Jefferson	107
Jefferson as Dr. Pangloss	110
“The Sunday-school Comedian”	111
Jefferson in <i>Our American Cousin</i>	112
Joseph Jefferson on Love Scenes	114
Sothorn as Lord Dundreary	115-117
Dundreary Reads Brother Sam’s Letter	118
Jefferson Engaged by Boucicault	120
<i>Rip Van Winkle</i> , Jefferson in	121
Jefferson’s Return to America	125
William Warren, Histrionic Style and Career	126
Mary Anderson, Stage Career and Style	128
SECTION VII.—Recent Managers and Dramatists	135
Augustin Daly as Theatrical Manager	135
A. M. Palmer at Union Square Theatre, N. Y.	136
Steele Mackaye at Madison Square Theatre, N. Y.	137
Joaquin Miller as Poet and Playwright	138
Bartley Campbell, as Melodramatic Author	139
<i>The Gilded Age</i> , and Character of Mulberry Sellers	139
Bronson Howard, Dramas of	140
William Gillette, Plays and Dramatic Style	143
William Young, Dramas and Dramatic Style	144
Stage Politicians	144
James A. Herne, Dramatic Style and Productions	145
Clyde Fitch, Dramatic Writings of	145
Dramatic Prospect for the Twentieth Century	147
<i>The Forty-niners</i> , Complete Text of	233-276
INDEX I.—Dramatists, Characters and other Persons	277-300
INDEX II.—Plays Presented—Titles, Character, Nationality, Authors	301-317
INDEX III.—Dramatists Classified by Countries	318-326
INDEX to Books for Reference and Extra Reading	327-343

Illustrations.

EMBLEMATIC PAGE	FACING PAGE <i>Title Page</i>
After an original design by A. D. Rahn	
DEATH OF FRANCESCA DA RIMINI AND MALATESTA	<i>Frontispiece</i>
After an original painting by Alexander Cabanel	
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN	<i>Prologue</i>
After an original drawing by M. Jamison	
BUNKER HILL	35
After an original painting by Trumbull	
WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE	46
After an original painting by A. Chappel	
EDWIN BOOTH ;	100
After a painting by W. A. Lenders	
THE CHARIOT RACE	144
After an original painting by F. Wagner	

The American Drama.

PART II.

I.

Progress of the Drama.

Edgar Allan Poe has given us an impressive picture of the state of the drama and the dramatic art in the United States in the early half of the nineteenth century. In recording the appearance of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt at Niblo's theatre, New York, in 1845, he said, in the *Broadway Journal*:

"She has been very successful, drew large and fashionable, as well as intellectual, audiences. [The play was *The Lady of Lyons*.] She lost no caste by coming out here, but the fact cannot be disputed that she would have gained much by first appearing in London, and presenting herself to her countrymen and women with the éclat of a foreign reputation. We say this with a bitter sense of our national degradation and subserviency to British opinion; we say it, moreover, with

a consciousness that Mrs. Mowatt should not have done this thing, however much it would have furthered her interests,"

In this utterance of the keenest and profoundest of our critical writers, the pioneer of the science of literary and art criticism in this country, we realize how sorry were the conditions in which our dramatic writers and exponents wrought. This highly-gifted and cultured woman, who wrote an excellent comedy, *Fashion*, and played a part in it, an American woman, appearing before the foremost metropolitan audience, was made to feel the humiliation of this reminder that, though more than half a century had elapsed since the first American play had won success on the American stage, native merit was still under the ban of native disfavor. To attract the fashionable theatre patrons of the period the play must be English, the characters largely aristocratic, and the players either English-born or Americans who had courted the applause of London.

Not only this. There was the grim Puritan prejudice against the stage and its dramas. It lingers to this day, but has no longer the power to wreak injustice upon its despised victims, as it did when Poe so bravely vindicated the actor's art and calling in the article already quoted. He continues:

"We have no sympathy with the prejudices which would entirely have dissuaded Mrs. Mowatt from the stage. There is no cant more contemptible than that which habitually decries the theatrical profession—a profession which, in itself, embraces all that can elevate and ennoble, and absolutely nothing to degrade. If

some of its members are discolored, this is an evil arising not from the profession itself, but from the unhappy circumstances which surround it. . . . The theatre is ennobled by its high facilities for the development of genius, facilities not afforded elsewhere in equal degree. By the spirit of genius it is ennobled beyond the sneer of the fool or the cant of the hypocrite. The actor of talent is poor at heart indeed, if he do not look with contempt upon mediocrity even in a king. The writer of this is himself the son of an actress, he has invariably made it his boast, and no earl was ever prouder of his earldom than he of his descent from a woman who, although well born, hesitated not to consecrate to the drama her brief career of genius and beauty." The tone of this, and of occasional outbursts from other upholders of a national drama, indicates the measure of discouragement against which its friends had for years to struggle.

Adverse Conditions.

In searching the records of things pertaining to the general subject, we are impelled to take cognizance from new viewpoints of the many potent influences that hindered the growth of the American drama. Plays innumerable, of a sort, were written, mechanically constructed or misappropriated, and were played in many States, but they brought us no nearer to a national drama. In other chapters we attempt a retrospective review of the miscellaneous output of dramatic work from the earliest period. We have

already seen that the annals of the American stage are richer in histrionic than in dramatic art. In fact, the American drama can hardly be said to have made a dignified appearance until the time of Forrest and Hackett, actor-managers who offered to playwrights the encouragement hitherto withheld.

Allowance must further be made for the primitive state, comparatively, of the community. There was but a modest distribution of wealth; almost every one was a worker; literary culture was not widespread, and little was spent upon what they would have called mere amusement. Life was a serious matter in those up-building decades. The mimic life of the stage seemed trivial to the pioneers of new empire. There were forests to be cleared, homesteads established, crops to be raised, and the substantial gains of civilization to be carried to fresh fields. This vast movement of a mighty people continued through the thirty years now in review, and has not yet ceased. The ever intensifying struggle for modest competence, spread over so great an area, doubtless absorbed the intellectual energies of many who, if born under a calmer sky, would have found their fitter life-work in the field of the gentler arts. Engrossed in the toil to procure subsistence, and with families to rear, men, young and mature, naturally devoted their scant spare hours to the cultivation of those forms of knowledge which best served the practical ends of life. The times were adverse to the claims of genius and of literary and artistic gifts. There was but a poor demand, a listless reception, for native works in this department, which it was tacitly held was amply

supplied with the imported commodity. Americans have never renounced their claim to a share in English literature.

Appropriated Plays.

A large proportion of the home-made dramas were adaptations of English and German plays. Sometimes only the titles were changed, sometimes the characters were localized and an American flavor given to the dialogue. The business is carried on still, but with infinitely less justification than in those days of absolute disheartenment for the native author. On the other hand, if the American adapter of that period made pretty free with his English original, so did the English with the French and German dramatists. The dramatic literature, not only of France and Germany, but of Spain, Italy and northern countries, was, and still is, being translated, adapted and plagiarized by English playwrights, whose concoctions have always found favor in America. When Kotzebue—author of the long popular drama, *The Stranger*—brought the German school into fashion, those who had been employed to measure out dialogue and pantomime by the yard for London theatres were superseded by honest translators of German plays. The former then took alarm and began to decry the German drama. The newspapers joined in the crusade, until at last it became the fashion to ridicule the tragic scenes they had been weeping over, and the amusing pieces they had so enjoyed and applauded. After this reversal of popular taste, those who manufactured pieces to order had

the ball in their own hands, and for years whole scenes and plots were given to admiring audiences as purely English, filled with ebullient British patriotism, when they were in fact stolen from those very Germans whom the plagiarists had denounced in trumpet tones. It takes long years, and conditions not easy to command at will, before a nation gets to the point where its people demand the dramatic chronicles and delineations of their own life and development by writers of their own race.

General Literary Development.

Within half a century or less after the Declaration of Independence the literature of the United States had begun to attract the attention of the world, while her system of education, more highly developed during the first decades of the nineteenth century than that of any European country, had made itself felt in every phase of the nation's progress, intellectual, social and material. There were publication societies, formed by the churches, which multiplied books, papers and tracts without number, and these found their way to remote villages and homes. Educational societies helped to establish schools and colleges in the thinly-settled parts of the country. This was the time when the lyceum system became popular. In the cities and towns courses of lectures were instituted, and the latest thoughts in science, art, literature, politics and philosophy were given to the people. The newspaper had become a national institution and was a familiar visitor to the great majority of the families of the republic. There

were daily papers in most of the cities and towns, and in many the contents of books were published, as well as the general news and topics which interested the country.

American Writers.

American authors were taking their place among the great men of the age in the realm of letters. Before 1830, Bryant, Irving and Cooper had become distinguished. Before 1850, Edgar Allan Poe, the most imaginative of American poets, had died, and Washington Irving had written all his works except his *Life of Washington*. The poems by which William Cullen Bryant is best known had been written and given to the world. James Fenimore Cooper died in 1851, leaving behind him a long list of novels, the best of which were descriptive of American life. Then came Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bancroft, Prescott and Emerson. *The Scarlet Letter*, which made Hawthorne famous, had been given to the public. Longfellow had published *Evangeline* and many of his most popular poems. Whittier had become celebrated as a poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes as a poet and wit, William Gilmore Simms as a novelist of the South; Ralph Waldo Emerson had become known by his essays as one of the great masters of English prose; James Russell Lowell, poet and satirist, had issued his *Biglow Papers*, which showed people the meaning of the Mexican war, while they laughed over the verses. Besides these writers, many others assisted in creating

an American literature and making it a distinct voice of the nation.

All these things—churches, lyceums, public meetings, societies, newspapers and books—had their influence in shaping public opinion; and as they increased, more earnest grew the discussion of the slavery question. At the middle of the century, when the administration of Fillmore was coming to an end, a book was published which had an enormous sale and has been translated into all the literary languages of the world. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was for a time more widely read throughout the world than any other book. It was a story claiming to show what negro slavery really was and what it meant in the lives of the men and women, white and black, in the Southern States of the Union. It was later dramatized for popular audiences, but the product cannot be classed among the purely dramatic creations of the time. A perusal of the general literature of these years discloses sufficient of dramatic instinct in poetical and prose writers to justify the belief that, if the conditions of national life had been more favorable, our men of gifts and culture could have given the nation a dramatic literature that would have been its pride.

The plays which are here chronicled are to be viewed as mirroring the taste of the public for dramatic entertainment outside the pale of the standard dramatic literature of Great Britain, and the translations of European dramas. It is sufficiently obvious that the best plays represented on the American stage during the

first half of the nineteenth century were simply repetitions of the classic tragedies and comedies already cited in the English volumes of his work or equally famous plays of their kind. The examples selected for this volume on the drama in America give a fair view of the popular stage-play of a period in which literary taste had less share than it has now in gratifying the average audience. If a primitive conception of art then sanctioned the popularity, and undoubtedly potent influence, of what we regard as melodramatic exaggeration, it is scarcely within our right to condemn the realistic simplicity of the past while we are hailing the high-strung intensities of morbid "problem plays," the ultra-ferocity of recent experiments in fantastic tragedy. Many of these old-time plays compare favorably with the nondescript productions that so grievously compete with the strong and honest work of the past.

Indian Plays.

Some mention may here be made of a class of plays honestly intended to be truly American, and for a long time accepted as national, but now entirely abandoned and almost forgotten. Those had for their heroes and heroines native Indians, who were portrayed in the romantic style which Cooper's novels still render familiar. The first of these Indian plays was written, curiously enough, by an English woman, Anne Kemble, a member of the noted Kemble family and sister of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons. She belonged to a company then acting in New York City and intended

the play as special compliment to the free and independent American people. It was called *Tammany*, and was brought out at the John Street theatre on March 3d, 1794, under the patronage of the Tammany Society.

It is worth while to recall the origin of this name, so prominent in American political history. The actual Tammany or Tamanend was a chief of the Delawares, residing near Easton, Pa. This aged ruler was highly regarded for his wisdom. He is said to have affixed his mark to William Penn's famous treaty with the Indians. Before the Revolution the twelfth of May was in Pennsylvania celebrated in his honor with games, parades and feasting. When the national independence was declared the people renounced Saint George of England and sportively took Tammany as their patron saint. On his day the warriors, decked with feathers and buck-tails, gathered around the May pole, now called a liberty pole; the venerable Tammany came forth from a wigwam and gave them a talk on courage and freedom, and dismissed them to their amusements. This annual celebration spread from Pennsylvania to other States.

Within a fortnight after the first inauguration of Washington as President, April 30th, 1789, at New York, William Mooney, an ardent Irish-American Liberty boy, took advantage of this May festival to institute the Columbian Order. An immediate cause of its formation was the resentment of the common people against the recent removal of the political disabilities of the wealthy Tories who had remained in New York City after the British evacuation. Columbus had been

selected as the patron saint of the order, but the terms and usages were all derived from those of the Indians. When the popular instinct transferred the honor of tutelary guardianship to the Indian Tammany the leaders readily acquiesced in the change.

A large number of the braves of this society witnessed the first performance of Miss Kemble's play, but showed little interest in it. Columbus, as well as Tammany, appeared among the characters. The stage-settings were the first attempts at elaborate scenic effect in this country, and music was liberally introduced. Yet neither by its own merits nor by its unusual display, nor the good-will of its patrons, could the play obtain success.

The second play of this class was *The Indian Princess*, by James N. Barker, of Philadelphia. It was founded on the familiar story of Pocahontas, and was published in 1808, some years after it had been first performed. The subject of the rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas has ever been dear to the American public, though many recent historical critics regard it as a myth, deliberately invented by Smith himself.

George Washington Parke Custis, the literary member of Washington's family and builder of the famous Arlington House, never dreaming of such historic doubts, wrote a good acting play called *Pocahontas*, which was performed at the Park theatre, New York, on December 28th, 1830. Another eminent writer who treated this theme in a drama was Robert Dale Owen, socialist and spiritualist, member of Congress from Indiana and able advocate of the Union cause.

His solitary play, *Pocahontas*, was also brought out at the Park theatre on February 8th, 1838, with Miss Emma Wheatley as the heroine, while Miss Charlotte Cushman, who then frequently appeared in male parts, personated the Englishman Rolf, who married the Indian princess. This drama was the best on the subject from a literary point of view.

But the palm in the competition among Indian plays was enthusiastically awarded by the play-going public to John A. Stone's *Metamora*, which was first performed in November, 1829. It thus preceded some of those on *Pocahontas*. Its success was entirely due to Forrest's vigorous acting, as will be further shown in the next chapter.

J. Fenimore Cooper's novels, and those of W. Gilmore Simms, furnished excellent themes for the playwrights who now sprang up, hoping to win fame and profit from representations of Indian braves. A good example of their product is seen in *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, which has been given in the previous volume. Another, written by the actor William Wheatley, was *Sassacus, or the Indian Wife*, which was produced July 8th, 1836. John R. Scott played *Sassacus*, Wheatley himself *Pokota*, and his sister Emma, an actress of some distinction, played *Unca*. Scott was a favorite in his personation of the red man, and acted the title rôles in *Kairrissah*, *Oraloosa*, *Outalassie*, and other dramas of this class. So great was the flood of Indian plays poured on the stage that in 1846 the dramatist James Rees declared that they had become "a perfect nuisance." It

remained for an Irish-American genius to give them their quietus.

To complete this general review of the once-popular aboriginal drama the laughable whirlwind which swept the gentle Pocahontas and all her savage kinsmen from the stage must be recorded. On Christmas eve, 1855, the irrepressible John Brougham brought out at the Lyceum, New York, his "Original aboriginal, erratic, operatic, semi-civilized and demi-savage extravaganza of *Po-ca-hon-tas*." Miss Hodson played the title rôle, and Brougham represented "Pow-Ha-Tan I, king of the Tuscaroras, a crotchety monarch, in fact, a semi-brave." Charles Walcott played Captain John Smith, "according to this story, but somewhat at variance with his story."

The gallant Smith thus poetically describes his introduction to the Indian king:

I visited his majesty's abode,
A portly savage, plump and pigeon-toed;
Like Metamora, both in feet and feature,
I never met a more amusing creature.

Pow-Ha-Tan showed himself fond of a joke and not less fond of tobacco, whose quintuple merits he thus rehearsed:

While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives ecstatic pleasure.
You feel the radiance of the glowing bowl;
Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal;
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey-dew;
Taste its strong pungency the palate through;
See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
Imprisoned skies up-floating to their home.

Having thus elevated his theme to the skies, the merry monarch came down abruptly to straight matter of fact:

I like a dhudeen myself.

This laughter-provoking *Po-ca-hon-tas*, brimming with melody and beaded with puns, ran for many weeks, and was frequently repeated in later years. But the gentle, dusky, shadowy maiden of the braggart Captain Smith's story and the old melodrama, with her attendant train of noble savages, faded from the stage forever.

II.

Edwin Forrest.

There may be two opinions upon the claim that Edwin Forrest is the greatest name on the roll of American tragedians; there can be but one as to the vital importance of his work and the impetus he gave to the cause of the American drama. His personality affords the best medium through which to view the condition of the theatre, which reflects the status of the drama at the opening of his striking career. He was the first American actor to whom the attribute of greatness fairly belongs. He came at a time when the advent of a man of power was mightily needed. The popularity he gained was probably not solely due to his artistic ability. He had not only a splendid physique and magnificent voice, but also great force of character, which gave a stamp of authority to his every act and judgment, so that he may be credited with having so moulded the public taste, as touching his art, that his successors had to reckon with the Forrest tradition. That he became one of the most powerful tragedians of this or any other country is undoubted; he ranks high among Shakespearean interpreters. He had for profes-

sional competitor Junius Brutus Booth and yet retained his friendship. Both in England and America he competed successfully with Edmund Keene and Macready.

Forrest's First Appearance.

Forrest's first appearance was at the opening of the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, in November, 1820. He was born in that city in 1806, the son of a Scotchman who had married an American girl of German descent. The father died early and the son had only a common-school education. But he cultivated his natural talent for recitation, and as early as his eleventh year he was a performer in local amateur theatricals. John Howard Payne was at that time a brilliant figure in the stage world, and his eminence was an incentive to these amateurs. Many were those who sneered at Forrest's youthful efforts while struggling for a foothold on the regular stage—the same men who, in later years, fawned upon and flattered him; for they had now discovered that a profession by which a man became rich must needs be respectable.

It was at the Walnut Street theatre, then under the management of Warren and Wood, that Forrest applied for a position. To this playhouse, then the only one in Philadelphia, the company had been transferred after the destruction of the theatre on Chestnut street.

He applied to William B. Wood, acting manager of this house, for a one-night trial, which was at first refused, but in the end, says Wood in his narrative, permission was given. He describes the youthful aspir-

ant thus: "Edwin Forrest was sixteen years of age. He was a well-grown young man, with a noble figure, unusually developed for his age; his features powerfully expressive, and with a determination of purpose which discouraged all further objections." As a fact, the boy was now only fourteen years of age, but looked at least two years older, for he was stoutly built and above medium height. The following is the bill of the play, which is worth reproducing:

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

Monday Evening, Nov. 27th, 1820.

Will be presented the tragedy (in 5 acts) called
Douglas; or, The Noble Shepherd.

Written by Mr. Home.

Young Norval.....	By a Young Gentleman of this city
Lord Randolph.....	Mr. Wheatley
Glenalvon.....	Mr. W. B. Wood
Old Norval.....	Mr. Warren
Norval's Servant.....	Mr. Martin
First Officer.....	Mr. Scrivener
Second Officer.....	Mr. Carter
Third Officer.....	Mr. Parker
Lady Randolph.....	Mrs. Williams
Anna.....	Mrs. Jefferson

A repetition of the play was called for, but the receipts for three evenings did not warrant his permanent engagement. Edmund Kean was to play the next week.

The Drama in the West.

Philadelphia and New York then had a full supply of well-trained and successful actors, and young Forrest decided to try his fortune in the South and

West. To relate his adventures on his various tours of the western country would of itself fill a bulky volume, for he had his full share of the hardships and vicissitudes of a strolling player's life. At this time the entire valley of the Mississippi was little better than a wilderness, the silence and solitude primeval of its interminable forests almost unbroken except by the scream of the panther and the yell of the Indian. Some few scattered settlements there were on the banks of the rivers, where a handful of white men carried on a small trade by means of boats, the crews of these clumsy craft—the keel-boat of the Ohio and the broadhorn of Kentucky—forming a class of men long since extinct, but in their time as notable as the gypsies of England or the lazzaroni of Naples. There was little agriculture, for the climate and environment did not invite to severe and continuous labor, but the forests abounded in game and the rivers with fish. Food was always plentiful and whisky usually so; the people were young and of both sexes, and there were few who would care to exchange their freedom from care and toil for the bondage of civilization.

Cincinnati was then the only place west of the Blue Ridge that approached to the dignity of a city; Saint Louis was little more than a village, and a group of cabins, clustered within the stockade of Fort Dearborn, occupied the site of Chicago. In 1820 Cincinnati contained about 1,500 houses, with perhaps 10,000 inhabitants; but it was rapidly increasing, not only in population, but in culture and wealth. The progress of the arts and sciences, of literature and education,

had indeed been remarkable under such conditions as here existed, so that the town was not inaptly styled the Athens of the West. There were newspapers, museums, circulating libraries and an art gallery in the city, and itinerant players upheld the glories of the drama by performances in school-rooms and the upper floors of stores. In 1820 a proper theatre was built, in which *Macbeth* and various comedies were given. The company consisted of seven men and two women, with two or three boys. Each member had to do double duty; for instance, in *Pizarro*, all the leading actors played two or more parts, while to Sol. Smith were assigned no less than seven—Almagro, Valverde, the High Priest, the Sentinel, the Blind Man, the Guard and the entire Spanish army! An instance is related of the comedy of the *Poor Gentleman* being acted by four performers, who afterward appeared in songs, concluding the entertainment with the farce of *Barnaby Rattle*, also rendered by four performers.

Richard III off the Stage.

In 1822 Forrest chose the part of Richard for his benefit, and once Othello, but his personal appearance and voice alone carried him through, as he had not an intelligent grasp of the text. Recalling his early years, Forrest once said to a friend: "The salary I got was so small that I was unable to appear on the street in a decent dress; boots, particularly, gave me the most trouble, for I was compelled to wear my stage boots from the boarding-house to the theatre, and

from the theatre to the boarding-house. On the opposite side of the river there was a large forest, a gloomy place enough, huge oaks and other tall trees, with a sprinkling of underwood, rendering it a fitting place for me to rehearse my part and try my voice. On a Sunday morning early I would cross the river and seek out the loneliest part of the wood for my purpose. My stage boots—for I had no others—was the only part of my costume that smacked of the shop; my poverty, not my will, rendered this a necessity. Here I would spend the day, reading, spouting, and fighting a tree, as if it were Richmond and I the Richard. I said to Sol. Smith one day that if I ever became a rich man I would purchase that dear old wood—this was said at a time when I really had not a dollar in the world.” The wood adjoins the town of Covington, on the Ohio river, opposite Cincinnati.

When playing a star engagement in that city, years afterward, Sol. Smith said to him one day: “Forrest, do you remember saying that if ever you became a rich man you would purchase the wood in Covington, where you went in your poverty to avoid society and rehearse your part?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Well, look at that,” handing Forrest a bill announcing the sale of valuable property in Covington, including the wood, which was particularly described.

“When is the sale to take place?”

“Why, to-day; look at the bill.”

“Yes, there it is; to begin at ten o’clock precisely; it is now eight. Come, let us be off; it may probably go beyond my figure, however.”

The two started, the sale commenced, and the property was knocked down to Edwin Forrest, then no longer spoken of as an amateur, but as the eminent tragedian.

Forrest's Early Struggles.

For a short time Forrest had the star salary of \$18 a week in Caldwell's company. For this he played low comedy parts and that of the comic negro. Being stranded at Dayton, he pawned his stage wardrobe to send the ladies of the company to Newport, twenty miles away, while the men tramped it. Having no money to pay the ferry, they had to swim a stream, and when hungry they made their meals on roasted corn, "as hard as Pharaoh's heart," said Forrest. When they arrived they played *Douglas* and *Miss in Her Teens* to a house of seven dollars. Forrest told Sol. Smith that, if acceptable, he would prefer ten dollars under Smith to eighteen under Caldwell. Being refused, and urged to remain with the latter, Forrest broke away and engaged with a circus owner to serve as acrobat and rider for a year. Smith, distressed at this, went to the circus and saw the rising tragedian do his stunt of flip-flaps. Forrest caught sight of Smith and shouted to him, "What do you think of that, eh?" So agile and well-practised was Forrest that Smith declared he would have become one of the most daring riders and vaulters in the profession if he had stayed in it; but he was wisely persuaded to return to Caldwell. He was then only in his nineteenth year. He

used frequently to appear, in disguise, in circuses in after years, for benefits. His last performance was disastrous, as, in leaping through a barrel of red fire he singed his hair and eyebrows severely.

Forrest Promotes American Dramas.

Forrest made his first appearance in New York in November, 1826, at the old Bowery theatre, where he played Othello so as to divide the honors with Thomas A. Cooper, the veteran tragedian. His New York success was repeated in every city he visited. From the year 1830 may be dated his upward course, since from that time forth his ability was universally acknowledged. For several years he was the bright particular star of the mimic world. Having played all the popular pieces known to playgoers, his national feeling awakened in him a desire to produce something that would bring American writers before the public. The Indian play of *Metamora*, by John A. Stone, brought Forrest before the public in a new character. This drama was indebted for its success almost entirely to the actor, as its literary merits were feeble. Forrest paid Stone \$500 for the piece, and subsequently did much for the unfortunate author.

John Augustus Stone.

John Augustus Stone was born in Concord, New Hampshire, in 1801. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Washington Garden theatre, Boston,

as Old Norval in *Douglas*, and first appeared in New York in 1826, at the Bowery theatre. Later he made his abode in Philadelphia and played at the Chestnut and Walnut Street theatres. *Metamora* was first played on the occasion of Forrest's benefit at the Park theatre, New York, in November, 1829, and first produced in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street theatre, two months later. Stone's other plays were the *Demoniac*, *Tancred*, *The Restoration, or the Diamond Cross*, *The Ancient Briton*, *The Golden Fleece*, etc. His unhappy death by suicide occurred in 1834. Forrest caused to be erected a neat monument over his grave, bearing the inscription: "In memory of the Author of *Metamora*, by his friend, Edwin Forrest."

Whatever faults *Metamora* may possess as a literary or dramatic production, it had sufficient vitality to keep it on the stage; and in the character of the hero no dissenting voice qualified Forrest's claim to the highest excellence. It was created for and entirely fitted his peculiarities. When he retired from the stage no other actor took it up. The American people no longer found an ideal hero among the aboriginal inhabitants, and soon all desire to represent them on the stage passed away.

The next American author who found a patron in Edwin Forrest was Richard Penn Smith. His *Caius Marius* was produced at the Arch Street theatre in 1831, but was not a success. A contemporary, speaking of it, says: "It was not fairly treated by the actors, and consequently was coldly received by the audience."

Forrest paid better for original plays than the managers, who, being able to purchase the best plays of English dramatists for a few shillings, felt little disposition to risk hundreds on native productions. Forrest, however, tried the experiment—risked thousands of dollars, and succeeded. In regular succession he produced several American plays—Bird's *Gladiator*, *Oraloosa*, *Broker of Bogota* and Conrad's *Jack Cade*. The first and the last-named probably brought more money into the treasury of the theatre and into that of the actor than any other two plays in his repertoire.

Dr. Bird's *Gladiator*.

This was first produced in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street theatre, in October, 1831. Forrest's *Spartacus*, from the first night of the *Gladiator* until the day of his retirement, was considered the perfection of the art histrionic, and is still remembered as one of the grandest personations of the tragedian. Many passages in the *Gladiator* exhibit poetic beauty, the language is generally bold and impressive and at times soars above the level of dramatic literature.

Oraloosa was produced at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, in October, 1832, but without the effect of the *Gladiator*. The public looked for something even better than a hero of the arena and found an inferior. It lacked plot and incident, the dialogue was tame, and, taken altogether, it was a dramatic failure. Wemyss, in his *Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor*, relates a curious incident of its first performance :

"To me the 10th of October and the tragedy of *Ora-loosa* form no pleasing remembrance—although they can never be forgotten. They have caused me in mimic fight, too real for fancy, the loss of two front teeth, which Edwin Forrest, in the excitement of acting, displaced from their original stronghold in my mouth by a thrust from his sword at the head of Don Christoval."

Conrad's Jack Cade.

The history of R. T. Conrad's play of *Jack Cade* is interesting, as it was pronounced to be the most successful ever produced on the American stage. In 1835 Conrad wrote a tragedy for the popular actor A. A. Addams, at the suggestion of Wemyss, then manager of the Walnut Street theatre. If Addams approved of the play, Wemyss was to give the author \$300 for the manuscript and a benefit on the third night of its representation. It was called the *Noble Yeoman*, but the title was subsequently altered to *Aylmere*, and finally to *Jack Cade*. Addams was delighted with the play; it was accepted, and L. A. Godey and Morton McMichael witnessed the contract. On the night of the intended representation Addams was seized with a disease to which he was subject, and of which he ultimately died. In consequence the play was postponed. The part was then given to Ingersoll, a young and talented actor, against the wishes of Conrad and the committee. Addams first enacted the part in February, 1836, and made a failure.

In 1839 it was proposed to Edwin Forrest to play the part, provided Judge Conrad would rewrite it, which he did, the play possessing no great interest until it came into the hands of Forrest. The latter superintended the alterations, adapting certain portions to suit his powers. Having purchased the sole right and title of the piece from the author, he prepared himself for its production under the title of *Jack Cade*. It was first played at the Park theatre, New York, in May, 1840, under its second title of *Aylmere*. It was subsequently played at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, after which the genius of Forrest, with his high-wrought dramatic powers, threw around the great character of Cade an atmosphere so strong in its elementary principles that no one could weaken its influence. No successor of Forrest has approached him in the fire and startling mental power he imparted to the character.

Forrest in England.

By 1833 Forrest had made a fortune, on which he made a tour of Europe as a private gentleman. In his farewell speech before sailing he used these significant words: "But particularly I feel grateful for the honorable support I have received in my anxious endeavors to give to my country, by fostering the exertions of our literary friends, something like what might be called an American national drama."

That the subjects of the plays he had thus encouraged were not native is of small consequence beside the fact that the authorship was American. The time

had not come for historic tragedies of home origin. The few experiments in that direction were not comparable in interest with the romances and tragedies of old world tradition, and there is always a preference for the unfamiliar in stage manner and costume.

In 1836 Forrest made his first professional visit to England, opening in Drury Lane as Spartacus in the *Gladiator*. It should be noted that boundless enthusiasm followed Forrest wherever he appeared in the United States. In fact, the descriptions of the scenes in the streets before the doors were opened, and the furious scrambling for seats at extraordinarily high premiums, read like wild romancing; but they were simple fact. With so great a reputation, the more phlegmatic Britons awaited the newcomer with critical curiosity. His reception was enthusiastic, but the play was not as good as had been expected. Charles Kean, naturally jealous, classed Forrest as a physical rather than an intellectual actor, "a giant, who could only throw a man across the stage." His *Othello* was welcomed as a new and admirable rendering, and his *Lear* likewise. The Garrick club feasted him; he was presented with stage properties that had belonged to Kemble, Kean and Talma. During this visit Forrest married the gifted Catherine Sinclair, daughter of John Sinclair, a popular vocalist. Forrest was greatly delighted with the tributes paid to him by the English press and people, which he seems to have valued more highly than those of his countrymen. In this connection Forrest's letter on his general reception in England, on his first professional tour, may be quoted:

"My success in England has been very great. While the people evinced no great admiration of the *Gladiator*, they came in crowds to witness my personation of Othello, Lear and Macbeth. I commenced my engagement on October 17, 1837, at Old Drury, and terminated it on the 19th of December, having acted in all thirty-two nights, and represented those three characters of Shakespeare twenty-four out of the thirty-two, namely, Othello nine times, Macbeth seven and King Lear eight,—this last having been repeated oftener by me than by any actor on the London boards, in the same space of time, except Kean alone. This approbation of my Shakespeare parts gives me peculiar pleasure, as it refutes the opinion very confidently expressed by a certain clique at home, that I would fail in those characters before a London audience.

"The London press have been divided concerning my professional merits, though as a good republican I ought to be satisfied, seeing I had an overwhelming majority on my side. There is a degree of dignity and critical precision in their articles generally that place them far above the newspaper criticisms of stage performances which we meet with in our country. Their comments always show one thing—that they have read and appreciated the writings of their chief dramatist; while with us there are many who would hardly know, were it not for the actors, that Shakespeare had ever existed. The audiences, too, have a quick and keen perception of the beauties of the drama. They seem, from the timeliness and proportion of their applause, to possess a previous knowledge of the text.

They applaud warmly, but seasonably. Variations from the accustomed modes, though not in any palpable new readings, which for the most part are bad readings, but slight changes in emphasis, tone or action, delicate shadings and pencilings, are observed with singular and most gratifying quickness. You find that your study of Shakespeare has not been thrown away; that your attempt to grasp the character in its gross and scope, as well as in its detail, so as not merely to know how to speak what is written, but to preserve its truth and keeping in a new succession of incidents, could it be exposed to them—you find that this is seen and appreciated by the audience; and the evidence that they see and feel is given with an emphasis and heartiness that make the theatre shake."

Forrest returned to Philadelphia in November and began an engagement. His wife made a favorable impression wherever she appeared, and for some years the couple seemed to enjoy domestic happiness.

Forrest's Troubles Begin.

In 1845 Forrest visited London again, accompanied by his wife, who was welcomed in the literary circles of English and Scotch society. He acted at the Princess' theatre in London, scoring great success in *Virginius* and *Othello*. But his rendition of *Macbeth*, which had been criticised before, was now condemned outright. Forrest unjustly attributed the hissing to Macready's professional jealousy and machinations. Some weeks later, when Macready was playing *Hamlet* in Edin-

burgh, Forrest arose in a private box and hissed the English actor for some change in the lines and a walk that approached a waltz. This spiteful resentment called out a storm of reproach from the British press, and this was increased when Forrest sent an explanatory letter to the *Times*, which only aggravated the offense. The London newspapers discussed at great length the right of a spectator to criticise and hiss. The result was that Forrest lost not only popularity, but the respect of the English. On the other hand, when Americans came to learn of the inhospitable treatment accorded their countryman and favorite tragedian, they overflowed with resentment, asserting that national jealousy was the cause of all the trouble. An opportunity came for them to turn their feelings into action when Macready himself visited New York in May, 1849. The friends of Forrest, including many of the roughest class, assembled in large numbers within and without the Astor Place theatre, where the English actor was to perform *Macbeth*. The play was interrupted not merely by hissing, but by open violence. A fierce riot ensued, resulting in the death of twenty-two persons and the serious injury of thirty-six others.

In the meantime, serious differences had arisen between Forrest and his wife. Each accused the other of breach of marriage contract, and in 1850 Mrs. Forrest brought suit for divorce, to which the husband replied by a cross-suit. The trial occupied the courts for two years, and was finally decided in favor of the wife on all points, and a decree was made for the payment of \$3,000 alimony per annum. Charles O'Connor, by win-

ning this suit, obtained a national reputation as an advocate. Forrest, though defeated in the courts, was lionized by the masses of the people, and the Broadway theatre was crowded to suffocation during and after the trial. But the wealth showered upon him and the applause of his admirers did not sweeten a temper soured by domestic trouble. For years the great actor resisted in every possible way the payment of the money awarded to his wife, and submitted only when every method of obstruction and delay was baffled.

Forrest's Later Years.

In 1853 Forrest played Macbeth at the Broadway theatre, New York, for four weeks, intending this as his farewell engagement. But he could not always resist the constant calls of his admirers for his return.

In May, 1855, he tendered his services for the benefit of James W. Wallack, as did many of the most accomplished actors and actresses of the day, among them E. L. Davenport, Conway, Louisa Pyne and Kate Reynolds. In this instance Forrest deviated from his usual course, in return for the kindness extended to him by Wallack while in England, at a time when friends were sorely needed. In September, 1855, he appeared as Claude Melnotte, though he was now somewhat aged for the part, which had been one of the finest of his youthful personations. Forrest was the first Claude Melnotte on the American stage, the *Lady of Lyons* being first produced at the Park theatre, in

New York, in May, 1838, and attracting a crowded house on account of the popularity of the author, the success of the play in England, and the fact of its being the first representation in this country. The cast included, besides Forrest as Claude, Placide as Colonel Dumas, Richings as Beauseant, Wheatley as Glavis, Mrs. Wheatley as Madame Deschappelle, Mrs. Richardson as Pauline, and as Widow Melnotte, Charlotte Cushman, who raised an insignificant character to a prominent position.

During the sixties Forrest made several tours of the United States. In Chicago he played to immense houses, one night yielding \$2,800, the total for the five nights of the engagement being \$11,600, a triumph that can bear comparison with the records of the more prosperous opening years of the twentieth century. When more than sixty-four years of age he played five nights a week in fifty-one principal towns, travelling nearly seven thousand miles, exposed to all the perils and hardships of steamboat and railway travel.

But even Forrest's splendid constitution could not long stand this strain. Hereditary gout had already developed itself and his gait was somewhat infirm. His last New York engagement was in February, 1871, when he played *Richelieu* and *Lear*, but did not attract crowds as in former years. He went on to Boston and there played *Lear* several times and then struggled through one performance of *Richelieu*. A severe attack of pneumonia ensued, making this his last appearance as an actor. Yet after his recovery he gave readings

from Shakespeare in the principal cities. He died of paralysis at his home in Philadelphia on the 12th of December, 1872.

Forrest had not only earned large sums in his professional career, but had made judicious investments, and thus amassed a splendid fortune. In 1850 he had erected near New York a grand castle called Fonthill, but sold it on account of the divorce troubles. He then built a large mansion in Philadelphia and afterward acquired by purchase a fine country seat near that city. He had constantly avoided paying to his wife the alimony ordered by the courts, and in consequence his estate was heavily in her debt. His will had provided that the bulk of his fortune should be used by trustees to endow a home for aged actors, and to this purpose his country seat has been devoted.

With all his popularity, Forrest was open to severe criticism on his rendering of parts. While the venal press of those days lent itself to vituperative assaults and ridicule, at the instigation of personal enemies, the impression left after reading the mass of intelligent discussion upon Forrest as tragedian is, that he excelled rather in delineating tumultuous passion than in the portrayal of intellectual subtleties and poetical grace. Lawrence Barrett, one of his most distinguished successors, said of Forrest: "His obtrusive personality often destroyed the harmony of the portrait he was painting, but in his inspired moments, which were many, his touches were sublime. He passed over quiet scenes with little elaboration, and dwelt strongly upon the grand features of the character he represented. His

Lear, in the great scenes, rose to a majestic height, but fell in places almost to mediocrity. His art was unequal to his natural gifts."

Herman Vezin, an actor of American birth, but whose professional work has been confined to England, gives similar testimony. He says, "Physically Forrest was endowed beyond any actor I have ever seen. His voice was in perfect keeping with the rest of his physique. In volume, resonance, melody and compass, it was phenomenal, while its power of endurance was such that no amount of ill usage seemed to affect its purity.

* * * Add to these qualities the fact that he was endowed with dramatic genius of equal fibre, and you will ask, What then did he lack? He lacked the polish of art."

The name of Edwin Forrest will ever be honored as that of the first American tragedian who gave new life and power to familiar characters in English drama, and created parts in plays which he patriotically encouraged his countrymen to write, in the hope that from these beginnings would arise an American national drama.

Burk's drama of "Bunker Hill," or the "Death of General Warren," ranks as a standard type of the so-called "Revolutionary plays." For many years it was performed in Boston on the anniversary of the battle.



III.

Old-time American Playwrights.

Besides those authors whose dramatic labors were especially connected with Forrest's career, there were others whom it is necessary to draw forth from the neglect into which they have been permitted to fall.

First may be mentioned John Daly Burk, who ought indeed to have been noticed in the previous volume. An Irishman by birth, he was expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, on the charge of deism and republicanism. Coming to America in 1796, he tried to establish a newspaper in Boston and was master of ceremonies at the theatre. His *Bunker Hill; or, the Death of General Warren*, was played at the John Street theatre, New York, in 1797. It was probably the first of the Revolutionary plays and for many years was performed in Boston on the anniversary of the battle. Yet it had little merit and President Adams said it represented Warren as "a bully and a blackguard." Burk afterward removed to Petersburg, Va., where he devoted himself to law and literature, until he was slain in a duel in 1808. He is best remembered by his *History of Virginia*, published in 1804. He wrote also an his-

torical drama, *Bethlem Gabor*, founded on the struggle of Protestants in Transylvania in the seventeenth century.

Various plays relating to the Revolution were presented on the American stage in the early part of the nineteenth century, among them being *The Battle of Eutaw Springs*, *A Tale of Lexington*, *The Siege of Yorktown*. But the names of the authors have been forgotten, and the plays have disappeared. Similar dramas may be found noted in some of the brief sketches which follow. At a later date came a Revolutionary drama of a different style, *Love in '76*, by Oliver B. Bunce. In method of treatment it may be compared with *Shenandoah*. It was a parlor play rather than a camp drama.

Robert T. Conrad.

Robert T. Conrad, born in Philadelphia, June 10, 1810, was the son of John Conrad, a book publisher and alderman. Young Conrad was placed in the law office of Thomas Kittera, a gentleman of refined manners, pleasing address and with strong musical talents. Under his guidance young Conrad studied law and received many valuable lessons whose results appeared in after years. His first attempt at anything elaborate was his *Conrad of Naples*, which was produced at the Arch Street theatre. It was played on the 17th of January, 1832, with James E. Murdoch as the hero. A few years afterward he produced a second tragedy, entitled *Aylmere*. As has already been stated, this piece was

altered and adapted to the peculiar powers of Forrest, and under the name of *Jack Cade* was brought out, with astonishing success, at the Arch Street theatre, June 16th, 1841.

When *Jack Cade* was produced, its style was freely criticised and its language censured; but this was due to the spirit of rivalry then existing between the friends of American and British literature respectively.

The following is taken from a work on *The Dramatic Authors of America*, published in 1845: "*Jack Cade* is undoubtedly destined to rank among the very highest dramatic productions of our language. The plot, though elaborate, is simple and undeveloped; the incidents are striking and effective; the characters are drawn with the utmost vigor, and contrasted with admirable skill; the sentiments are noble and manly, and the diction is marked with the truest perceptions of poetical excellence. There are passages in this piece which would not suffer by comparison with the choicest extracts from the older dramatists. It is to be regretted that the state of our dramatic literature is so low as to keep from the stage such productions as Conrad could furnish. The true spirit of dramatic poetry breathes through this beautiful play, and it is with regret we say that the careless, cold, apathetic feeling manifested for genuine poetry among us is one of the chief causes of the decadency of the drama and the absence of men of learning and of genius from dramatic walks. We have in another portion of this work stated that to Edwin Forrest was this piece indebted for its ex-

istence upon the stage. And we venture to say that the vilest trash of the English school will be more applauded by the audience, when enacted by a regular stock company, than would Conrad's *Aylmere* in the absence of Mr. Forrest. All writers have an individual as well as a national pride. Hence, to write a play for an actor, depending on the uncertainty of life, and his popularity, for fame, is certainly not a very enviable situation, or one that would satisfy a sensitive man."

Conrad was at one time a frequent contributor to the various periodicals of the day, and started a daily called the *Commercial Intelligencer*, which was remarkable for the spirit and pungency of its political articles. The *Intelligencer* was afterward united with the *Philadelphia Gazette*, but Conrad continued to be editor. After his retirement, he resumed the profession of the law. He then became recorder of the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia, and soon after was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

On leaving the bench he again became a journalist. The beauty of his style, the elegance of his diction and the spirit of true poetry which pervades his writings, gave character and dignity to the papers that published them. In June, 1854, after the entire county of Philadelphia was consolidated into the city, Conrad was made the candidate of the American party for mayor, and was elected by a large majority. When his term was expired he again resumed the practice of law,

and the equally pleasing task of wooing the muses, as evidenced in the publication of poetical effusions.

"Jack Cade."

Some of the passages in this play are highly dramatic, such as brought out the powers of Forrest's elocutionary art to the utmost. It has been stated by some writers that the stirring peroration by which William J. Bryan won his first nomination as the Democratic candidate for President in 1896 was borrowed from this play, but no such expression is found in the printed copies; the charge is probably without foundation.

In the following Aylmere appears in the Colosseum and meets with Lacy:

Aylmere.—

One night,

Racked by these memories, methought a voice
Summoned me from my couch. I rose—went forth.
The sky seem'd a dark gulf where fiery spirits
Sported; for o'er the concave the quick lightning
Quivered, but spoke not. In the breathless gloom,
I sought the Colosseum, for I felt
The spirits of a mightier age were forth;
And there, against the mossy wall I lean'd,
And thought upon my country. Why was I
Idle and she in chains? The storm now answer'd!
It broke as heaven's high masonry were crumbling.
The beetled walls nodded and frowned i' the glare,
And the wide vault, in one unpausing peal,
Throbb'd with the angry pulse of Deity.

Lacy.—Shrunk you not 'mid these terrors?

Ayl.—No, not I.

I felt I could amid this hurly laugh,
And laughing, do such deeds as fireside fools
Turn pale to think on.

tre. He could paint miniatures very beautifully, as also landscapes and portraits in oil, and some of his caricatures were extremely clever. As a writer he possessed respectable talents, being master of a pure English prose style. At one time he owned and edited the *Savannah Georgian*, and he was one of the founders of the New Orleans *Picayune*. He wrote comic annuals, comic almanacs and comic songs by the score, and was also successful in productions of a graver cast. During the speculative mania of 1836-7 he launched extensively into the purchase of stocks, whereby he made inroads upon the handsome property accumulated by his industry; but enough remained to secure for his family a liberal competence. He perished at sea on board the *Lexington*, on the 10th of January, 1840, almost in sight of his Newport home. In all his relations in life Finn was irreproachable.

Kennicott.

James H. Kennicott, of New Orleans, received the premium of \$300 offered by Caldwell for the best tragedy for the opening of the new theatre in that city. It was entitled *Irma*, and came into existence as follows: In 1829 Kennicott was keeping a small school in western New York, and his name was not known beyond the sound of his own school-bell. One day, taking up a newspaper, he read therein Forrest's offer of \$500 for the best play suited to his peculiar style of acting, and in the same paper was Caldwell's offer. "At that time," says Kennicott, "I had read very few plays and

never seen any except a strolling company's representation of *Rob Roy*, yet I sat down to the task of writing for both prizes. *Irma* was written of mornings, always before breakfast, and took me a fortnight to each act. I then took up the subject of King Philip, and wrote a piece which I called *Metacomet*, for the purpose of offering it to Mr. Forrest; but, having no acquaintance through whom it could be sent to him, it was forwarded in company with *Irma* to Mr. Caldwell. The piece was so long that it was not offered to the committee, or if so, it was never read." *Irma* was the first American piece played in New Orleans. It was produced in March, 1830, with a powerful cast, and met with strong approbation. The following was an effective scene, as rendered by Caldwell and Jane Placide:

Irma.—Ha! (Raises a pistol.)

Must the prediction be accomplished, then,

And thou the victim?

Remington.—Hold! (The pistol goes off, and Remington falls.)

Irma.—"Tis done! 'tis done!

(She stands stupefied with horror. After some time
Remington recovers and rises on his elbow.)

Rem.—*Irma*!

She heeds me not. And this is my revenge?

Ha! ha! I thank you, devils, for that thought.

I thank you. It shall be done. *Irma*! ho, *Irma*!

Irma.—Ah! that voice!

Rem.—*Irma*!

Irma.—Ha! he lives!

O God! I thank thee that he lives, still lives.

Rem.—*Irma*! Murderess!

Irma.—A murderess!

Rem.—Hear me:

Me hast thou murdered—me! But do not think
The doom denounced against thee is fulfilled.
Again shalt thou imbrue thy hands in blood.

Irma.—Liar!

Rem.—Again shalt be a murderess!

And Hinda, too, thine own, thine only child,
Shall be the victim!

Irma.—Liar! liar! fiend!

Mine own, my only child! ha! ha! (Laughs madly.)

Fiend! I will drag thee to the precipice,
And hurl thy carcass down its ragged sides!
Come on and be the fishes' food.

(In a fit of frenzy she seizes Remington and drags
him toward the cliffs. Scene closes.)

Stone's *Metamora*, which gained the Forrest prize, was founded on the same subject as Kennicott's *Metacomet*;^a that is to say, the story of the Indian King Philip.

Cornelius A. Logan.

The *Wag of Maine*, a three-act play written for Hackett and performed at the Park theatre, New York, for many successive nights in 1835-6, was pronounced by the press the best American comedy extant. Its author was Cornelius A. Logan, who wrote also the comedy of *Yankee Land* and the farce of the *Wool Dealer*. He was a man of versatile ability, manager of a Cincinnati theatre, an excellent writer and a bold defender of the stage against the attacks of the pulpit. His gifted daughter, Olive Logan, was well known in later years for dramatic and literary ability.

H. W. Longfellow.

It is entirely superfluous to give in this work any account of Henry W. Longfellow, the most popular

American poet. It is sufficient to say that his *Spanish Student* was a poetic gem characteristic of its famous author, and is published again as a valuable contribution to American dramatic literature.

In his old age Longfellow returned more than once to the dramatic form as best fitted for the expression of certain phases of poetry. Hence we have *The Masque of Pandora*; the tragedy of *Judas Maccabæus*; *Michael Angelo*; and finally the trilogy called *Christus: a Mystery*; consisting of *The Divine Tragedy*, or story of the Gospels; *The Golden Legend*, or mediæval Christianity; *Martin Luther*, or the spirit of the Reformation; *The New England Tragedies*, or the spirit of Puritanism. None of these, of course, were intended for acting, but for serious study.

H. N. MOORE.

Orlando and *The Regicide*, both five-act tragedies, are from the pen of Horatio Newton Moore. The former was written when he was only fifteen years of age, first appearing in 1837, and was many times republished, until reviewed in a scathing article in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. In a sketch entitled *Memoirs of a Retired Spouter*, Moore afterward alluded facetiously to the direful flagellation then bestowed on him. "Regret is useless," he said, "but if any man values my friendship let him not mention it; for as long as I live I shall remember with chagrin the tragedy of *Orlando*." Though devoted to the drama, and himself an amateur histrion of local fame, Moore turned to novel-writing, in which he suc-

ceeded better, and wrote also some mediocre poetry. He loved to figure as the hero of his own narratives, which were filled with bright sentiments and graphic scenes. In appearance he was rather prepossessing, with features of the Byronic type and a full consciousness of the fact, appearing with open collar and a profusion of curls, black and shining as the raven's wing.

M. M. Noah.

Mordecai M. Noah, journalist and critic, wrote *The Fortress of Sorrento*, *The Grecian Captive*, *Marion*, *the Hero of Lake George*, *She Would be a Soldier*, *Paul and Alexis* and other dramas.

While in office as sheriff of New York, Noah wrote several pieces for the stage which were eminently successful. One of them was so redolent of saltpetre, brimstone, sulphur and blue and red lights, that, as was said, it set fire to the theatre and burned it to the ground. The proceeds were for the benefit of Noah; the house was filled to its utmost limits with the beauty and fashion of the town, and the gross receipts were nearly \$2,000. It was an awful conflagration that succeeded, and it produced the greatest distress among the heroes of the sock and buskin, who lost everything they had and were thrown entirely out of employment until their fortunes were revived by the appearance of Kean. But Noah's \$2,000 were saved. The treasurer had taken it home for safe-keeping, and the next day inclosed it to the author. Notwithstanding his own pecuniary wants—and they were many—Noah returned every dol-

lar of the amount and caused it to be divided among the performers, who had been stripped of their little all.

James Rees.

James Rees was one of the most successful, as well as one of the most productive, of American dramatists. His first popular piece was the national drama, in three acts, of *Washington at Valley Forge*, and equally well received were the *Unknown* and the *Squatter*, both brought out by Caldwell in magnificent style. But these were surpassed by *Anthony Wayne*, which had an uninterrupted run of forty nights, winning golden opinions in New York and Philadelphia. Other successes were *Amaldi, or the Brigand's Daughter*, *Mary Tudor*, *Lucrece Borgia* and, above all, *Patrick Lyon, or the Philadelphia Locksmith*, produced at the Arch Street theatre, in that city, August 26, 1843.

Epes Sargent.

The production of *Velasco*, a five-act tragedy by Epes Sargent, at the Tremont theatre, Boston, in December, 1837, was quite an event in the annals of the stage. Its phenomenal success was largely due to the acting of Helen Tree, who made of the heroine, Isidora, one of her best parts, drawing shouts of approbation from crowded audiences.

The play deals with an incident in the life of the Spanish champion, Diaz di Bivar, better known as The Cid. To avenge an insult offered to his father, the hero

The first of James Rees' celebrated national dramas was "Washington at Valley Forge." It was the precursor of at least a dozen similar ones, all noted for their patriotic fervor and highly dramatic situations.



slew, in single combat, the aggressor, Don Gomez, being at the same time betrothed to his daughter. The lady appealed to the Spanish monarch for redress, but, according to tradition, was afterward united to the Campeador. Sargent, however, took so many poetical liberties with the actual personages that his drama cannot be called historical. In the first scene, Velasco, a young cavalier, returns, in disguise, to the home of his ancestry in Burgos. He has been banished for a year, and relates the cause.

The discovery, which takes place at a royal banquet in honor of a masked cavalier, gives satisfaction to all except Hernando, the kinsman and promised bridegroom of Isidora, daughter of Gonzales, who confesses her love for Velasco and is released from her contract by the king. The disappointed lover plots revenge. He rekindles the ashes of a former feud between De Lerma, the father of Velasco, and Gonzales. They encounter in the street. Gonzales strikes his adversary—swords are drawn—but the aged father of Velasco is instantly disarmed, and owes his life to the contemptuous forbearance of Gonzales. Overwhelmed with grief and shame, De Lerma meets his son, and the following scene ensues:

De Lerma.—Velasco! from a haughty ancestry

We claim descent; whose glory it has been

That never one of their illustrious line

Was tainted with dishonor. Yesterday

That boast was true—it is no longer true!

Velasco.—No longer true! Who of our race, my lord,

Has proved unworthy of the name he bears?

De Ler.—I am that wretch!

Vel.—(Starting back.) Thou! father!

De Ler.—Ay, I thought

Thou wouldst shrink from me as a thing accursed!
'Tis right. I taught thee—thou but mind'st my dictates.
But do not curse me; for there was a time
When I had fell'd him lifeless at my feet!
The will was strong, although the nerveless arm
Dropp'd palsied by my side.

Vel.—My father, speak!

Explain this mystery.

De Ler.—I have been struck—

Degraded by a vile and brutal blow!

Oh! thou art silent. Thou wilt not despise me?

Vel.—Who was the rash aggressor? He shall die!

Nay, 'twas some serf—there's not the gentleman
In all Castile would lay an unkind hand
Upon thy feebleness. Then do not think
Thyself disgraced, my father, more than if
Thou hadst been smitten by a lion's claw—
A horse's hoof—the falling of a rafter!
Knowst thou the offender's name?

De Ler.—Alas! no serf—

No man of low degree has done this deed—
The aggressor is our equal.

Vel.—Say'st thou so?

Then, by my sacred honor, he shall die!

De Ler.—Thou wilt hold true to that?

Vel.—Have I not said?

Were it the king himself who dared profane
A single hair upon thy reverend brow,
I would assault him on his guarded throne,
And with his life-blood stain the marble floor!

De Ler.—Thou noble scion of a blighted stock!

I am yet strong in thee. Thou shalt avenge
This ignominious wrong.

Vel.—Who did it? Speak!

De Ler.—Gonzales did it!

Vel.—No, no, no! The air,

In fiendish mockery, syllabled that name.
It was a dreadful fantasy! My lord—

De Ler.—Pedro Gonzales.

Vel.—Isidora's father?

De Ler.—Oh! thou hast other ties. I did forget.

Go! thou art released.

Vel.—There must be expiation!

Oh! I am very wretched! But fear not.

There shall be satisfaction or atonement.

De Ler.—Thou say'st it. To thy trust I yield

Mine honor.

Epes Sargent was a diligent literary worker, producing many popular songs and poems, and a few novels. To him we are indebted for the collection called *Modern Drama*.

A SEVERE FROST.

The following card from the author of the national drama entitled the *Capture of Prescott, or the Heroism of Barton*, tells its own story: "S. S. Southworth returns his sincere thanks to the two ladies and fifty gentlemen who honored the theatre on the evening of Wednesday with their presence, and thus gave him a bumper and a benefit. It was the intention of the author to hand the proceeds of the night to the poor of the church; but, being apprehensive that the avails might not meet the expectations of that respectable body, they are withheld, and will be invested in anthracite coal. This being the first benefit the author ever received, excepting always the 'benefit of the act,' he considers himself highly fortunate. In thinking over the events of the evening, the author is consoled with the reflection that but for a severe gust of wind, accompanied with snow, hundreds would have been in attendance, which belief

answers all the purposes of a full house. The thanks of the author are also due to a brace of colored ladies and gentlemen in the gallery."

S. S. Steele.

Silas S. Steele deserves honorable mention in this brief chronicle of the American drama. His subjects were as varied as his style, blending true poetry with the bold, energetic tone essential to plays intended for the stage. Among his best pieces are his nautical plays, which show a thorough knowledge of a sailor's life, his sea phrases winning the approbation of James Fenimore Cooper, who spoke of him in the highest terms. His comic operas and burlesques sparkle with gems from the great composers, among which are airs of his own which display a highly cultivated taste for music. In his operas and his many local pieces is a vein of quiet humor and genuine wit which goes far to account for their success. In England, where the burlesque operatic and vocal drama was then very popular, he had no rival; yet his efforts met with a scant reward, for as yet the field was limited, and dramatists wrote only for bread, without thought of fame, and purely as a matter of business. Steele was also an actor, making his début in his native city of Philadelphia as Alonzo in *Pizarro*, but without any marked success.

Richard Penn Smith.

Richard Penn Smith, one of the most prolific of American dramatists, was a member of the Philadel-

phia bar, where his father was known as one of the most polished gentlemen of the old school, highly educated, and a poet of repute in his day. He was a thorough classical scholar, a good linguist, and profoundly versed in dramatic lore. He turned out plays by the score, and, as he avowed, wrote only for money. Several of his successful pieces were written at a week's notice. The last act of *William Penn* was written on the afternoon of the day previous to the performance, yet it ran to full houses for ten successive nights, and was several times revived. His *Deformed* and *Disowned* both met with success in London, an honor which no other American dramatist had thus far received. The tragedy of *Caius Marius*, written for Edwin Forrest, possesses unquestionable merit. The plot is well managed, the principal characters are well developed and sustained, the language is uniformly vigorous, and the sentiments are poetical and just.

Park Benjamin.

Though born in British Guiana in 1809, Park Benjamin belonged to a New England family. Improper treatment of an illness in his infancy rendered him permanently lame. He was educated at Harvard and Trinity Colleges and was admitted to the bar, but devoted himself to literary work. Several monthly and weekly periodicals which he edited or published being sometimes of too high a tone to obtain substantial support. In later life he frequently lectured on literature and social topics. His poems, though worthy of preserva-

tion, were never collected into a volume. His solitary drama, *The Financier*, was the favorite play of the season of 1842 at the Park theatre, New York. His death occurred in 1864.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

N. P. Willis, whose fame has become dim with lapse of time, wrote nothing for the stage until he competed for the prize offered by Josephine Clifton for the best play suited to her peculiar talent. The successful piece was his tragedy, *Bianca Visconti, or the Heart Overtaken*. It is certain that the tragedy had merit, for Josephine was hard to please, and in addition to a brilliant career in New York and Philadelphia, was the first American actress who visited England as a star. Willis chose for the scene of his tragedy the rude court of Philip Visconti, duke of Milan, in the fifteenth century. The principal male personage is the celebrated soldier of fortune, Francesco Sforza, who married, historically at least, Bianca Visconti, the duke's only daughter. The author has lightened the deep emotion with which the play is charged by the introduction of a humorous vein, in the person of Pasquali, who figures as a "whimsical poet," the character being written for Placide. It is not a very lively humor, but it is better than most of Willis' attempts in this direction. The first scene in the second act represents the square of Milan and the cathedral in which the marriage of Sforza and Bianca is being celebrated. Enter in haste Pasquali and Fiametta, Bianca's waiting-woman.

Fiametta.—Now, Master Pasquali, said I not we should be too late?

Pasquali.—Truly there seems no room.

Fiam.—And I her first serving-woman! If it were my own wedding, I should not grieve more to have missed it. You would keep on scribbling, scribbling, and I knew it was past twelve.

Pas.—Consider, Mistress Fiametta, I had no news of this marriage till the chimes began; and the epithalamium must be writ. I were ashamed else, being the bard of Milan.

Fiam.—The what of Milan?

Pas.—The bard, I say. Come aside, and thou shalt be consoled. I'll read thee my epithalamium.

Fiam.—Is it something to ask money of the bridegroom?

Pas.—Dost thou think I would beg?

Fiam.—Thou'rt very poor.

Pas.—Look thee, Mistress Fiametta, that's a vulgar error thou hadst best be rid of. I, whom thou callest poor, am richer than the duke.

Fiam.—Now, if thou art not out of thy senses, the Virgin bless us!

Pas.—I'll prove it even to thy dull satisfaction. Answer me truly. How many meals eats the duke in a day?

Fiam.—Three, I think, if he be well.

Pas.—So does Pasquali. How much covering has he?

Fiam.—Nay, what keeps him warm.

Pas.—So has Pasquali. How much money carries he on his person?

Fiam.—None, I think. He is a duke, and needs none.

Pas.—Even so Pasquali. He is a poet, and needs none. What good does him the gold in his treasury?

Fiam.—He thinks of it.

Pas.—So can Pasquali. What pleasure hath he in his soldiers?

Fiam.—They keep him safe in his palace.

Pas.—So they do Pasquali in his chamber. Thus far, thou'lt allow, my estate is as good as his—and better—for I can think of his gold, and sleep safe by his soldiers, yet have no care of them.

Fiam.—I warrant he has troubled thoughts.

Pas.—Thou sayest well. Answer me once more, and I'll prove to thee in what I am richer. Thou'st heard, I dare swear, of imagination.

Fiam.—Is't a Pagan nation or a Christian?

Pas.—Stay. I'll convey thee by a figure. What were the value of red stockings over black, if it were always night?

Fiam.—None.

Pas.—What were beauty, if it were always dark?

Fiam.—The same as none.

Pas.—What were green leaves better than brown, diamonds better than pebbles, gold better than brass, if it were always dark?

Fiam.—No better, truly.

Pas.—Then the shining of the sun, in a manner, dyes your stockings, creates beauty, makes gold and diamonds, and paints the leaves green?

Fiam.—I think it doth.

Pas.—Now mark! There be gems in the earth, qualities in the flowers, creatures in the air, the duke ne'er dreams of. There be treasures of gold and silver, temples and palaces of glorious work, rapturous music, and feasts the gods sit at—and all seen only by a sun which, to the duke, is as black as Erebus.

Fiam.—Lord! Lord! Where is it, Master Pasquali?

Pas.—In my head! All these gems, treasures, palaces and fairy harmonies I see by the imagination I spoke of. Am I not richer, now?

Fiam.—(Retreating from him in fear.) Oh, the Virgin help us! He thinks there's a sun in his head! I thought to have married him, but he's mad!

Robert Montgomery Bird.

Dr. Bird, author of *The Gladiator*, was born in Delaware in 1805, and took his degree of M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. He turned to literature, and as early as 1828 had published tales, poems and several tragedies on the old English model. Forrest produced

The Gladiator with immense success, and it has seldom occurred that author and actor were so much indebted to each other as in this instance. The piece was eminently successful throughout the Union. Although written exclusively with a view to the stage, it abounds with poetic passages and possesses no ordinary share of literary merit. *Oraloosa*, which is a story of Spanish cruelty in Peru, first appeared in the following year, and was received with favor. Forrest excelled himself in his masterly delineation of the hero, and was well supported, while the scenery, costumes and stage appointments were most of them prepared for the occasion. After *Oraloosa* came the *Broker of Bogota*, which was the most finished of Bird's dramas. It did not create the decided impression produced by *The Gladiator*, for there was nothing of the drums and trumpets, the battling for freedom which this play affords, to put the spirit in motion; but viewed as a work of art, the *Broker of Bogota* surpasses either of the other pieces. All these tragedies were written especially for Forrest. Prior to their production, Bird had written a tragedy entitled *Pelopidas*, apparently adapted to the powers of the tragedian, and calculated to enhance the author's reputation; but it was never produced.

The Gladiator has held the stage for seventy years. Its first performance was on the 24th of October, 1831, at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, before the largest audience ever assembled within its walls. In the hands of Forrest, to whose talents and powers it was admirably fitted, the piece was eminently success-

ful throughout the United States, and later retained its popularity on both sides of the Atlantic as a favorite rôle with Macready and John McCullough. Seldom surpassed in originality and effect by anything in the modern drama is the scene in the arena at the close of the second act, when the gladiators break loose from their tyrants and raise the standard of revolt.

Translations from the French were now in favor, a version of Dumas' *Paul Jones* being brought out at the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, in 1840, while at the Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, John Butler's *Gaspardo the Gondolier*, also from the French, was produced with decided success.

J. K. Paulding on the American Drama.

James K. Paulding had been associated with Washington Irving in the publication of the *Salmagundi*, and afterward continued it by himself. To him we owe *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, *The Dutchman's Fireside*, and other entertaining sketches. Among his plays is *The Bucktails, or Americans in England*, written soon after the war of 1812, and published in Philadelphia in 1847, along with others by his son, William Irving Paulding. It was intended, he declares, as an experiment to ascertain "how far the public taste might incline to this species of literature. Hitherto the people of the United States have been almost entirely dependent on foreign writers for this, one of the most influential of all the censors of public manners, morals and tastes, and it seems obvious that the productions of foreigners,

adapted to actions in a state of society so widely different from that of our country, can have little application to us, either as republicans or patriots. Like every other people, we require a drama of our own, based on our own manners, habits, character and political institutions; and such a drama, it seems to us, if sustained with sufficient spirit by American writers, would take root and flourish in the United States."

The Bucktails, though it did not become a favorite, is a very fair specimen of American comedy toward the middle of the nineteenth century. The dialogue is sprightly and the characters are well sustained. There is plenty of love-making, some of which is not very sprightly, as the men are too much absorbed in their hobbies and are well stricken in years. There is an abduction in the fourth act, planned by a noble lord and executed by ruffians, the heroine making her escape by falling into the hands of gypsies, who take care of her until rescued by her friends. In the fifth act all ends as it should, the right parties marrying and the principal personages setting forth for America, where, as the Bucktails assure them, are greater attractions than any the Old World can show them.

David Paul Brown.

Sertorius, one of the most successful tragedies of the time, was written by David Paul Brown, and first acted, about 1830, by Junius Brutus Booth, then acknowledged as the finest tragic actor in the United States, and himself a dramatist of repute. Brown was one of the

most popular lawyers in Philadelphia, "possessing," says one of his critics, "in an eminent degree those qualities which acquire favor." His clients were numerous, his business extensive, and as an advocate he had no superiors. His *Prophet of St. Paul's* was a closet play, not intended for representation; yet, as the author boasted, "it had been thrice performed and not yet damned."

N. H. Bannister.

Psammetichus, or the Twelve Tribes of Egypt, by Nathaniel Harrington Bannister, was one of the many plays written for Edwin Forrest, and appears to have met with fair success. The following is from a scene between the hermit Psammetichus and Hierophantes, king of Pelusium:

Psammetichus.—Who calls the hermit from his rock-bound cell?
Hierophantes.—Pelusium's king.

Psam.— I do not know thy face,
 And yet, right well I know Pelusium's king.
 Life's usual limit I have long since passed,
 And crossed the common barrier of man's days.
 Perchance my eyes deceive me, but thy looks,
 Unless they play me false, proclaim thee——

Hiero.— What?

Psam.—Villain! But no; thou canst not be, for these,
 In royal robes arrayed, were once the friends—
 Or seemed so—of Pelusium's king, and they seem thine.
 Years dim the vision, memory becomes
 A pathless wilderness in life's gray winter,
 When old age rocks the cradle of the soul.

Hiero.—I would learn of thee——

Psam.— Learn from above!
 Wisdom, the spirit's nectar, is the gift
 Of the eternal gods, and to the good

Vouchsafed alone. It is the meed of virtue.
Thou art a king, and yet thou art a man;
No more, although thy chariot were,
Like great Sesostris', drawn by harnessed kings.
Believe not thou art fair—in the smooth glass
Of self-delusion, fawning flatterers look
Like ministers of truth to the clear eye
Of foolish vanity and upstart pride.
Ere long thou'lt find the pleasing image fade,
When death's approach unlocks the gates of truth,
Start back aghast at thine own hideous heart,
And wonder that it looked not ever thus.
A king, it may be; yet thou art a man,
A very insect on the wheel of time,
Revolving by a power thou canst not know,
And tending to a fate thou canst not fathom.

Besides being a prolific dramatist, Bannister was an actor, making his first appearance in Baltimore, as Young Norval, in 1826, when he was sixteen years of age. On the long list of his plays is *The Wandering Jew*, in fifteen acts. One of his most successful dramas, named *Putnam*, produced at the Bowery, ran for more than a hundred nights.

Out of a number of minor dramas that were given in this period, the following may be mentioned: *Walde-mir, or the Massacre*, was an anonymous play, said to be the production of a merchant of New York. It was first performed in 1831, with Charles Kean in the title rôle, with moderate success. *The Maid of Florence, or a Woman's Vengeance*, a pseudo-historical tragedy, published for the author in Philadelphia, 1840. *Love's Frailty*, a melodramatic play in three acts, written for a prize offered by the manager of the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. It was produced on January 4,

1843, and proved a failure. Among the competitors for this prize was John Howard Payne; and his beautiful play of *The Italian Bride*, for which he at one time refused \$300—a very high price in those days—could not obtain the premium of \$50 which was paid for a piece of trash.

Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion."

The most deservedly successful American comedy of the period under review was *Fashion*, written by Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, who also played a part in it. It was produced in March, 1845, at the Park theatre, New York, and was acted for eighteen consecutive nights to enthusiastic audiences, a remarkable run for those days. *The Albion*, a leading journal, paid this tribute to its merits, under the caption, "An American Drama for Americans:"

"It is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that we record the triumphant verdict of the public in favor of Mrs. Mowatt's comedy of *Fashion*. It has created a sensation unexampled in theatricals, and has decisively established the fact that the time has arrived when a strictly American drama can be called into existence.

"The satires on modern views and follies conveyed through the medium of importations from the London stage fail in their application in this country, from their local character. The 'mirror of nature' reflects only English manners and peculiarities; the satire is consequently pointless here; but change this stage reflector to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large

cities, and let it faithfully exhibit the 'manners living as they rise' in American society, and the drama then assumes its legitimate position, and we believe it will soon regain its original ascendancy.

"The scene is laid in New York, and the incidents are all confined to the family of one of the reputed modern millionaires, the growth of this commercial emporium. Mr. Tiffany is a New York merchant doing an extensive business, has risen from a peddler to his present importance, and, conducting his affairs upon the high steam pressure system of the day, becomes involved and resorts to false indorsements for the support of his declining credit. Mrs. Tiffany, also of obscure origin, uneducated, vulgar and full of pretension, aspires to lead in so-called fashionable society by extravagant display and the aping of foreign manners. In her devotion to everything not 'native,' she has set her heart upon marrying her daughter Seraphina to a foreign adventurer, who, under the assumed title of Count Jolimaitre, has obtained an entrée into society. Mr. Tiffany has, however, other views for his daughter, having designed her for his confidential servant Snobson, who is privy to his employer's forgeries, and demands Seraphina's hand as the price of his secrecy. A French waiting-maid, Millinette, proves to be an old flame of Jolimaitre's, and in revenge and jealousy she discovers the imposture. Snobson at the same time denounces Tiffany as a forger, and the parvenus are reduced to worse than their original obscurity.

"There is an underplot of touching interest, conducted by a rich old farmer from Cattaraugus, Adam

Trueman, who comes to New York in search of his granddaughter Gertrude, residing with the Tiffanys as a music teacher, or rather an humble dependent. This young lady has won the affections of Colonel Howard, purely from her virtue and sincerity of character; and after suffering a few of the usual trials of virtuous young ladies, she is established as old Trueman's heir-ess and the bride of Howard. Another important character is Prudence, a prying old maid, setting her cap at old Trueman and carrying on the plot by meddling in everybody's affairs. This is the richest specimen of comedy in the whole play, and was supported in a style worthy of all commendation. A black servant, Zeke, is also a fine specimen of Mrs. Mowatt's comic powers. Mr. Twinkle, a poetaster, and Mr. Fogg, a specimen of fashionable indifference, complete the *dramatis personæ*.

"These are the materials from which Mrs. Mowatt has constructed her drama. It will be observed that every character may be taken as a specimen of a class; and not the least of the merits of this comedy is that it is only classes that are depicted, individuals have not sat for the portraits; and it would be doing Mrs. Mowatt great injustice to suppose that she would serve up particular persons for public laughter or derision. We believe her incapable of the act, and we hear that she unequivocally denies the charge. That several persons have been named as models is tolerably conclusive evidence that the application of the satire is a general one.

"The language throughout is natural and colloquial, terse and pointed; hence its charm. Two acts are actu-

ally nothing but conversation; the action of the play does not progress; and yet the interest of the audience is sustained without flagging. There is not, perhaps, much brilliancy in the dialogue, but the absence of this is sufficiently compensated by the solid truths conveyed throughout. The language of Trueman, in particular, is energetic and pointed in the extreme; he is the moralist of the comedy, but he never prosés. Mrs. Tiffany is a modern Mrs. Malaprop in the French tongue, with a dash of Lady Duberly, and the duality is skillfully managed.

"The dramatic incident or action exhibits, perhaps, the unpractised hand; the characters talk too much for modern comedy. We have felt, at times, like the critic on the first representation of the *School for Scandal*, who exclaimed, 'Why do not those people leave off talking and let the play go on?' This defect has been materially obviated since the first night, by judicious curtailments in the dialogue, yet still more action is desirable. Upon the whole, Mrs. Mowatt may lay claim to having produced the best American comedy in existence, and one that sufficiently indicates her capabilities to write one that shall rank among the first of the age.

"That Mrs. Mowatt is impressed with this view of her true woman's mission in the construction of her next dramatic effort we have reason to know; and we also believe that other native authors of talent are awakening to the importance of bringing their aid toward the establishment of a strictly American drama."

The prologue and epilogue which the custom of those days required are worth reprinting as throwing light on

general attitude of the American public towards the stage about 1850.

"Fashion, a comedy. I'll go—but stay—
Now I read farther, 'tis a native play!
Bah! home-made calicoes are well enough,
But home-made dramas must be stupid stuff.
Had it the London stamp 'twould do—but then,
For plays we lack the manners and the men!"
Thus speaks one critic. Hear another's creed:
"Fashion! what's here? it never can succeed!
What! from a woman's pen? It takes a man
To write a comedy—no woman can!"

Well, sir, and what say you? And why that frown?
His eyes uprolled, he lays the paper down.
"Here! take," he says, "the unclean thing away!
'Tis tainted with the notice of a play!"
But, sir! but, gentlemen! you, sir, who think
No comedy can flow from native ink—
Are we such perfect monsters, or such dull,
That wit no traits for ridicule can cull?
Have we no follies here to be redressed?
No vices gibbeted? no crimes confessed?

"But then, a female hand can't lay the lash on!"
"How know you that, sir, when the theme is Fashion?"

And now come forth, thou man of sanctity!
How shall I venture a reply to thee?
The stage—what is it, though beneath thy ban,
But a daguerreotype of life and man?
Arraign poor human nature, if you will,
But let the drama have her mission still!
Let her with honest purpose still reflect
The faults which keen-eyed satire may detect;
For there be men who dread not a hereafter,
Yet tremble at the hell of public laughter!

Friends! from these scoffers we appeal to you!
Condemn the false! but oh, applaud the true!

Grant that some wit may grow on native soil—
And art's fair fabric rise from woman's toil—
While we exhibit, but to reprehend
The social vices 'tis for you to mend!

EPILOGUE.

Prudence.—I told you so; and now you hear and see.

I told you Fashion would the fashion be!

Trueman.—Then both its point and moral I distrust.

Count.—Sir, is that liberal?

Howard.— Or is it just?

True.—The guilty have escaped!

Tiffany.— Is therefore sin made

Charming? Ah, there's punishment within!

Guilt ever carries his own scourge along—

Gertrude.—Virtue her own reward!

True.— You're right, I'm wrong!

Mrs. Tiff.—How have we been deceived!

Pru.— I told you so!

Seraphina.—To lose at once a title and a beau!

Count.—A count no more, I'm no more of account.

True.—But to a nobler title you shall mount,

And be, in time—who knows?—an honest man!

Count.—Eh, Millinette?

Millinette.— Oh, oui! I know you can.

Count.—I'm much obliged. But hold—— (To the audience.)

A word with you!

Ah, don't, as some ungracious judges do,

Confound the actor with the part he plays,

And like him least where most he merits praise.

In candor judge, some little mercy show,

And let the world your honest verdict know;

Here let it see portrayed its ruling passion,

And learn to prize, at its just value, Fashion.

Mrs. Mowatt, Author and Actress.

Mrs. Mowatt was the daughter of Samuel G. Ogden,
formerly a wealthy merchant of New York, and the

capitalist in the Miranda expedition, fitted out for the liberation of the South American colonies from the yoke of Spain. On her mother's side she was descended from Francis Lewis, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. She was born at Bordeaux, France, in 1819, and was married at the early age of fifteen. She had evinced literary taste, and after her marriage applied herself to the study of foreign languages and similar pursuits. She wrote both prose and poetry occasionally for the magazines, generally under the name of Helen Berkley. From her earliest years she seems to have possessed a love for dramatic personations. She wrote several plays which were performed in private, Mrs. Mowatt herself enacting the heroines. One of these, a drama entitled *Gulzara, or the Persian Slave*, published in 1841, met with high encomiums from the press. It is probably unique in dramatic literature in having no male characters except a boy ten years of age.

Her husband having failed in business, Mrs. Mowatt sought to aid him by giving dramatic readings from the poets in public. She made her first appearance in Boston, and recited three nights before large and brilliant audiences, whose enthusiastic reception gave her all the encouragement she could desire. After this she recited in Providence and in New York with equal success. But a severe and protracted illness put a stop to any further efforts of this nature.

In 1843 she published, under her signature of Helen Berkley, a novel entitled *The Fortune-Hunter*. Though never attributed to Mrs. Mowatt, it had an extensive sale. Two years later she had another novel in the

press, entitled *Evelyn, or a Heart Unmasked*, and in 1846 brought out her five-act drama of *Armand, or the Child of the People*. Young, beautiful and gifted, her talents shed lustre on her country's literature, reviving the taste for the drama and showing others that they need not wander afield in search of subjects.

Her husband having failed as a publisher, Mrs. Mowatt had recourse to the stage. She made her début in June, 1845, at the Park theatre, New York, as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. In the autumn of the following year her fame was increased by a Philadelphia engagement, opening as Juliet at the Walnut Street theatre. Later she went abroad, and in December, 1847, in Manchester, England, she played Pauline to the Claude Melnotte of E. L. Davenport. A few weeks later she first appeared on the London boards at the Princess' theatre. When she took her leave of the stage at Niblo's Garden, in the character of Pauline, on the 3d of June, 1854, the receipts amounted to the then unheard-of sum of \$6,000. Four days later she was married to William F. Ritchie, editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*. Her subsequent home at Richmond, Virginia, became a centre of culture and refinement. In the midst of her social duties much time was given to literature. After the death of her father and the outbreak of the civil war she went to Europe and lived with relatives in Paris and Florence. She died near London in July, 1870. Marion Harland has paid tribute to her memory in her *Recollections of a Christian Actress*.

Mrs. Mowatt-Ritchie's *Autobiography of an Actress* is an exceedingly interesting and valuable work, a credit to the American stage and an honor to her memory. Of a similar character is her *Mimic Life; or, Before and Behind the Curtain*. In it she warmly defended women who enter upon stage-life, though they may have no hope of ever getting beyond the most humble position. Yet her own example and speedy triumph had perhaps the ill effect of alluring to a difficult and dangerous mode of life many who were incapable for the task.

Charlotte Cushman.

Charlotte Cushman long held the foremost place among American actresses. She was descended from the Plymouth Pilgrims and was born at Boston in 1816. Having a fine contralto voice, she was trained for the operatic stage, but, being obliged to sing soprano parts, spoiled it. She then became an actress, making her début at New Orleans in 1836 as Lady Macbeth. Returning to the North, she joined the stock company at the Park theatre, New York. She was manager of a theatre in Philadelphia when Macready visited the United States in 1843, and gave him such cordial, efficient support that he induced her to join in his tour. This was the turning point of her career. The refined English actor opened her eyes to the artistic possibilities and ideals of their profession. By his advice in the next year she went to Europe, visiting Scotch and English theatres to study their methods. She obtained an engagement to appear as Bianca in Mil-

man's *Fazio* on February 14th, 1845. Though previously unknown to London play-goers, she won a magnificent triumph. In this and other parts she continued to appear for eighty-eight successive nights before the most highly cultured audiences of England. Her sister Susan was called to her aid, and together they spent four years in Great Britain and Ireland. Charlotte played Romeo to her sister's Juliet, and assumed other male parts. She was married to the chemist, Dr. Muspratt, of Liverpool, and remained in England.

After her return to America Miss Cushman, whose fame was now secure, made her first appearance as Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering*, a part which had been accidentally assigned to her in 1840. She had made it one of her most notable renditions, giving to the outcast ragged gypsy a prophetic and almost queenly character. Other favorite parts were Queen Catherine in *Henry VIII*, Beatrice, Mrs. Haller, Julia in *The Hunchback*, and Nancy Sykes. In 1852 she went again to England and spent five years. After a farewell tour in the United States she settled at Rome with her friend, Miss Emma Stebbins, noted for her work in sculpture.

During the civil war Miss Cushman was induced to return to her native land and give some performances, especially in aid of the Sanitary Commission. But she resumed her residence in Rome until 1869. Two years later she began again to make tours in the United States, appearing both as reader and actor. Her farewell tour in 1874 extended to all the principal cities, and she was honored with special demonstrations from

the most cultured audiences. She died at Boston February 18th, 1876.

Charlotte Cushman's eminent success in her profession was due to her unconquerable will and her conscientious labor not less than her intellectual ability. The *London Times* said: "The great characteristics of Miss Cushman are her earnestness, her intensity, her quick apprehension of readings, her power to dart from emotion to emotion with the greatest rapidity." This estimate omits the quality which most impressed the later years of her career—the majesty of her own character seen and felt in her personations. This was especially true of her Shakespearean characters—the pathetic Queen Catherine and the terrible Lady Macbeth. In some of her latest appearances in this character she had the advantage of Edwin Booth's assistance as Macbeth, making a grand revelation of Shakespearean characters. Apart from the stage, Miss Cushman's whole life was full of generous enthusiasm and self-sacrifice.

George H. Baker.

Few of the poets of America have attempted the drama. It is to the honor of Longfellow's courage and genius that he did not shrink from this perilous effort, though his most popular and famous work was in other departments. Yet his marked success in *The Spanish Student* might have encouraged other votaries of the Muses to emulate him here. Of those who did venture into this neglected field, the most successful, both in literary and dramatic merit, was George Henry

Boker, whose productions, however, are less familiar than they deserve to be. Born in Philadelphia in 1823, he graduated from Princeton in 1842, and studied law; but, possessing independent means, never practised at the bar. After enjoying the advantage of travel in Europe, he devoted his leisure to poetry, and especially the drama.

His first play was *Calaynos*, which was performed in England in 1848, and afterward played by E. L. Davenport. It was followed by the tragedy of *Anne Boleyn* in 1850, and *Leonora de Guzman* in 1851. Still turning to themes of European history, he produced his best-known drama, *Francesca da Rimini*. This pathetic story has been immortalized by Dante's brief outline, yet has repeatedly attracted the attention of dramatists. Among the various attempts to present it on the stage, no one has been more successful than Boker's. It was performed with great success by Lawrence Barrett about 1885, and has since been again presented on the stage. It is not only a faithful dramatic rendering of the story, but the finest play of the poetical classical style produced by an American, and is therefore given in full in this work.

Boker also wrote comedies, perhaps never performed on the stage. Their titles are *The Betrothal* and *The Widow's Marriage*. There is no apparent reason why they should not be favorably received if properly presented to the public, but Boker was not a man to solicit favors, and the managers were content with plays at hand, even if of a lower style. Afterward Boker confined his literary work to lyrics and sonnets.

The excitement of the struggle for the Union roused him to impassioned expression of patriotism, seen both in prose appeals to the country and in his *Poems of the War*. In 1871 he was sent by President Grant as ambassador to Turkey, and afterward was transferred to Russia. Returning from this honorable post in 1879, Boker resided in Philadelphia till his death in 1890. He was secretary of the Union League of Philadelphia from its establishment until he went abroad as a diplomat, and after his return he became its president for a term. Though his plays are not concerned with American themes, they are none the less valuable contributions to his country's literature.

IV.

The Drama from 1850 to 1870.

A century had elapsed since the first feeble attempts at dramatic exhibition within the present limits of the United States. The drama had encountered many obstacles from religious prejudice, from the poverty of the people, and their absorption in the struggle to win a livelihood; it had been interrupted by wars and panics and bankruptcy. But at last it had become established as a popular amusement in all the cities of the country. Nearly every town had its theatre, sometimes euphemistically called museum or lyceum, and the more ambitious had also an opera-house, which might be styled an academy of music. These buildings, frequently fine specimens of architecture, served also at intervals for lectures, panoramas, political and other public meetings, and sometimes for ecclesiastical conventions or general gatherings of various kinds. Religious people, who had formerly opposed their introduction as dens of vice and temples of Satan, had ceased from the struggle, and, becoming familiar with their appearance, internal as well as external, frequented them even when dramatic companies occupied the stage, and found pop-

ular plays not only free from the objections which they had fondly imagined, but harmlessly entertaining and even morally instructive. Remote parts of the country were visited by travelling companies, who performed in barns for want of better accommodation, and recalled the strolling players of merry England and Continental Europe.

Uncle Tom's Cabin Dramatized.

Many causes had contributed to the marked change in public opinion and the growth of fondness for the drama. But a singular event now stimulated still further popular favor. This was the dramatization of the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That novel, written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was first published serially in 1851 in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, a Washington weekly journal, which advocated the abolition of slavery. The circulation of this newspaper was confined to a small class of earnest people, generally regarded as fanatics on this subject. The story therefore remained almost unknown to the American people until it was published in book form in Boston in 1852. It came out in the midst of the great political agitation which attended and followed the passage of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850. It depicted the actual condition of "life among the lowly," whether in its mild aspect on a Kentucky farm or in a New Orleans mansion, or in its offensive and brutal features among the slave-dealers or under a tyrannical overseer. The leading figure was a pious

old negro, sold from a comfortable cabin in Kentucky to a slave-dealer for the New Orleans market, and thence transferred to a back-country plantation, where he was tortured to death. Keen interest was also aroused by the younger mulatto, George Harris, who fled from bondage, and his wife Eliza, who, with her child, succeeded in crossing the Ohio on floating ice. The wealthy home in New Orleans furnished a contrast between the angelic Eva, child of the aristocratic St. Clair, and the irrepressible Topsy, "who never was born'd, but jist grow'd," and the prim Yankee, Miss Ophelia.

Such a combination of striking characters and powerful situations inevitably attracted stage-managers, and soon various versions were presented in the theatres. But the successful one, which still remains a favorite with the people of the North, and has sometimes been presented in the South, was prepared by George L. Aiken. The story of its inception is interesting. George C. Howard was in 1852 manager of the Museum at Troy, N. Y. His wife, acting in a version of *Oliver Twist*, took her four-year-old daughter Cordelia on the stage. The child's prattle heightened the effect of the scene, and the Howards, recognizing her dramatic instinct, sought appropriate means of further presenting it to the public. This was found in the saintly Eva. Aiken, a cousin of the Howards and member of their company, quickly arranged a new version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was produced in September, and had the amazing run of one hundred nights. The chief parts were distributed as follows: Uncle Tom, G. C.

Germon; George Harris, G. L. Aiken; Phineas Fletcher, C. K. Fox; St. Clair, George C. Howard; Topsy, Mrs. Howard; Eva, Cordelia Howard. This troupe took the play to Albany, and thence to New York city, where it was brought out at Purdy's National theatre in the summer of 1853, and ran till the following May.

Mrs. Howard belonged to the Fox family, noted in theatrical annals, and had been successful as a child actress; but she was far surpassed by her gifted daughter. Little Cordelia, with her winning grace, deeply impressed the hearts of men long accustomed to the stage. Literary men, like William Cullen Bryant, and dramatic veterans, like Edwin Forrest, wept at her personation of Eva. Until *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was performed in New York it had been customary to give an after-piece or ballet-dancing as a relief to the chief play of the evening. Howard stipulated that his play should be the entire performance. The New York manager objected, saying he would then have to close in a week. But Howard carried his point. People came to the theatre by hundreds, many of whom had never been inside its doors before. Prices were raised, and the play was kept on the boards over three hundred nights.

Controversy Over the Theatre.

It may have been this admission of a new class of auditors to the theatre that led to a vigorous controversy in regard to the morality of dramatic exhibitions. Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., a prominent Unitarian minister, noted for his public spirit, preached a sermon

on "Theatrical Amusements," in which he approved the stage not only as a legitimate popular entertainment, but also, if properly conducted, as an efficient means of public instruction in morals and manners. Various replies were made by clergymen and laymen of different creeds, among them being the famous surgeon, Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia. His pamphlet was partly a modernized reproduction of the Puritan Prynne's attack on the stage, but, though vigorous in style, it had no marked effect on the public tendency.

To one of the clerical assailants of the stage Cornelius A. Logan, an actor of some eminence, and father of the actress Olive Logan, made a forcible reply:

"The Pulpit too often depicts Virtue in austere and forbidding colors, and strips her of every attractive grace. The path of duty is made a rugged and toilsome way—narrow and steep; and the fainting pilgrim is sternly forbidden to turn aside his bleeding feet to tread, even for a moment, the soft and pleasant green sward of sin, which smiles alluring on every side. The Stage paints Virtue in her holiday garments; though storms sometimes gather round her radiant head, the countenance of the heavenly maid, resigned, serene and meek, beams forth, after season of patient suffering, with ineffable refulgence. Vice constantly wears his hideous features, and in the sure, inevitable punishment of the guilty we behold the type of that eternal Justice, before whose fiat the purest of us shall tremble when the curtain falls on the great drama of life."

While this discussion went on, the newspapers gave more and more prominence to theatrical doings, not merely as a grateful acknowledgment of their advertisements in adjoining columns, but as part of the current news in which their readers were interested. They added criticisms of the plays presented, and of popular taste and tendency in that direction. Sometimes the editors defended their course and referred to Shakespeare as having forever vindicated the claims of the drama to immortal honor and made the stage the vehicle of his philosophical teachings. The drama, it was asserted, taught lessons to rulers and citizens, to men and women, helping them to perform more correctly their various duties in life and stimulating them to virtue.

But it was really the managers who, according to their judgment of what would be acceptable to the mass of play-goers or the particular class for which they purveyed, controlled the situation. They marshaled the troupes of actors, gauged their several abilities, directed their performances and selected the plays, whether brought from abroad or written at home. Among the prominent managers at the middle of the century was William E. Burton, a well-educated man and versatile actor, excelling especially in broad low comedy. He had been ten years on the English stage before coming to America in 1834. Here he was first connected with Philadelphia theatres, rose to be manager, went to Baltimore and Washington, and finally became manager of the leading theatre in New York. While not absolutely

refusing American plays, he gave preference to those which had already succeeded on the London stage. He gave elaborate revivals of some of Shakespeare's plays.

The Wallack Dynasty.

This custom of indifference to the plays of American authors was also the rule with the Wallack family, who were most potent in theatrical affairs in New York for sixty years. James W. Wallack, Sr., born in England in 1794, had won popularity as actor and stage-manager there before he came to New York in 1818. He aspired to high tragedy, and, though not conspicuous in Shakespearean representations, was favorably regarded in the principal rôles of *The Gamester* and *Pizarro*. He succeeded, also, in the refined comedy parts of *Mercutio*, *Jaques* and *Benedick*. For twenty years he divided his time between the theatres of the United States and those of England. Then he established, on lower Broadway, the National theatre, in which he presented a repertory of the best plays in the English language, rendered by a company of superior talent and mostly of English birth. His knowledge of stage effect was unexcelled. His handsome person, melodious voice and careful elocution gave his own performances great attraction. In 1852 he opened Wallack's theatre, on Thirteenth street, and his son, John Lester Wallack, became stage-manager. This son, though born in New York city in 1820, had been educated in England, and had even entered the British army as lieutenant. But at the age of twenty-two he abandoned the army for

the stage, making his *début* in Dublin as Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Five years later he made his American *début* as Sir Charles Coldstream in Dion Boucicault's play, *Used Up*. For a long time he was announced as John W. Lester, but eventually resumed his proper appellation. Wallack's theatre was removed to Thirtieth street in 1861, owing to the shifting of the residential portion of the city and the steady encroachment of wholesale business on the lower part of Manhattan.

On the death of his father in 1864, Lester Wallack succeeded him as proprietor of the theatre, bearing the family name. He conducted it for twenty-four years, during most of which time it was highly successful; but in the end it deteriorated from its high estate. As an actor his forte was genteel comedy and romantic melodrama. As a manager he followed in the footsteps of his father, holding to the standard English plays which had stood the test of time. Occasionally he allowed a later English play to be presented when it had scored a success in London. But he seldom gave an opportunity to an American author, and when he did so, he showed little disappointment if the result was such as not to warrant a repetition of the experiment. The later years of his management brought financial trouble, but in May, 1888, after his retirement, a brilliant dramatic testimonial was given in his behalf, netting the unprecedented sum of \$20,000. The honored recipient survived only a few months. During his career he prepared for the stage versions from the French dramatists and from Dumas' romances. Among his original plays

were *Rosedale*, a charming picture of English rural life; *Central Park* and *The Veteran*, which deal with American characters and incidents.

James W. Wallack, Jr., may also be noted in this connection. He was a son of Henry Wallack, and was born in London, but brought to America in infancy. When a mere child he was taken on the stage in Philadelphia in the play *Pizarro*. Before 1860 he had become a star, and in that year he formed a combination with another celebrated actor, Edward L. Davenport. In *Oliver Twist* he played Fagin, while Davenport took the part of Bill Sykes, and Rose Eytinge appeared as Nancy.

Dion Boucicault.

In 1853 the versatile and prolific Dion Boucicault came to the United States. He readily adopted the tone of the American people and produced plays which may be credited to the American drama as correctly as his *London Assurance* is to the British. The latter owed much of its merit to Charles Matthews and other actors who assisted in its first performance. And Boucicault's American plays were doubtless benefited by similar suggestions. Among these was *The Octoroon*, produced in 1859, in which he performed the part of the Indian Wah-no-tee. The play was founded on a novel by Captain Mayne Reid, and was a kind of reply to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, intended to illustrate the actual effects of slavery. Another play, called *The Streets of New York*, was an adaptation from the French, and,

after his return to London, was given there, with slight alterations, as *The Streets of London*. His capital musical burlesque of *Pocahontas* has already been noted. Not less meritorious was the burlesque of *Columbus*, which sometimes rose above mere fun into serious recognition of the grand character and sad fate of the great discoverer.

In 1858 Boucicault established a theatre in Washington, but in the next year reconstructed the Metropolitan theatre in New York, and fitted it up elaborately as the Winter Garden. The venture did not prove profitable. In fact, Boucicault, though fertile in projects as well as plays, was obliged, after much further experience, to admit that he had no business capacity.

In 1860 he went back to England and devoted his busy pen to the manufacture of plays from various sources. From Sir Walter Scott's novel he took *The Trial of Effie Deans*; from Dickens he took *Dombey and Son*, and from his *Cricket on the Hearth* he took *Dot*, in which Joseph Jefferson acted Caleb Plummer. But still more famous has been his adaptation of *Rip Van Winkle*, which the genius of the actor has gradually transformed from an amusing picture of the contrast of two periods of national life into a pathetic sketch of the strange redemption of a village vagabond, an idea never intended by Irving. Still more original with Boucicault was the *Colleen Bawn*, in which he appeared as Myles-na-Cappelean. This play rescued the Irish character from the burlesque which had hitherto attended it on the stage. It helped, also, to inspire average Irishmen with a new ideal, and thus was doubly

beneficial. *The Shaughran* may be considered an enjoyable Irish version of *Rip Van Winkle*. Other delineations of Irish character were drawn by a loving hand in *Arrah-na-pogue* and *The Rapparee*.

In 1874 Boucicault returned to the United States and renewed his former experience of success as an actor and failure as a manager. But neither success nor failure seemed to diminish the fertility of his invention. *Daddy O'Dowd* and *Andy Blake* were added to the list of his Irish plays. From French sources he drew *Led Astray* and *Louis XI*. He did not hesitate to present a new version of *Faust and Marguerite*, adapted from Gounod's opera, rather than from Goethe's German masterpiece. Altogether more than a hundred dramas, serious and comic, are due to his pen. His melodramas are far more natural than those which had previously been in vogue. The general success of his plays was due to their abundant action, lively dialogue and dramatic incidents. Although the plots of his plays were generally borrowed, yet in the drawing of character and composition of scenes of passion, pathos or humor he displayed originality and thorough knowledge of human nature. Great as was his success in his time, he left no permanent impress on the drama.

John Brougham.

Contemporary with Boucicault was another dramatist and actor of kindred spirit who, like him, was of Irish birth. This was the versatile John Brougham. Graduating with honor from Trinity college, Dublin, he

went to London to study medicine, but became an actor, making his first appearance on the stage in 1830. His first play, *Life in the Clouds*, was a burlesque written for the comedian W. E. Burton. While manager of the London Lyceum, Brougham wrote many successful plays. In 1842 he came to America and, after making a professional tour through the principal cities, settled down in New York, where he composed plays for Burton's theatre. Among them were *The Irish Emigrant* and *All's Fair in Love*, and the extravagant burlesques, *Columbus* and *Pocahontas*—the last contributed to banish from the American stage the Indian plays which Forrest's acting had long made popular. When later the Americans of Eastern cities became familiar with the real Indian, as seen in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, they lost all their former regard for melodramatic representations of the noble savage. Among Brougham's plays of a higher order were *Romance and Reality* and *Playing With Fire*.

When the civil war began Brougham returned to London, and there spent five years, acting and writing plays. He dramatized Miss Braddon's *East Lynne* and wrote for Charles Fechter *The Duke's Motto*, both of which have been highly successful. After his return to the United States he made professional tours, in which he was received with undiminished popularity. In 1869 he opened a theatre under his own name, but it was closed in a few months. Though diligent in acting and writing plays, he was reduced to poverty. In 1878 his friends gave him a special benefit, by which over \$10,000 was realized. He died in New York in June,

1880. Brougham's plays were equally successful with those of Boucicault, but he had not the same astonishing fecundity.

A Row at the Lyceum.

A notable incident in Brougham's career was the production of *A Row at the Lyceum, or Green-room Secrets*, occurring in 1851, while he was manager of the playhouse of that name. The first scene represented the green-room with a rehearsal, at which the actors and actresses appeared in ordinary dress and discussed a new play, called *Horror on Horrors' Head*, and said to be by Carlyle. The audience was greatly amused at the realism of the performance. When Mrs. B. entered, she greeted her friends and looked over the part assigned, but soon began to object and demand something more in her line. While she was thus engaged a stout, middle-aged gentleman, in Quaker garb, rose in the middle of the pit and, pointing with an umbrella, addressed the stage and the house: "That woman looks for all the world like Clementina. Her voice is very like; her person is the same!" Then crying, "It is! It is my wife!" he left his seat and rushed toward the front, shouting, "Come off that stage, thou miserable woman!" Great confusion arose in the theatre. The audience was divided, some sympathizing with the Quaker and encouraging him with cries: "Go it, Broadbrim!" others calling, "Shame! shame!" "Put him out!" "Police!" From the third tier a red-shirted fireman added to the excitement by threatening the hus-

band with a lamming if he laid a hand on that woman. The artists on the stage were bewildered and unable to proceed. Mrs. B. was agitated and preparing for flight. The Quaker climbed over the orchestra, with the red-shirted fireman close behind. Both were collared by the police and dragged on the stage. Then the conventional group was formed, and the audience began to recognize in the fireman the actor W. J. Florence, and in the indignant Quaker husband Brougham himself. Finally they realized that the whole row was a complete "sell," yet the proceedings had been so cleverly managed that only the actors had any idea that the disturbance in the auditorium was part of the play until all was over, and it ended in shouts of laughter and applause. The next night the original spectators brought unsuspecting friends to see the hoax, and these in turn brought others, filling the house until the novelty had entirely worn off.

War Time.

Our sketch of the managers of the mid-century has carried us far past the time of secession and the civil war. But it is necessary to return and observe the effect of these political convulsions on the theatre. The absorption of the public in political strife has been partly indicated in noting the return of the leading English actors to their native land. The warlike ardor which prevailed in the South after secession was declared was matched by the sudden outburst of patriotism in the North, when the firing on Fort Sumter be-

gan, and President Lincoln issued his proclamation for volunteers for defense of the Union. Throughout the country play-acting languished; many theatres and places of amusement were closed; drilling and marching took their place; companies of soldiers were mustered in; regiments formed and hurried to the defense of the national capital; camps were pitched in the neighborhood of the principal cities until equipments and transportation could be furnished. Yet in the large cities some theatres still remained open, and audiences gathered. Prudent managers showed recognition of the demand of the hour by liberal display of bunting and having the national airs played and sung. Many actors enlisted in the army; some gave their time to patriotic recitations. Among these the most notable was James E. Murdoch, who in 1861 journeyed from city to city stimulating devotion to the cause of the Union. He afterwards served on the staff of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, and nursed sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. In the latter years of the war he gave readings for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. For him on such an occasion Thomas Buchanan Read wrote the famous poem of *Sheridan's Ride*.

As the war went on, the outburst of patriotic fervor subsided, ordinary business was resumed throughout the country, manufacturing of various kinds was stimulated by the demands of the army for clothing, equipment and ammunition, as well as for food and transportation. The large cities resumed their wonted aspect, and theatres again found business profitable. Speculation in government funds and natural products became wide-

spread, and enormous profits were made. The rapid expansion of paper currency demoralized the community. Toward the end of the war shoddy kings and coal-oil princes were flourishing in the large cities, and made urgent demands for amusement, especially of a coarser kind.

Extravagance After the Civil War.

After the war, in the political reaction under President Johnson's administration, the government fell into general contempt, and the demoralization of society increased. In 1867 an unbridled spirit of mirth and revelry took possession of the mass of the people in the Northern States, while the prostrate South was struggling under the onerous burden of carpet-bag domination. While the legitimate drama strove to recover its place with sober play-goers, it was outstripped by farces, burlesques and spectacular shows, often grossly immoral. It was at this period that the notorious medley called *The Black Crook* was brought out at Niblo's Garden, and ran for several hundred nights, in spite of strong protests against its flagrant indecency. In the same year (1867) George L. Fox, a comic actor of much humor, appeared as Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and afterward as Humpty Dumpty in an extravagant pantomime of that name, laughable but not immoral. The native supply of fun was not sufficient, and soon the demand reached Europe. From London and Paris came troupes of burlesque actors and actresses, long-limbed and tow-headed inanities, who

romped and pranced and reaped rich harvests from the gilded youth and reckless speculators of the Northern cities. The public revelry which had been stimulated and fostered by Napoleon III in Paris was reproduced in New York and imitated in other cities. Opera bouffe was imported, and spread like wildfire. Halévy's librettos and Offenbach's music set the American people to dancing jigs. The delirium of this feverish pursuit of riches and gayety was hardly brought to an end by the colossal panic of 1873.

Revival of Legitimate Drama.

Yet there were always a large number of theatre-goers who refused to patronize the showy iniquities; a large number of actors who abstained from helping the profanation of their art, and a respectable number of theatre owners and stage-managers who held aloof from the glittering temptation.

While the theatrical world, not only in New York, but in all the large cities, seemed mainly given over to the pursuit of vain shows and howling successes, there was still a sober remnant who loved and admired and wished to support the legitimate drama, whether English or American. They grieved over the delusion of the masses; they protested in the newspapers; they appealed to the cultured wealthy to protect the dramatic art from impending ruin. For some time their cries and prayers availed not. What honest but feeble efforts were made to stem the current of vicious shows proved ridiculously inadequate. At last arose the mighty magician

whose potent wand was to drive from the temple of the Muses the ghouls and fiends who had taken possession of the stage and dazzled the multitude with their tawdry finery and glowing illusions. Edwin Booth, already famed as an actor and impersonator of Shakespearean characters, had been daring enough to risk his fame and fortune in erecting and adorning a suitable home for Shakespeare and the pure English drama. His success in this laudable venture astonished the doubting disciples and gratified those who even in the midst of triumphant vice still maintained faith in the potency of righteousness.

When the American people recovered their sober sense, they awoke to find that their own character had undergone a notable change. American society had largely lost its Puritan aspect. The conscientious labors of the Wallacks, Brougham and Boucicault in New York, of J. S. Clarke and the Drew family in Philadelphia, of William Warren in Boston, had established the theatre as a permanent institution, and had fixed a high standard of excellence in its exhibitions.

Laura Keene.

Among those who have influenced the progress of dramatic art in America, Laura Keene should not be overlooked. She was born in London in 1826, and there began her stage career under Madam Vestris. The elder Wallack met her while acting Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, and induced her to come to America. Her marriage with John Taylor had proved un-

fortunate, and she brought her two children and her mother with her. Her first appearance in New York was as Alice Mandeville in *The Will*, on September 20th, 1852, at Wallack's theatre. Fond of independence, she went to Baltimore and opened a theatre, and thence went on a tour to California. After the discovery of gold in Australia many actors were attracted thither, and Miss Keene went with them. Her tour there was a delightful treat, both to the actress and the people.

Returning to New York with enlarged experience and unflinching courage, Miss Keene opened a theatre bearing her name, and attracted large audiences with light comedies. A year later she had a new theatre on Broadway, then the finest in New York. It was opened on November 18th, 1856, with *As You Like It*. This was really the commencement of the beautiful modern renderings of Shakespeare's plays, which were soon to reach a glorious height under Edwin Booth's administration. Miss Keene appeared also as Camille in Dumas' play, then in the zenith of its fame. Sterling English comedies were also produced by a fine troupe of actors, among whom was Joseph Jefferson, soon to become famous. In 1857 she presented *The Sea of Ice*, a spectacular play, which brought large receipts, but the main reliance was on English comedies. As the season had proved successful, Miss Keene was encouraged to strengthen her company and attempt more on the same lines. *Our American Cousin* was first played on October 19th, 1858, with little expectation of its future popularity; yet it held the stage till the following

March. The leading part was Asa Trenchard, performed by Jefferson, while Sothern, as Lord Dundreary, had but seventeen lines. Nevertheless, on that slender basis he began to construct a reputation which brought him a fortune. In January, 1860, Dion Boucicault and his wife, Agnes Robertson, were added to the company, already strong, and his excellent dramatization of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* was magnificently produced. Agnes Robertson appeared as Jeanie Deans, and Miss Keene as Effie. Miss Keene was married in 1860 to John Lutz, who had been the business manager of her theatre and henceforth proved a devoted husband.

The fierce political struggle in 1860 had a disastrous effect on the theatres. Standard comedies and dramas failed to attract. Miss Keene therefore again resorted to spectacular shows, giving *The Seven Sisters*, which, with its grand transformation scenes, held the stage for more than one hundred and seventy nights. It had also a strong political flavor, and was decidedly Southern at the outset; but after the commencement of the war in 1861 these elements were considerably modified. Miss Keene retained control of the theatre till 1863, when she went on tours as a star. On April 14th, 1865, for her benefit at the close of her engagement at Ford's theatre, Washington, she gave *Our American Cousin* as it had been originally produced by her. It was announced that "the performance will be honored by the presence of President Lincoln." It proved to be the fatal opportunity for his assassination, and Miss Keene identified John Wilkes Booth as the murderer. In her stage dress she made a vain effort to calm the audience,

and then ran to the president's box to render what assistance she could. Taking the dying Lincoln's head in her lap, she bathed it with water. Her dress was stained with his blood. The awful shock had a permanent effect on Miss Keene's health.

After a time she resumed her tour as a star and journeyed over the country. In 1869 she assumed the management of the new Chestnut Street theatre in Philadelphia. This place had been so unfortunate under former managers that it was called "The Morgue." She introduced all the modern improvements, refurnished and decorated the house, and gave it an air of refinement. She gathered, also, a strong stock company. The opening on September 20th was a grand ovation, the play being *The Marble Heart*, in which Miss Keene performed Marco, while W. E. Sheridan personated Raphael the Sculptor. Other plays followed, redeeming the reputation of the theatre. Among them, of course, was *Our American Cousin*, with Otis instead of Sothorn, but they were mostly standard English comedies. The heavy burden of management severely taxed Miss Keene's strength, and she was compelled to retire from the stage.

Miss Keene journeyed through the country delivering lectures, and also published a magazine called *The Fine Arts*. This proved too expensive for her means. Her health had failed and she died at Montclair, N. J., November 4th, 1873. She had been one of the ornaments of the American stage, rather tall, but graceful and willowy, with large eyes, wavy auburn hair and a rich, mellow voice. She often dressed in white gar-

ments, and enjoyed thus heightening the peculiar beauty of her personal appearance. Her highest acting was seen in extremely pathetic scenes and in expressing utter despair; and yet she was also successful in brilliant comedy. As a manager she was always sensible and judicious, but somewhat imperious, and was called by the actors "The Duchess." She introduced spectacular plays, but would never have countenanced the indecencies to which they led. She was a truly religious woman, a devoted mother and an affectionate daughter.

V.

Edwin Booth.

The most eminent American tragedian in the latter half of the nineteenth century was, unquestionably, Edwin Booth, the son of the distinguished actor, Junius Brutus Booth, who had in England bid fair to be a rival to Kean and Macready. After coming to the United States in 1821 he acted in all parts of the country from Boston to New Orleans, and even visited California in 1852. He was most noted in tragic parts, especially Richard III, Sir Giles Overreach, Brutus, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer and Richelieu. Being small in stature, he presented a marked contrast to Forrest, whose best efforts were supported by his powerful physique as well as his intense passion. Junius Booth had been trained in the strenuous English school, and gave such fire and energy to his words and actions that he made even deeper impression on thoughtful persons. In his old age his mind became unbalanced, yet he continued to act at intervals until his death in November, 1852.

Edwin was born at his father's secluded country residence, Belair, near Baltimore, Md., in November, 1833.

His name bears testimony to his father's lasting attachment to Edwin Forrest. Young Edwin became from boyhood the constant attendant of his affectionate but eccentric father. His education, therefore, was desultory, yet his thoughtful, studious habits enabled him to make the most of his slight opportunities. His father had no desire for him to become an actor. Yet the result was almost inevitable. At the age of sixteen he made his first appearance on the stage in the Boston Museum as Tressil, when his father was playing Richard III. After he had performed other parts satisfactorily, his father in 1851, becoming suddenly ill, called Edwin to take his place as Richard, and the youth enacted it well, obtaining high credit. In the next year they both went to California, where another son, Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., had established a theatre. Edwin remained in California when his father returned to the East in October, and thus was separated from the latter when he died.

From California Edwin Booth sailed to Australia with a dramatic company including the popular actress, Laura Keene, as leading woman. His talent had developed slowly, but he now acted various parts very much in the strenuous style which he had learned from his father. After a rapid but successful tour through Southern cities he reached Boston in April, 1857, and there played Sir Giles Overreach. In May he presented himself at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, as Richard III, and later in the year in a series of great tragic characters. By this time he had changed his style of acting, abandoning the fierce and boisterous manner

he had inherited from his father. Each new movement in his stage career was heartily approved by the best critics. In July, 1860, he married Miss Mary Devlin and went with her to England, where his scholarly performances were highly successful.

On his return to New York, in 1862, Booth, in partnership with his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, became manager of the Winter Garden theatre, which had been handsomely fitted up by Boucicault. Here he brought out the magnificent reproductions of Shakespeare's plays, which have made his name memorable in the annals of the American stage. Among other notable achievements of this period was the unprecedented run of *Hamlet* for one hundred nights. In April, 1865, this golden age of theatrical brilliance was interrupted by the appalling tragedy of the assassination of President Lincoln, perpetrated by Edwin's erratic brother, John Wilkes Booth. Edwin, overcome by the shock, resolved to quit the stage forever and hide himself from public view. But the strong remonstrances of his friends and admirers overcame his determination, and after some months of abstention he resumed his wonted place on the boards, and was greeted with warmest applause. A still more direct calamity came when in March, 1867, the theatre, with all its valuable scenery, dresses and art treasures, was completely destroyed by fire.

A year later, on April 8, 1868, the corner-stone of another temple of the drama was laid on Twenty-third street, and on February 3, 1869, the splendid building was opened under the name, Booth's Theatre. The first

play was *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Booth appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Mary McVicker, whom he afterward married, his first wife having died in 1863. For five years the new theatre was the admiration of the American people, the stage being constantly adorned by splendid pageants and graced by the ablest actors of Europe and America. Booth, however, was obliged to relinquish it in 1874, the lavish expense having been too severe a strain on his resources. His stock company had been the ablest organization ever formed in America, and the stars who appeared from time to time were of the first magnitude. Booth's financial management was, unfortunately, not equal to his æsthetic skill.

Being now bankrupt, Booth returned to acting as a star, and made a triumphal progress through the country, going as far as San Francisco. In 1880 he visited Great Britain and had the most flattering reception. Another tour in 1882 was extended into Germany, where he was hailed as the American exponent of Shakespeare. By his tours at home and abroad he was able not only to pay all his debts, but to accumulate another fortune. In April, 1891, he made his last appearance on the stage as Hamlet. The last four years of his life were spent at the Players' Club, a building which he had given to the profession. There he died June 8th, 1893.

The art of Edwin Booth has been most elaborately discussed by the best critics. His greatest success was in Hamlet, and so thoroughly had he impressed this character on the public of his time that it was thought by

most of them that he was almost a reincarnation of the philosophic Dane. His countenance was grave and melancholy, yet not without sweetness. He was a close and discriminating student of Shakespeare. He removed from his stage the versions which had been mangled by Tate and Cibber, and sought to restore the original text in its purity. Yet he found it necessary to omit parts in order to bring the play into the time allowed in theatres of the present day. The versions of the fifteen plays which he edited for his repertory were published by him. No man accomplished more to present to the American people an example of what the theatre ought to be in every department.

Edwin Booth as Lear.

In physique, Mr. Booth was an ideal Hamlet. Not so, one would say, as to Lear. One naturally thinks of Lear as a gigantic figure, such as Forrest portrayed him. "Do you play Lear?" some one asked Forrest one day. "Sir," he roared in reply, in his most tremendous tones, "I am Lear!" Mr. Booth was of slight figure, and his voice, though inexpressibly flexible, clear and thrilling, had not the thunder roll of Forrest's. Yet not only was Lear his most successful part, but in it he probably surpassed every other Lear that ever trod the boards. Lear is perhaps the greatest tragic character ever conceived by human inspiration, and therefore he who plays it well does more than he who plays Hamlet or any other part equally well. It is interesting to recall what was

said of him in 1883, by one of the foremost German critics:

"Edwin Booth has proved anew that he is an actor of true genius. His *Lear* transcends comparison with any of the impersonations of the past that are known to us. Rossi and Salvini do not approach in this creation of Shakespeare. These tragedians of the Roman race equal him in the flaming heat of his scorn, but Shakespeare took a flight too high for them in the scenes of the king's madness. It required an actor of the race and the spirit of the poet—the Anglo-Saxon race and spirit—to follow and interpret the genius of Shakespeare. Booth may be likened to a magician who gives form and meaning to strange, remote and unintelligible sentences; who lets us gaze into the far distance of the land of dreams; who communicates to us the vibrations of his own heart, and who wins from our eyes the tender tears of pity. With him for our *Lear*, we are not the mere spectators of this tragedy. We live through it, and part from it with a storm raging in our souls."

Booth as *Richelieu* and *Hamlet*.

The *Richelieu* of Mr. Booth was a most thrilling impersonation, as it covered a wonderfully wide range of passions, all depicted with equal skill. The climax is reached when, with a last resort against royal ruffianism, he draws about the spot whereon his ward Julie is standing the sacred circle of the Mother Church, and then defies the world to touch her, for whoever dares to cross



EDWIN BOOTH

After a painting by W. A. Lenders



that line, "Upon his head—aye, though it wear a crown—I launch the curse of Rome!" At this tremendous passage the venerable form of the Cardinal seemed transfigured with moral splendor, towering to gigantic stature, dominating the whole scene like Mount Blanc above its foot-hills, with one hand shedding benedictions upon the saved but shrinking girl, and with the other hurling thunderbolts against his cowering and defeated enemies.

In Hamlet the motives and actions are even more complex. Now there is a light touch of the boy, now the grave stroke of the thought-burdened man. The character of Chriemhilde in the Nibelungen Legend is the only one comparable with it. She, the loveliest of earth's lovely daughters, born with a horror of bloodshed, is called upon by the ghost of her murdered hero-husband to avenge his death. To that task she devotes herself. Years pass before her opportunity arrives, but the delay only makes her vengeance more complete, and at the end, she, who could not see a fawn slain without fainting, wades ruthlessly through the blood of her three brothers and a thousand gallant heroes, with her own hand strikes dead her husband's murderer, and then yields up her own life with a smile, happy in having avenged her loved one and given his spirit rest. So the gentle Hamlet transforms his whole nature and sacrifices the whole world, and life itself, with gladness, to avenge that "sweet ghost" that walked upon the ramparts of Elsinore and seeks to give him peace through that most awful climax when, father dead, lover dead, mother

dead, friend dead, himself death-stricken, he hurls out his last breath in one tremendous stroke of vengeance, "Hence, damned Dane!"

John S. Clarke.

A brother-in-law of Edwin Booth won fame not only in America but also in England as a comedian. This was John Sleeper Clarke, born at Baltimore in 1835. At an early age he lost his father and was thrown on his own resources. While still a boy he became a member of a company of amateur tragedians, among whom was Edwin Booth. Clarke studied law for a year, and then turned his attention to the stage as his proper field. It soon became evident that his talents were best adapted to low comedy. He had an extraordinary mimetic faculty and a keen sense of the ludicrous. His first regular engagement was at the old Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, where he appeared in August, 1852, as Soto in *She Would and She Would Not*. In the following January he became leading man in the stock company of that theatre. Thence he went to Baltimore where he became a popular favorite and received an ovation at his benefit. In 1855 Clarke returned to Philadelphia as leading comedian in the Arch Street theatre, and later was joint lessee of that house with William Wheatley as his partner. This connection was dissolved in 1861, and Clarke went to New York as a star, his debut being made at the Winter Garden. He was regarded as the legitimate successor of the noted comedian, William E. Burton.

Clarke made starring tours through the country and accumulated a fortune. He was also part proprietor of the three leading theatres of the country—the Boston theatre, the New York Winter Garden, and the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. In 1868 he went to England, and London received him with enthusiasm equal to that accorded him in his native land. He played at all the principal English theatres. Henceforth he made England his home, though at times visiting the United States.

Clarke has been called a pupil of Joseph Jefferson, but that designation is incorrect. Clarke was more pronounced in action, and hence more distinctively a low comedian. His repertoire covered a wide range of characters, his most noted impersonations being Toodles, Dr. Pangloss, Waddington and Major Wellington de Boots. In these he adhered to the stage traditions and never ventured on new interpretations as did Jefferson. Yet he won the favor of the best critics as well as of the general public. His personal character was exemplary and his domestic attachments strong. His son, Creston Clarke, has been successful as a tragedian.

Lawrence Barrett.

Eminent among the successors of Forrest and associates of Edwin Booth stands Lawrence Barrett. Born of Irish parents, at Paterson, New Jersey, in 1838, he early removed to Michigan, and became call-boy at a theatre in Detroit. Here also he made his first appearance as an actor, then passed to Chicago and St. Louis,

and later found his way to New York. At the Chambers Street theatre he first appeared as Sir Thomas Clifford in *The Hunchback*. Next he gave support to Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth and other prominent actors in Boston, as well as New York.

On the outbreak of the civil war Barrett became a captain in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry and served two years with distinction. On returning to the stage he was engaged by Booth to play Othello to his Iago. Henceforth their names were frequently associated as actors of opposite characters. The elder Wallack pronounced Barrett's Othello the most striking impersonation he had seen for twenty years. When Barrett went to New Orleans as manager of the Varieties theatre, he took the foremost parts, as Richelieu, Shylock and Hamlet. In 1864, after the burning of this theatre, Barrett made his first tour as a star actor, and three years later his first visit to England. On his return he joined John McCullough in the management of the California theatre, San Francisco. In 1870 Barrett resumed his connection with Edwin Booth in New York. After some successful tours through the United States, Barrett assisted in the magnificent revival of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* at Booth's theatre in 1875, playing Cassius to Davenport's Brutus.

In 1882 Barrett, desiring to foster the American drama, brought out in magnificent style Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* at the Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. His personation of the hunchback Lanciotto was especially powerful. The same tragedy was performed in the next year at the Star theatre, New York,

and was greeted with much enthusiasm, running for nine weeks. Other plays which he produced successfully were W. G. Wills' *The Man o' Airlie*, in which he acted Harebell, and *Yorick's Love*, adapted from the Spanish by William Dean Howells. In September, 1887, Booth and Barrett formed a combination which made a successful tour in the principal cities. They were engaged in a similar way when Barrett was struck down with pneumonia, and died at New York on March 20, 1891. Booth retired from the stage a fortnight later.

Barrett is said to have played every male part in *Hamlet* except Polonius and the Gravedigger. Besides these and other Shakespearean parts, he appeared in a wonderful variety of characters. His impersonations were marked by dignity and intelligence, the most finished being Yorick and Lanciotto. His acting was noted for its dash and fervency. He was best in presenting violent passion and suppressed anger. His voice was sonorous, but his endeavor to give clearness to his utterance was sometimes excessive.

John McCullough.

After Forrest's retirement from the stage his robust heroic style of acting was kept in view of the people for many years by his most faithful disciple, John McCullough. Though the latter was inferior in natural endowments, physical and mental, yet he won a large host of warm admirers, who extolled his merits beyond their actual value. Born in Ireland in 1837 he came with

his parents to Philadelphia when he was sixteen years old. While learning a trade he joined an amateur dramatic club and in 1855 was allowed to perform a minor part at the Arch Street theatre. Six years later Forrest, having a favorable opinion of his qualities, engaged him to act secondary parts. Thus he performed Pythias, Laertes, Macduff and Iago. In 1866 McCullough undertook the management of the California theatre, San Francisco, and in the succeeding years gave a series of productions worthy of comparison with Booth's in New York. In the latter city McCullough appeared as a star in May, 1874, and afterwards made tours through the States, while retaining his interest in San Francisco. In April, 1881, he made his London début as Virginius, perhaps his best part, but excited no enthusiasm. In 1883 his mental powers began to fail, but he continued to act until September of the next year, when he broke down on the stage at Chicago. He died in a lunatic asylum in November, 1885.

Forrest had bequeathed the manuscripts of his plays to McCullough as his legitimate successor. The latter was deficient in originality and added no characters to the stage.

VI.

Joseph Jefferson.

No name connected with the dramatic profession of America is more familiar or beloved than that of Joseph Jefferson. There have, in fact, been three actors in lineal succession bearing that appellation, but when it is now used it means only the genial impersonator of Rip Van Winkle. This character he has impressed so deeply on the minds of the people that it is better known than most of the presidents of the United States. The third Joseph was born in Philadelphia in 1829, and made his first appearance on the stage at Washington when he was three years old, as Cora's child in the play of *Pizarro*. A year later the comedian, Thomas D. Rice, who had introduced in his delineation of negro character the dancing and jumping of Jim Crow, carried a bag on the scene at his benefit, and emptied from it little Joe, blackened and dressed in close imitation of himself. At the same time he pronounced the couplet:

"Ladies and gem'men, I'd like you for to know,
I've got a little darkey here, to jump Jim Crow."

Forthwith the child assumed the attitude of Jim Crow, and sang and danced in exact imitation of the

negro actor. Such was the grotesque beginning of a memorable dramatic career.

When eight years old the lad appeared on the stage of the Franklin theatre, New York, in a miniature sword combat with Master Titus. Jefferson was now a pirate, while Titus was an honest sailor. At the end of the desperate conflict the pirate was laid prostrate, while the sailor bestrode him in triumph. Jefferson's parents had been acting at this theatre, but soon they went wandering through the South and West. The father died suddenly of yellow fever at Mobile in November, 1842. He had been a virtuous, amiable man, an industrious actor and manager, and yet more noted as a scene-painter than for histrionic ability. The mother had been originally Miss Cornelia Frances Thomas, and had married Thomas Burke, an Irish comedian of fine talents but irregular life. Burke was a favorite with play-goers of New York and Philadelphia, but died of dissipation in 1824. Mrs. Burke was a handsome person, with fair ability as a comic actress and an exquisite voice which surpassed all rivalry in vocalism. Two years after Burke's death she was married to the second Joseph Jefferson, and their domestic life was most happy.

Charles Burke, her eldest son, was regarded by all who knew him as possessing dramatic genius. Born in 1822, he had been carried on the stage in infantile parts, and at the age of fourteen appeared at the National theatre, New York, as the Prince of Wales in *Richard III*, and later in other characters. He

shared the vicissitudes of his stepfather's wanderings, but returned to New York in 1847. There he died in the arms of his brother, Joseph Jefferson, at the early age of thirty-three.

After his father's death, Joseph and his mother continued with the strolling players, found their way into Texas and later accompanied the United States army, under General Zachary Taylor, into Mexico. There they acted in the Spanish theatre at Matamoros in May, 1846. They returned to resume their wanderings in the Mississippi Valley, journeying in wagons by land or on flat-boats on the great rivers.

In September, 1849, Jefferson again appeared in New York, acting at Chanfrau's New National theatre as Jack Rackbottle in *Jonathan Bradford*, with Charles Burke as Caleb Scrimmage. The season lasted till July 6th, 1850, and the company contained many popular actors. Jefferson married Miss Margaret C. Lockyer, one of the troupe, in May of that year. She was a native of England, but was early brought to America, and had been on the stage since her sixteenth year. She died in February, 1861. Of her six children, two died in infancy and two became actors.

Jefferson continued to act in New York till 1852, when, in partnership with John Ellsler, he led a dramatic company on a tour through Southern cities. Afterward he rested in Philadelphia for a while, and again went to Baltimore. In 1856 he visited Europe to study the stage and acting of London and Paris. In November of that year he joined Miss Laura Keene's

theatre in New York. The connection proved pleasant and profitable to both, yet on account of some disagreement they separated for several years.

Dr. Pangloss.

It was in 1857, while acting at this theatre, that Jefferson made his first decided hit, appearing as Dr. Pangloss in Colman's sterling old comedy, *The Heir at Law*. This play was first acted in London at the Haymarket theatre on July 15th, 1797, by a notable array of comedians, including Charles Kemble and Fawcett. From time to time it was revived with great success. It was quickly introduced in America, being first given at the Park theatre, New York, in April, 1799. Dunlap opened the following season with it, the first Joseph Jefferson appearing as Zekiel Homespun, while the brilliant Hodgkinson personated Dr. Pangloss. It has never become obsolete, in spite of great social changes. In later times other famous actors have taken the part of Dr. Pangloss, among them being John Brougham, William Warren and John S. Clarke, but not one of these attained the distinction of Jefferson in his new interpretation of a character long familiar.

The humor and satire of this comedy turn on the raising of an ignorant tallow-chandler with a ridiculous wife and a coxcombical son to the surroundings of high social life for a brief period. It is full of droll situations, but relief is given by the exhibition of an impoverished young lady with her faithful servant and her devoted lover, who turns out to be the rightful heir. Dr.

Pangloss is a pretentious half-learned scholar of unfailing gayety. Being poor, he has attached himself to a wealthy family as tutor, but is willing to lend his assistance in vice. He is thoroughly acquainted with the fashionable world, and engages to serve various members of it, though he is well aware they are working at cross-purposes. But he is really intent on serving Number One. On the stage from the start, Dr. Pangloss had been presented as a fantastical absurdity, intended only to raise a laugh, or, rather, constant laughter. But Jefferson looked deeply into the character and found a basis for genuine sympathy with the poor, shifty, shrewd, scholarly, jocose dependent. Jefferson succeeded in making him a reality, while none the less comical. He induced the audience to believe that he was willing to help these absurd people among whom fortune had thrown him. Over all his adventures he cast an air of unfailing good-humor. A new amusing character was thus added to the memorable personalities of the world of fancy.

The Sunday-school Comedian.

During Jefferson's connection with Laura Keene's company he showed a characteristic trait by omitting from the old comedies the indelicate lines too often found in the original. A fellow-actor therefore nicknamed him "The Sunday-school comedian," but Jefferson replied: "You take an unfair and unmanly advantage of people when you force them to listen to your coarseness. They are imprisoned and have no choice

but to hear and see your ill-breeding. You have no more right to be offensive on the stage than you have in the drawing-room."

Our American Cousin.

Another notable play connected with this period was *Our American Cousin*, which had been written by Tom Taylor. With it Jefferson achieved fame as Asa Trenchard, the guileless Yankee who diverts his wealthy relatives in England. This part gave ample and suitable opportunity for the actor's peculiar powers. It combined in artistic proportion rustic grace with true manliness, homely drollery with simple pathos. The play ran for one hundred and forty nights and enriched the theatre. Everybody was gratified from the graceful Laura to the reluctant Sothern, who had disdained the part assigned him, and had threatened to leave. But the strangest part of the story with its dramatic dénouement and climax was yet to come. It is best to allow Jefferson to give his own account:

Jefferson's Account of *Our American Cousin*.

"During the season of 1858-59 Miss Keene produced Tom Taylor's play of *Our American Cousin*, and as its success was remarkable and some noteworthy occurrences took place in connection with it, a record of its career will perhaps be interesting. The play had been submitted by Mr. Tom Taylor's agent to another theatre; but the management, failing to see anything strik-

ing in it, an adverse judgment was passed and the comedy rejected. It was next offered to Laura Keene, who also thought but little of the play, which remained rejected upon her desk for some time; but it so chanced that the business manager of the theatre, Mr. John Lutz, in turning over the leaves, fancied that he detected something in the play of a novel character. Here was a rough man, having no dramatic experience, but gifted with keen, practical sense, who discovered at a glance an effective play, the merits of which had escaped the vigilance of older and, one would have supposed, better judges. He gave me the play to read. While it possessed but little literary merit, there was a fresh, breezy atmosphere about the characters and the story that attracted me very much. I saw, too, the chance of making a strong character of the leading part, and so I was quite selfish enough to recommend the play for production.

"The reading took place in the green-room, at which the ladies and gentlemen of the company were assembled, and many furtive glances were cast at Mr. Coul-dock and me as the strength of Abel Murcott and Asa Trenchard was revealed. Poor Sothern sat in the corner, looking quite disconsolate, fearing that there was nothing in the play that would suit him; and as the dismal lines of Dundreary were read he glanced over at me with a forlorn expression, as much as to say, 'I am cast for that dreadful part!' little dreaming that the character of the imbecile lord would turn out to be the stepping-stone of his fortune. The success of the play

proved the turning-point in the career of three persons—Laura Keene, Sothorn and myself.

“As the treasury began to fill, Miss Keene was seen to twinkle with little brilliants; gradually her splendor increased, until at the end of three months she was ablaze with diamonds. Whether these were new additions to her impoverished stock of jewelry or the return of old friends that had been parted with in adversity—old friends generally leave us under these circumstances—I cannot say, but possibly the latter.”

Joseph Jefferson on Love Scenes.

“The greatest love scene that ever was or ever will be written is known as the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. This is a perfect model, being full of the most exquisite humor.

“Natural love off the stage is almost invariably humorous, even comic—not to the lovers’ mind; oh, no! ’Tis serious business to them, and that is just what makes it so delightful to look at. The third party, when there is one, enjoys it highly. The principals do the most foolish things; the gentleman cannot make up his mind what to do with his hat or with his hands; the lady is awkward and shy, and the more they love each other the more comical they are. They say stupid things and agree with each other before they have half done expressing an opinion.

“It was the opportunity of developing this attitude of early love, particularly love at first sight, that attracted me to the *Cousin*. Simple and trifling as it looks, Mr.

Tom Taylor never drew a finer dramatic picture. The relation between the two characters was perfectly original. A shrewd, keen Yankee boy of twenty-five falls in love at first sight with a simple, loving English dairymaid of eighteen. She innocently sits on the bench, close beside him; he is fascinated, and draws closer to her; she raises her eyes in innocent wonder at this, and he glides gently to the farthest end of the bench. He never tells her of his love, nor does she in the faintest manner suggest her affection for him; and though they persistently talk of other things, you see plainly how deeply they are in love. He relates the story of his uncle's death in America, and during this recital asks her permission to smoke a cigar. With apparent carelessness he takes out a paper, a will made in his favor by the old man, which document disinherits the girl; with this he lights his cigar, thereby destroying his rights and resigning them to her. The situation is strained, certainly, but it is very effective, and an audience will always pardon a slight extravagance if it charms while it surprises them."

Enter Lord Dundreary.

"The cast was an exceedingly strong one — Laura Keane as the refined rural belle, and Sara Stevens as the modest, loving English dairymaid. Both looked and acted the parts perfectly. The Abel Murcott of Mr. Couldock was a gem, and the extravagant force and humor of Mr. Sothern's Dundreary, the fame of which afterward resounded all over the English-speaking

world, is too well known to need any comment, except perhaps to mention one or two matters connected with it of a curious nature.

"Sothorn was much dejected at being compelled to play the part. He said he could do nothing with it, and certainly for the first two weeks it was a dull effort, and produced but little effect. So in despair he began to introduce extravagant business into his character—skipping about the stage, stammering and sneezing, and, in short, doing all he could to attract and distract the attention of the audience. To the surprise of everyone, himself included, these antics, intended by him to injure the character, were received by the audience with delight. He was a shrewd man, as well as an effective actor, and he saw at a glance that accident had revealed to him a golden opportunity. He took advantage of it, and with cautious steps increased his speed, feeling the ground well under him as he proceeded. Before the first month was over he stood side by side with any other character in the play; and at the end of the run he was, in my opinion, in advance of us all.

"And his success in London, in the same character, fully attests, whatever may be said to the contrary, that as an extravagant, eccentric comedian in the modern range of comedy he was quite without a rival. His performance of Sam, which I saw at the Haymarket theatre in London, was a still finer piece of acting than his Dundreary. It was equally strong, and had the advantage of the other in not being overdrawn or extravagant."

Certainly nothing can better attest Jefferson's soundness of judgment and freedom from egotism than this modest, straightforward account of a noted play.

Sothorn as Lord Dundreary.

Clement Scott reports that Sothorn confirmed many of the accepted stories of the evolution of Lord Dundreary. "He was so disgusted with the part as originally written by Tom Taylor not for an eccentric comedian, but for an old man, that he threw up the part in disgust, but accepted it, on reconsideration, on the condition that Laura Keene allowed him to do exactly what he liked with the part. His first intention was to 'guy' the whole thing; but, luckily, better counsels—probably those of his charming and affectionate wife—prevailed, since Lord Dundreary was the stepping-stone to fame and fortune. But when he began to work up the character he found that by patience and perseverance something might be made of Lord Dundreary. It was not the work of a single night, but the result of weeks and weeks of additions and alterations. Brother Sam's letter was not introduced until some weeks after the play was produced.

"Sothorn has often told me that Lord Dundreary was a hotchpotch of caricatures of various men he had known, stories he had heard, jokes he had read; but the basis of it all was the comical negro of everyday life. Translate the Dundrearyisms in Sothorn's version, for he wrote the whole part of the Dundreary—of course, to the disgust of Tom Taylor—and you will find

the American bell-boy and waiter and the end-man of the negro minstrels. Mr. Bones was the root idea of Lord Dundreary. The long Dundreary frock-coat in which Sothern first played the part was borrowed from his friend, Dion Boucicault, and is now in possession of Sothern's clever son Edward.

"Sothern confirmed, also, the story of the Dundreary 'hop.' One very cold day he was hopping about the back of the stage at rehearsal to keep himself warm, and making his comrades roar with laughter, when Laura Keene, in her imperious way, said: 'I suppose you intend to introduce that nonsense into Dundreary.'

"'I thought of doing so,' said Sothern. And he did."

Dundreary Reads Brother Sam's Letter.

Another effective addition was Dundreary's reading of brother Sam's letter. He begins with the N. B. on the envelope: "'If you don't get this letter, write and let me know.' That fella's an ass, whoever he is!"

Then he opens the letter, holding it upside down.

"I don't know any fella in America except Sam; of course I know Sam, because Sam's my brother. Every fella knows his own brother. Sam and I used to be boys when we were lads, both of us. We were always together. People used to say: 'Birds of a feather'—what is it birds of a feather do? Oh, 'Birds of a feather gather no moss!' That's ridiculous, that is! The idea of a lot of birds picking up moss! Oh, no; it's the early bird that knows its own father. That's worse than the other. No bird can know its own father. If he told the truth, he'd say he was even in a fog about his own mother. I've got it, it's the wise child that gets the worms! Oh, that's worse than any of them! No parent would allow his child to get a

lot of worms like that! Besides, the whole proverb's nonsense from beginning to end. Birds of a feather flock together; yes, that's it. As if a whole flock of birds would only have one feather! They'd all catch cold. Besides, fancy any bird being such a d——d fool as to go into a corner and flock all by himself. Ah, that's one of those things no fella can find out. (Looks at letter.)

"Whoever it's from, he's written it upside down. (Laughs.) Yes, this is from Sam; I always know Sam's handwriting when I see his name on the other side. 'America.' Well, I'm glad he's sent me his address. 'My dear brother.' Sam always calls me brother, because neither of us have got any sisters.

"I am afraid my last letter miscarried, as I was in such a hurry for the post that I forgot to put any direction on the envelope.' Then I suppose that's the reason I never got it; but who could have got it? The only fella that could have got that letter is some fella without a name. And how on earth could he get it? The postman couldn't go about asking every fella he met if he had got no name.

"Sam's an ass. 'I find out now (I wonder what he's found out now) 'that I was changed at my birth.' Now, what d——d nonsense that is! Why didn't he find it out before? 'My old nurse turns out to be my mother.' What rubbish! Then, if that's true, all I can say is, Sam's not my brother, and if he's not my brother, who the devil am I? Let's see, now. Stop a minute (pointing to forefinger of left hand). That's Sam's mother, and that's (the thumb) Sam's nurse. Sam's nurse is only half the size of his mother. Well, that's my mother. (Points to second finger on left hand. He finds he can't get that finger to stand up like the rest—the thumb and forefinger—as he closes the third and little finger.) I can't get my mother to stand up. Well, that's my mother (holds up forefinger of right hand). Hallo, here's a lot of other fella's mothers! Well, as near as I can make out, Sam has left me no mother at all. Then the point is, who's my father? Oh, that's a thing no fella can find out.

"Oh, here's a P. S. 'Bye-the-bye, what do you think of the following riddle? If fourteen dogs with three legs each catch forty-eight rabbits with seventy-six legs in twenty-five minutes, how many legs must twenty-four rabbits have to get

away from ninety-three dogs with two legs each in half an hour?"

"Here's another P. S. 'You will be glad to know that I have purchased a large estate somewhere or other on the banks of the Mississippi. Send me the purchase money. The inclosed pill-box contains a sample of the soil!'"

Jefferson with Boucicault.

In September, 1859, Jefferson was engaged by Dion Boucicault for the Winter Garden theatre, which had been fitted up in luxurious style. It was opened with *Dot*, that manager's dramatization of Dickens' Christmas story, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Jefferson appeared in it as Caleb Plummer, and won new favor with the public. Another character from Dickens assigned to him was Newman Noggs in Boucicault's version of *Nicholas Nickleby*. In December, in that manager's drama of *The Octoroon*, founded on a novel by Captain Mayne Reid, Jefferson took the part of Salem Scudder. In the following February his own new version of Dickens' *Oliver Twist* was presented. Among the notable personations in it were Fagin, by James W. Wallack, Jr., and Nancy, by Matilda Heron.

In the spring Jefferson left the Winter Garden, and in May opened a summer season for Laura Keene with a strong company. His reputation was now established, and he had most agreeable associates. But in February, 1861, his wife died, and his own health being impaired, he sought relief in travel. He went first to California, making his first appearance in San Francisco on July 8th, and closing the season in November. Thence

he sailed to Australia, where he fully recovered his health, while delighting its people with a variety of comic characters. After passing to New Zealand he returned by way of South America and Panama, whence he took passage for England, having resolved to appear on the London stage.

Rip Van Winkle.

Jefferson now applied to his friend, Boucicault, to revise the play of *Rip Van Winkle*. This story was already familiar from the sketch published by Washington Irving. It was, in fact, a late adaptation of a story told in ancient Greece, and modernized in Germany. But Irving had skillfully given it an American dress and habitation in the Catskill Mountains. He had made Rip a thriftless, drinking loafer, who is simply bewildered by the changes in the world around him when he awakes from his long sleep. Irving published the sketch in 1819, and before ten years had passed it was dramatized, the first Rip being Thomas Flynn, who played it in Albany in May, 1828. The customary prologue was recited and has been preserved. A few lines may not be out of place.

* * * May we not hope, kind friends, indulgence here?

Say (for I speak to yonder fat mynheer)

Say, shall our burgomasters smile to-night?

Shall Sleepy Hollow's fairy scenes delight?

Shall they from woe-worn care divert one wrinkle

To crown our hero, far-famed Rip Van Winkle?

Shall Knickerbocker's sons, that gen'rous race,

Whose feelings always beam upon their face,
 Excuse the efforts which the muse affords
 And greet each buskin'd hero on these boards?
 Shades of the Dutch! How seldom rhyme hath shown
 Your ruddy beauties, and your charms full blown?
 How long neglected have your merits lain,—
 But Irving's genius bids them rise again.

* * * * *

Let then our generous friends one smile bestow,
 Friends perched aloft, and you, my friends below,
 Save us, we ask you, from the critic's paw!
 We know your answer: 'tis a cheering Yaw!

Another version of the play was bought in New York and used by C. B. Parsons at Cincinnati in the same year. A third was played in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street theatre, on October 30th, 1829, William Chapman being Rip, and one of the Jeffersons in the cast. James H. Hackett, who afterward became noted as Falstaff, played Rip Van Winkle at the Park theatre, New York, in April, 1830. There were also other versions and many other players who had essayed the part. Jefferson's stepbrother, Charles Burke, had made such a play and appeared as Rip at the Arch Street theatre in 1849, while Jefferson acted the innkeeper, Seth. After Burke's death Jefferson took the chief part, but had become dissatisfied with the method of the play. His ideas for its reconstruction were entrusted to Boucicault, who added some features of his own devising. It was Jefferson who suggested that in the second act the spectres of the mountain should preserve silence, while the bewildered Rip alone should speak. Boucicault introduced Gretchen's second marriage and the child Meenie's struggle to recognize her father in Rip.

With this new version Jefferson presented himself before the London public at the Adelphi theatre on September 4th, 1865, and at once gained their warmest approval. The veteran theatrical critic, John Oxenford, declared, "In Mr. Jefferson's hands the character of Rip Van Winkle becomes the vehicle for an extremely refined psychological exhibition." Another critic declared Jefferson "one of the most genuine artists who have at any time appeared on the English stage."

What is the charm of Jefferson's personation of Rip Van Winkle? He is seen first as a thriftless, ne'er-do-weel in a quaint, orderly Dutch village, yet loving and beloved by his family, by the children, by the jolly boys at the tavern, by the dogs. He knows his own weakness and folly, yet makes faint struggle against it, for a shrewd schemer has entangled him in a net and is thriving on his drinking habit. But there is still a glimmer of manliness seen when his long-suffering wife at last turns him from their home amid the stormy night. Then comes his weird meeting with the spectres of the mountain, where, bewildered by the apparitions, he takes the cup offered and pledges the supernatural company. The spectres slowly vanish, and Rip sinks into an enchanted sleep. Throughout this personation Jefferson contrives to gain and retain the sympathy of his audience. Poor Rip is seen to be a poetic dreamer, unfit for the activities of life, yet still possessing an element of goodness. After a sleep of twenty years he returns to his village home, an old man, broken by sorrow and dazed by new environment. The climax comes in his revelation of himself to his daughter, the gradual dawn-

ing of recognition, the renewal of love, the redemption of a sinner. With the simplest material the whole story of a complex life through successive periods is vividly presented to the spectator. All hearts are touched and softened by the profound pathos of this revelation of human nature. A potent genius was required to transmute the base metal of an ordinary vagabond into a precious gem of art. The wonder of the result is heightened by the fact that throughout the drama inebriety is constantly manifest. Another surprising fact is that the drama in itself, after all of Boucicault's improvements, is of slight literary value. It is still deficient in poetry and clumsy in presentation of Rip's sunny disposition. The actor rises far superior to the play, and supplies what the dramatist neglected to embody. This is what Jefferson has done in other characters, but supremely so in Rip Van Winkle, until that name has become his recognized synonym.

Rip Van Winkle is one of the most perfect studies of human nature that has ever been seen on the stage. The actor reveals not only the emotions, but even the passing, inconclusive thoughts that disturb but do not rouse the weak brain of the poor, good-natured cast-away. It may be that the audiences were at first attracted rather by the tipsy scenes and the conclusion of the piece. But they learned afterward to appreciate the awaking of Rip from sleep to misery, and his elevation by mystery and grief to a new nature. They saw in the hoary head and white-bearded face an expression worthy of the grief of Lear.

Regret has been expressed that Jefferson confined

his genius to a few parts. In fact, he played a great variety of parts, but found present success and lasting fame by adapting this one to his own ideas.

Jefferson's Return to America.

With the stamp of unqualified approval by the foremost English critics of the drama, Jefferson returned to New York in August, 1866, and entered on an engagement at the Olympic theatre. His performance of his chef d'oeuvre was hailed with delight, and its fame spread through the land. In the years following, Jefferson steadily enlarged and improved the play, which has been performed in nearly every leading theatre in the United States. Sometimes this was the only play he gave, but elsewhere he continued also to act Asa Trenchard, Caleb Plummer, Mr. Woodcock, Tobias Shortcut and Bob Acres.

On August 31st, 1868, he began a season at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, playing Rip for four weeks, and then giving *The Rivals*, in which he attempted a new rendering of Bob Acres, which was favorably received. It was, like his reconstruction of Dr. Pangloss and Rip Van Winkle, an elevation of the character of the personage from the low moral estimate which had previously been put upon it.

During his stay at Chicago Jefferson was married to Miss Sarah Isabel Warren, a daughter of his father's cousin, Henry Warren. He established his home at Hohokus, N. J., but he has also two summer residences, one at Crow's Nest, on Buzzard's Bay, Mass., the other

on a large estate near Iberia, La. His domestic life has been charming in every respect.

He continued to act in various parts of the country, and had long engagements at Booth's theatre, New York, and afterward at Daly's. The characters were restricted to those in which he had already achieved success, including some which have not been mentioned in this sketch. In his later years he has given much time to the painting of landscapes, and there have been exhibitions of these artistic productions. He has also occasionally given lectures on reminiscences of his career or the dramatic art, and has published an entertaining autobiography. He has lived to a good old age, to enjoy the fruits of his lifelong devotion to the best interests of the comic drama, which he has purified and refined beyond any other actor.

William Warren.

Boston claims to have enjoyed almost exclusively for thirty-five years one of the greatest comic actors of America. Other cities knew William Warren by report, but were convinced by the abundance of witnesses and uniformity of testimony and admitted the claim. Warren's father, who bore the same name, was one of those English actors who came to America in 1796 to seek their fortunes. To him it came in an unexpected way, for after the first Joseph Jefferson had married Euphemia Fortune, Warren married her sister Esther. This first Warren won, also, a good reputation as a comic actor, and became manager of the Chestnut Street

theatre, Philadelphia. Though successful for some years, the vogue of this house declined, and in 1829 Warren left it entirely ruined. The worn-out actor retired to Baltimore, where he died in 1832.

In the same year his son William, born in 1812, and destined to a happier lot, made his first stage appearance at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, as Young Norval in *Douglas*. Afterward he travelled through the West with the barn-storming troupe that was managed by the second Joseph Jefferson. Then he went to New York city, and thence wandered through the Empire State. For a time he settled at Buffalo, N. Y., but in 1846 he was called to Boston, which was to be his permanent home. His first appearance there was at the Howard Athenæum as Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals*. In the next year he joined the Boston Museum, with which he was thenceforth associated. While his forte was in low and eccentric comedy, he performed in a wide range of characters, pathetic as well as comic.

The fiftieth anniversary of William Warren's entrance on the stage was celebrated on October 27th, 1882, when commemorative performances were given. The veteran actor played Dr. Pangloss in the afternoon and Sir Peter Teazle at night. After the public ceremonies a choice party of his friends presented him a loving cup of silver and gold, and William Winter delivered a felicitous address and poem. Warren's last performance was as Old Eccles in *Caste*, in May, 1885. His death occurred on September 1st, 1888. He was dearly beloved by successive generations of Bostonians, whom

he had taught by example as well as speech to bid dull care begone. As he said himself, though he had failed to reach the summit of Parnassus, he had found a snug nook on the mountain side.

Mary Anderson.

The stage still possesses many noble men and women, of pure lives, of honest purpose, and of sterling artistic worth, whose exalted characters and lofty intellects would adorn any station in life. To a conspicuous example of this class, it is a pleasure to turn.

Mary Anderson was born at Sacramento, California, July 28th, 1859. Her father was a distinguished soldier, who fought in the Confederate army. The family had been for many generations conspicuous in social and public life. Both her father and mother were descendants of colonists who came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore. They gave her the inheritance of a good name, a clear mind and right impulses, and then she was left fatherless at three years of age. She was at that time living at Louisville, Kentucky, whither her parents had brought her, and her general education was acquired at Ursuline Convent at that place. Her taste and talent were strongly for dramatic expression, and her mother decided to gratify her. Mary accordingly studied elocution under the best teachers the place afforded, but she was not satisfied with the educational resources of Louisville.

One day she heard that the illustrious Charlotte Cushman was visiting Cincinnati, and she persuaded her

mother to take her to see the great actress. They found her at the Grand Hotel, and sent a note to her room, saying that a young lady, studying for the stage, would like to see her and get a word of criticism and advice. Miss Cushman was just starting for a rehearsal. She came down to the parlor where they were waiting and told them so, adding, "If you will wait till I come back, I will give you fifteen minutes." They waited several hours and then she returned. She entered the parlor, shut the doors, and asked Miss Anderson to recite something. The girl began, with a selection of a man's part in a play. The actress stopped her. "Your voice is too strong, child. Don't you know any woman's parts? You won't play men's parts on the stage, you know." The girl confessed that her teachers had not given her any women's parts to learn; "but I do know Joan of Arc's farewell address," she said. "Very well, let me hear that." She recited it, and Miss Cushman praised it warmly, saying: "You have ability, and you will succeed. But you must study female characters. Your teachers have done you injustice. Go to George Vandenhoff; take lessons from him; and in a year you may go on the stage."

The young aspirant was encouraged, and her abilities were directed into the proper channel. She went to New York and took lessons from Mr. Vandenhoff. He criticised her unsparingly. "You rant too much," he said. "You are too mannish. Try to be quieter and more feminine." But he was kind and pleasant withal, and told her she was sure to succeed on the stage. In ten lessons she learned more than she had ever known

before about the art she had chosen. Then she went back to Louisville, where she met John McCullough, the actor. He took an interest in her and encouraged her to persevere. One day the manager of a Louisville theatre called on her and asked her how soon she expected to go on the stage. She could not say. "Why not go at once?" he asked. "I will give you a chance. To-day is Thursday; can you play Juliet for me on Saturday night?" "Oh, dear, no!" she replied. "Why, I haven't any dresses to wear in such a part, leave alone the need of rehearsals." "No matter," said he; "you don't need any rehearsals, and as to the dresses, my wife will fix them all right." So the girl obtained some fine costumes, and had just one rehearsal. Her debut was made on Saturday evening, November 27th, 1875, Miss Anderson being a little more than sixteen years old. Her success was great, but she felt the need of more study before she began a regular engagement. On February 20th, 1876, however, she entered upon an engagement at Macauley's theatre. The characters assumed by her were Juliet, Bianca and Evadne, in which she won popular favor.

Benjamin de Bar engaged her for his St. Louis theatre, and after a successful season there took her to New Orleans. The latter city prided itself upon its fastidious taste in dramatic matters, and was inclined to regard her as an impertinent upstart. At her first appearance at the St. Charles theatre the house was almost empty, only \$40 being received at the ticket office. But she persevered, and at the end of the week the nightly receipts had risen to \$615. Then she went to another

theatre in the same city, and the public flocked to see her, \$1,400 a night being received at the door, and the notice "Standing room only" going up. During that engagement she played Meg Merrilies, the tragic part rendered famous by Charlotte Cushman. In that season she played at St. Louis a second time, at Cincinnati, at Washington, at Baltimore and at Cumberland. Her success grew with her appearance, and her fame began to be heard all over the country. Her appearances at Washington and Baltimore were effected under the management of John T. Ford, who had seen her at Cincinnati, and so convinced was he of her genius that he forthwith contracted with her for an extensive tour for the next season. This included performances at San Francisco, St. Louis and thence to Richmond and Baltimore. Everywhere she met with great success; and she was yet only eighteen years old.

These provincial tours gave her valuable experience, and were satisfactory from a pecuniary point of view. But she had not yet won commendation from audiences at the great centres of culture; and this she was ambitious to do. In that brief interview Charlotte Cushman had said to her: "My child, go to Boston early in your career. If you succeed there you are safe." So northward and eastward she turned her face for her third season. She began at the Walnut Street theatre, in Philadelphia, in October, 1879, appearing as Evadne, Juliet, Ion, Bianca and Parthenia, the latter being then esteemed her best part. The dramatic critic of *The Times* said: "There were evidences of nervousness throughout the second act, the first in which Evadne

appears, giving ample time for a fair look at the débutante. She is tall of form, possessing the figure of an ideal tragedy queen, has a comely, girlish, sweet face, not as mobile as it might be; a voice of clever power, that yet requires some training. Before the second act was half over Miss Anderson gave ample proof that she was gifted with something rarer than beauty of face and form—genius. In her wonderment at the coldness of her betrothed, the unspeakable anguish at being accused of wantonness, she hid her face on her arms as she flung herself on a seat beside a table and listened with convulsive sobs to the accusations of her remorseful lover. She was happy in her swift changes from the grief-overwhelmed, soul-stricken maiden to the blithe, coquettish girl she would have her brother believe she is. Her best efforts were at the close of the third act, when she half pleads with, half reproaches her once betrothed, and exerts herself to save him from crossing swords with her brother."

Other comments upon her acting were equally favorable. It was recognized that she had still much to learn; but the wonder was that a girl of eighteen years of life, and of eighteen months' experience on the stage, should already have acquired so much of finish and repose. Miss Anderson went to Boston with confidence, her first appearance being at the Boston theatre, on October 15th, 1877. Her success was immediate and complete. The aristocracy of culture thronged the house nightly: the poet Longfellow and other great lights of literature and art went almost into ecstasies over her; and the press teemed her with praises.

One more step remained to complete her conquest of America. On November 12th, 1877, she appeared at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*. The general expression of the press was encouraging in a high degree, although she by no means ran the gauntlet of criticism unscathed. On November 19th Miss Anderson played Juliet, and was highly praised. Her third week was devoted to Evadne, which was also successful, and on November 29th she enacted Meg Merrilies.

Eleven years of faithful study and successful performance had been passed when she again appeared in New York November 13th, 1888, in the dual rôle of Hermione and Perdita. William Winter, the foremost dramatic critic of America, then wrote: "Miss Anderson doubles the characters of Hermione and Perdita. This had never been done until it was done by her, and her innovation, in the respect, was at first met with grave disapproval. The moment the subject is examined, however, all objection to this method of procedure is dispelled. Miss Anderson is able to act both of these parts. The resemblance between mother and daughter heightens the effect of illusion, in its impress equally upon fancy and vision; a more thorough elucidation is given than could possibly be provided in any other way of the spirit of the comedy; and the versatile powers of this extraordinary actress are exercised, to the increased benefit of the community."

Miss Anderson not only played several seasons in America, but appeared in England also, playing several seasons at the Lyceum theatre, London, the home of the

highest dramatic art in Europe. There she played Clarice, Galatea, Juliet, and, for 150 nights, amid universal applause, the double rôle of Hermione and Perdita. Wherever she went she has been a welcome and much-sought guest in the highest society. Suddenly, to the surprise of many who had watched her splendid career, she retired from the stage to become the wife of Mr. H. Navarro. Since her marriage she has lived a quiet domestic life, and never ventured again on the stage, except in a few instances for charitable purposes. Yet the memory of her artistic triumphs lingers and has been an inspiration to other actresses.

VI .

Recent Managers and Dramatists.

The following notices of American managers in this period have been chiefly confined to those of New York city, as its theatres have long been regarded as holding nearly the same relation to the rest of the United States as those of London and Paris do to their countries. New York is metropolitan, the others almost provincial (if the word may be allowed), yet often in quality reaching and sometimes perhaps surpassing its standard of dramatic excellence.

Augustin Daly.

In the later period of Wallack's management in New York his chief rival was Augustin Daly, who, though born in North Carolina in 1838, had been brought up in the metropolis, there becoming a journalist and dramatic critic. His first attempt at play-writing was rejected by Burton, but in 1862 he scored a success with *Leah the Forsaken*, adapted from the German *Deborah* by Mosenthal. Still greater popularity followed his sensational melodrama, *Under the Gaslight*, produced in 1867. Two years later he opened the Fifth Avenue

theatre, and, after eight years' experience, started one bearing his own name. Daly was able to maintain his place to the end of his life without the misfortunes which had cast gloom on Booth and Wallack, as well as Brougham and Boucicault. His unique success may be attributed not merely to good business judgment, but to his skill in training actors to work well as a team, and his ability in regulating all matters pertaining to the theatre. Following his own notion, he arranged and popularized many Shakespearean plays, and did not hesitate to take liberties with the text which were condemned by the best critics. For this fault Daly atoned by the lavish display of costume and scenery. Many old English comedies were similarly treated. From the French he introduced the emotional drama, and from Germany he brought farces. His splendid company, after being thoroughly drilled, was taken on trips to California, and more than once across the Atlantic. The merits of his management were acknowledged in England, France and Germany. His instinct was theatrical, but his judgment in matters of art was not always correct. To Daly may be ascribed the development of many brilliant actors, among whom were John Drew and Maurice Barrymore, while among his actress pupils were Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport and Ada Rehan. Such results are not the least of the merits of this masterful manager.

A. M. Palmer.

In 1870 the Union Square theatre in New York was opened by A. M. Palmer. Like Daly, he brought his

plays from France rather than from England, but he also gave some encouragement to American writers. His company was strong and varied, mostly of American birth, and therefore better capable of appreciating the traits of American characters and giving effect to native plays. It was here that Bronson Howard's play, *The Banker's Daughter*, was brought out. Another of its noted plays was *The Two Orphans*, taken from the French of Denney and Cormon.

Steele Mackaye.

J. Steele Mackaye became manager of the Madison Square theatre in New York in 1880. He gathered a strong company, with Daniel Frohman as business-manager. This small but beautifully decorated play-house had the novel device of a double stage, which was highly commended by some critics, but has not been utilized elsewhere. It was an application of the arrangement of an elevator on a large scale to theatrical purposes. There were two stages so hung on wire-ropes and carefully counterbalanced that they could change places in a few seconds. The manager was thus enabled to present much more elaborate scenes with less loss of time between the acts.

Mackaye had already written a four-act play called *An Iron Will*, but afterward revised it under the name *Hazel Kirke*. Though condemned at first by the critics, it steadily won favor with the public, and crowded houses testified their approval. It ran for 486 nights, Effie Ellsler sustaining the title rôle, supported by

Henry Miller as Travers and Gabriel Dusauld as Dolly Dutton. Rose Coghlan, who had been engaged for the company, had no opportunity to appear, but drew a liberal salary while waiting for withdrawal of the piece.

Let us turn to consider the few dramatists who struggled to the front under peculiarly adverse conditions, who were repressed by the superabundance of excellent plays to be attained with little expense from the English repertory, or readily adapted from French and English sources.

Joaquin Miller.

The Danites is one of the most powerful plays of purely American origin and theme. It exhibits the conflict of the Mormons with surrounding pioneer civilization of the Pacific slope. McKee Rankin, who became the leading actor in it, organized a company which took it to England, and met with success. This is perhaps the only play of the singular poet and journalist, who called himself Joaquin Miller, but was originally named Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. He was born in Indiana in 1841, but was taken by his parents to Oregon in 1852. He became a miner and adventurer, and for years lived with the Modoc Indians. In 1860 he returned to civilized life, started a newspaper and on short acquaintance married a contributor, from whom he was afterward divorced. In 1870 he went to England, where his vigorous and passionate descriptions of the life and scenery of the Pacific coast won him many admirers. It was there he adopted the name

Joaquin, which he had borrowed from a Mexican bandit and used in one of his publications. His *Songs of the Sierras* and *Songs of the Sunlands* are valuable contributions to American literature. In 1880 he returned to America and roamed over the country, contributing to various journals. He then led a secluded life in California, yet ventured on a trip to Alaska. America has hardly done justice to this peculiar product of its soil.

Bartley Campbell.

In the era of sensational melodrama Bartley Campbell roused great expectations, but after a busy career was prematurely incapacitated. He was born in Allegheny City, Pa., in August, 1843. In his youth he wrote stories for the press, then became a reporter, and later a newspaper editor. His first play, *Through Fire*, was produced in 1871, and, being successful, was soon followed by *Fate, Peril, Life at Long Branch, The Virginian* and others. The genuine Americanism of *My Partner*, produced in New York in September, 1879, caused great demand for others from his pen. Among his later dramas were *Fairfax, My Geraldine* and *The White Slave*. *The Big Bonanza*, produced in 1876, was an adaptation from the German. Campbell's plays in general depended more on theatrical effect than on fidelity to their environment.

Mulberry Sellers.

Here may be mentioned the successful dramatization of *The Gilded Age*, a novel written jointly by Mark

Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. Its stage effect was due to John T. Raymond's capital rendition of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, the sanguine speculator whose boast of his patent eye-water, "There's millions in it," became a slang phrase.

Bronson Howard.

In Bronson Howard we recognize a truly American dramatist of attested competence in more than one line. He was born in Detroit, Mich., in October, 1842, five years before his father became mayor of that city. In early life he engaged in newspaper work in New York, and there wrote his society comedy of *Saratoga*, which was produced by Daly at the Fifth Avenue theatre in 1872 with great success. It ran for 108 nights. In 1875 Howard went to England, where he continued his journalistic work, and succeeded in having his play put on the London stage, under the name *Brighton*. There it has been played several hundred times. It has also been translated into German and performed in Berlin. Another comedy, *Diamonds*, brought out in 1872, was played for fifty-six nights.

While in England Howard produced more serious plays, among which was *The Banker's Daughter*, which was played both at home and abroad. In it the heroine, Lilian, is in love with Harold Routledge, but has quarreled with him and broken their engagement. Her father, the banker, then urges the suit of John Strebellow, an honorable wealthy man, whom she marries. Some years later, while in Paris, she meets her former

lover, and they discover that her father had wished by her marriage to save his own credit. The two declare unchanged affection for each other, but part resolved never to meet again. But Count Carojac, a rejected suitor of Lilian, having overheard their talk, forces Harold into a duel and kills him. Strebelow and his wife appear just as the fatal thrust is given, and she, by her expressions of horror and grief, betrays her secret feeling. She then explains the case to her husband, and, while he believes in her truth and honor, he considers a separation unavoidable. When they part she takes with her the child whom she idolizes. Seven years later they meet again, and the daughter's affection for both is the means of healing the breach and restoring concord between them.

Young Mrs. Winthrop, brought out in 1882, is another of Howard's problem plays. Here a husband and wife have little differences which gradually lead to misunderstandings, and then to complete alienation. The husband finds refuge in his business and club. The neglected wife, craving companionship, plunges into the giddy whirl of fashionable society. The husband's mother shows him the danger of the situation and he resolves to win back his wife's love. But she has discovered that he had corresponded with a woman of whom he openly disapproved. She believes that he has been false to her, and is strengthened in this opinion by some gossip. She therefore repels his advances and, in defiance of his authority, goes to a ball, where she hears other things derogatory to her husband. Returning home, she finds her only child stricken with illness.

Again the husband seeks reconciliation, but she repulses him, and, when the child dies, turns from him with bitterness. Finding they can no longer live together, they call the family lawyer to arrange terms of separation. But he is not convinced that the case is so desperate. By calling up old memories and referring to the lost child, he quickens the love that seemed quenched, and has the satisfaction of affecting a lasting reconciliation. This play ran the whole season at the Madison Square theatre.

The Henrietta, brought out in 1887, had Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane in the leading parts. Here again is a thoroughly American play, exhibiting both the seriousness and the humor of the business man. On one side is seen the nervous tension of Wall street speculators, on the other the element of sport which renders the Wall street game so fascinating. In contrast with the combination comes the gentle, frivolous Bertie, who wanders easily into all sorts of predicaments. Finally the two sides converge for the climax, and by a series of quite natural happenings it turns out that the harmless Bertie, the butt of everybody's ridicule, is complete master of the situation, financially and otherwise.

Howard's *Aristocracy* was a fierce proclamation of ultra democracy, in opposition to any nobility of birth, whether in descent from a Mayflower Pilgrim or from a Norman duke. The only truly respectable person, according to this new declaration of independence, is a self-made millionaire.

In 1888 Howard took another turn and presented at the Boston Museum his *Shenandoah*, a play of the

civil war period. Afterward it was revived and produced at Proctor's theatre, New York, running the whole season of 1889-90. It is a thorough melodrama, in which brisk action and theatrical coups produced their happiest effects. It was a staging of the poem of *Sheridan's Ride*, mounted with splendid scenery, and both the trappings and the horrors of war were utilized to give color and movement on the stage. The representation of signalling by torches was a novel device and made a lasting impression on the beholders.

William Gillette.

Another dramatist who has treated the period of the civil war is William Gillette. While he has produced several plays, his reputation rests on *Held by the Enemy*, brought out in 1886, and on *Secret Service* (1895), a still more vivid and intense melodrama, in suspense is combined artistically with sustained interest. Gillette himself acted in the play as Captain Thorn, and helped to make it thoroughly effective. While having sufficient action, the play is remarkable for several pauses full of suspense, which are duly broken by well-contrived episodes. Gillette's dramatization of Conan Doyle's masterpiece, *Sherlock Holmes*, is an ingenious practical achievement of impossibilities, so candidly acknowledged at the outset as to win indulgence from the audience. By adding a touch of sentiment and pathos Gillette has heightened the character of the shrewd detective on the stage without depriving him of any of his subtle charm. Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* is almost inconceivable outside of the atmosphere of his book; yet

here he has been definitely materialized and given a local habitation.

William Young.

Indiana has produced a number of notabilities in recent American literature. William Young belongs by birth to that State, but he graduated from an Illinois college, and afterward studied law. His first play, *Jonquil*, was accepted at Booth's theatre, which led him to become an actor in order to study stagecraft. For this purpose he also went to Europe, and returned well equipped with knowledge. This was shown in his beautiful poetical *Pendragon*, a thoroughly artistic tragedy drawn from the legends of King Arthur. It was elaborately mounted by Lawrence Barrett in 1881, and received with unanimous approval by the best critics, and was well supported by the public. In 1883 *The Rajah*, a prose comedy from his pen, was condemned generally by the critics, but welcomed by the New York play-goers. It was afterward exhibited in many cities and even taken to Australia. In 1889 Young returned to verse in *Ganelon* a romantic tragedy, which was produced with splendor by Barrett, and had considerable success. Barrett himself appeared in the title rôle. Probably the best-known work by Young is his prose dramatization of General Lew Wallace's popular story of *Ben Hur*.

Stage Politicians.

Among the plays which are universally recognized as distinctively American is Benjamin E. Woolf's *The*

THE CHARIOT RACE

As an original painting by E. Wagner



Mighty Dollar. Its leading character is Bardwell Slote, an exaggerated type of the average American politician. Its satire was so truthful and its humor so effective that the play won a deserved popularity.

Similar effect was produced by William H. Crane's portrayal of Hannibal Rivers in *The Senator*. This honest politician, more refined than Slote, is said to have been modelled from a well-known senator from Kansas.

Here may be mentioned the successful dramatization of *David Harum*, the humorous novel by Edward N. Westcott, who did not live to enjoy its popularity. In this play Crane presented another typical American character—the country banker and horse-trader.

James A. Herne.

Among the recent dramatists is James A. Herne, who has presented strong situations, but seems not to have the constructive ability necessary to connect them into a powerful play. This lack of unity tends to bewilder the audience and spoil the result. In *Shore Acres* (1892) there is a very effective storm scene, but what connection has it with the surrounding circumstances? Again in *Griffith Davenport* (1899) loose construction has greatly injured a play which contains elements of power.

Clyde Fitch.

At the opening of the twentieth century the name of Clyde Fitch is persistently forced upon public attention by his fertility of dramatic production. He was

born at Elmira, N. Y., in 1865, and graduated from Amherst College in 1886. In his college course he assisted in the production of plays. Entering at once into literary work, he prepared books which were well received. His first play, *Beau Brummel*, was accepted by Richard Mansfield and produced at the Madison Square theatre in 1890. It proved popular and has been retained by Mansfield in his repertory. It is an effective portrait of the famous English dandy of the beginning of the nineteenth century. Two short plays quickly followed—*Frederick Lemaitre* and *Betty's Finish*. It was evident that Fitch had the ear of the play-going public. In response to the requisitions of the managers came a steady stream of plays, some original, others adaptations from the abundant harvest of the Paris stage. Of the former may be mentioned *A Modern Match*, first produced in Minneapolis in 1891, and afterward used by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal under the title *Marriage*; *Nathan Hale*, which revives for the present generation the pathetic story of the American martyr-spy; *The Moth and the Flame* (1898); and *Barbara Frietchie* (1899). In the last-named Fitch, while retaining name and place and circumstances, departs widely from the character rendered familiar by Whittier's poem of the civil war. Instead of the decrepit, gray-haired dame who defiantly waves from her attic window the Union flag over the heads of the Confederate soldiers invading Maryland, he makes the heroine a handsome young girl, just as patriotic in threatening circumstances.

Among Fitch's adaptations from the French are *The Masked Ball* (1892), in which Maude Adams made her first decided hit on the stage; *A Shattered Idol* (1893), taken from Balzac's *Père Goriot*; and *Bohemia*, from Henri Murger's celebrated portrayal of the students' Bohemian life in Paris. *Sapho* was produced in 1900 from the novel of Alphonse Daudet, and was acted by Olga Nethersole. It excited strong sensation and marked disapproval on account of its dangerous approach to indecency.

Much more acceptable to the American public is *Lovers' Lane* (1901), a rural drama, in which the hero is a young minister, bent on reforming the world, yet with liberal modern notions, so that he puts a billiard table in the Boys' Club, and shows no objection to card-playing. In a community much given to match-making, he falls in love with Mary Larkin, resents the prejudices of the townspeople and loses his church, yet eventually recovers it, to the satisfaction of all.

Dramatic Prospect for the Twentieth Century.

A candid and impartial investigation of the history of the theatre in America during the nineteenth century will show that there was a general and decided improvement in the buildings, the equipment, the acting and all the accessories of the stage. It will also be evident that this improvement has been due to the general betterment of public taste. The progress of culture has required and compelled this advance, of which the twentieth century enjoys the fruits. A hundred years ago

the buildings used for the exhibition of plays, whether called theatres or playhouses or lyceums or by some other terms, were badly constructed and often flimsily built. For seats they had wooden settees or mere benches, seldom cushioned; the entrances were narrow and awkward; the stage appointments were shabby in the extreme; the costumes and properties were cheap and nasty. Old play bills which have chanced to be preserved and are now eagerly sought by collectors, give sufficient proof of the mean condition of everything pertaining to the stage of that period. In the course of the century all this has been changed.

At present the theatres, not only in the large cities but in small towns, are of handsome architecture, with every provision for the comfort as well as the safety of the audience. The scenic effects are pleasing and beautiful. The average acting is generally admirable, seldom absolutely crude. The large audiences are, as a rule, well dressed, well behaved and attentive. The rough classes who swarmed in the theatres in the days of volunteer firemen are no longer seen. The gallery has been reformed as well as the pit and the boxes. Play-going has become a favorite recreation with respectable and cultured people.

The question is still discussed whether the drama, the play itself, has undergone corresponding improvement, or rather whether it has not plainly and manifestly degenerated. There is no general agreement in the replies. Different persons take different views. It must be acknowledged that a majority of writers complain of the decline or decadence of the drama. All

agree that the passion for tragedy which prevailed in the Romantic period of the last century has greatly subsided. A great or thrilling performance of *Lear* or *Othello* will still draw crowded houses, but this may be attributed to the rarity rather than the excellence of such an exhibition. Even the greatest tragedians shrink from continual performances of their most famous personations. They need occasional relief besides the customary long summer vacation, which was almost unknown a hundred years ago. Edwin Booth was unwilling to spend a whole season in New York, where the multitude of visitors from the country and from other cities made frequent changes in the audience. He wished to visit other places for a relief from the constant strain of tragic emotion. The notable change in the public attitude toward tragedy may be regarded as one reason, perhaps the chief, for the fewness of great artists or dramatists in that line. What the people seek now at the theatre is to be entertained, not shocked; to be provoked to laughter, or moved to tears, but not appalled by desperate crimes or affrighted by social scandals. The pessimistic plays of Ibsen and his school find little real favor; they are regarded with curiosity as a foreign product coming from a master of realism, but take no firm hold on the popular mind. In America the desire of play-goers is still for the ideal and romantic rather than prosaic realism. Historical plays, whether dealing with American or with foreign history, are gladly welcomed. Light comedies, whether of modern society or of remote nations, are favorably received.

For such plays prose seems the proper vehicle. Poetry, which was formerly essential to every kind of drama, is therefore generally discarded, and with its disappearance is lost the stimulus to lofty and inspiring expression. The dramatist's wings are thus clipped and he is kept to a humble level.

Yet there are not wanting indications that a courageous, enthusiastic dramatist may succeed in awakening among the people a cordial sympathy with poetic treatment of lofty themes. Thus Edmond Rostrand has achieved success in France, and Stephen Phillips in England; and in America William Young attained a high rank before the other dramatic poets were known to fame.

It may be noted that another American has since attempted the grand theme of *Francesca da Rimini* under very remarkable auspices. The great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, being favorably impressed with the work of Francis Marion Crawford in history as well as in fiction, honored that American by inviting him to write a play for her. Crawford was rather dismayed at the request, for it was necessary that the drama should be in French Alexandrine verse. But such difficulties were smoothed away when the actress furnished an accomplished assistant for the task. Crawford, who had already been investigating the famous Italian legend, proposed this subject, and the renowned actress gladly consented. The novelist therefore composed a new play first in English and then translated it into French prose, from which his assistant has transmuted it into classic measure of the French stage.

Crawford has seen fit to depart from the poetical tradition handed down by Dante, and made his version correspond more closely to what he conceives to be historical truth. It is truly a strange outcome that when American poets feel themselves almost inexorably excluded from the stage the queen of French tragedy should graciously invite one of their countrymen to honor her with a new drama. Shall it be an omen for a new departure in American literature?

Towards the close of the nineteenth century, after the failure of several worthy managers, acting independently, theatrical directors began to form partnerships extending from city to city over large territory. Expensive managerial rivalry gave place to more economical union. The newspapers testified approval; the public responded by increased attendance at good theatres. Safe combination superseded dangerous competition. The principle being established, a grand syndicate was formed which gradually gained control of the leading American theatres. Some prominent actors stoutly resisted the movement for a while, and some passively declined. But the object aimed at was evidently achieved. The managerial syndicate became the almost undisputed sovereign of the theatrical world. May their reign be guided with wisdom and blessed with prosperity.

The twentieth century has opened with an evident revival of interest in the theatre on the part of the public and a lively enthusiasm among the actors, managers, play-writers and critics, which is cheering and assuring, when compared with depression and discontent which

prevailed twenty years ago. Managers are always ready to gratify the popular taste, but they are sensible of the danger of pandering to depraved appetites. Critics have risen to a manly independence in the exercise of their function. Their praise is not to be bought with cheap favors. Audiences are more willing to testify their approbation by that judicious applause which Mrs. Siddons called "the palm of art." Objectionable plays can be driven from the stage by neglect. The generality of actors are more thoroughly trained for their responsible work, and have a higher regard for the noble art which they in their various ways represent. It remains, therefore, only for men of real dramatic genius to seize the grand opportunity which awaits him who shall give the best expression to the social life, patriotic impulses and heartfelt passions, of the American people.

PO-CA-HON-TAS:
OR
THE GENTLE SAVAGE
IN TWO ACTS
BY
JOHN BROUGHAM, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OF YE ENGLISH.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, ... Mr. Walcot.

The undoubted Original, vocal and instrumental, in the settlement of Virginia, in love with Pocahontas, according to this story, though somewhat at variance with his story.

LIEUT. THOMAS BROWN, ... Mr. Barry.

Second in Command, a hitherto neglected Genius, whose claims on posterity are now, for the first time, acknowledged, as is but right.

WILLIAM JONES, ... Mr. Simpson.

Sometimes called Bill, another of the same sort left.

MYNHEER ROLFF, ... Mr. Peters.

The real Husband of Pocahontas, but dramatically divorced contrary to law and fact.

BENJAMIN BRACE,

JOHN JUNK,

HENRY HALYARD,

WILLIAM BUNTLIN,

BARNABAS BINNACLE,

Splicers of main braces, shiverers of timbers, anathe-matizers of eyes and limbs, promiscuously general dealers in single combats and double hornpipes, and altogether, amazingly nautical people. Messrs. Hare, Thompson, Johns, Reddy, James.

OF YE SAVAGES.

- H. J. POW-HA-TAN I, ... Mr. Brougham.
*King of the Tuscaroras—a crotchety Monarch, in fact,
 a Semi-Brave,*
- THE RIGHT HON. QUASH-AL-JAW, ... Mr. Burke.
*Speaker of the Savage House of Lords. Straightener
 of unpleasant kinks, and oiler of troubled waters, un-
 raveller of knotty points, adjuster of pugnacious diffi-
 culties, and Grand Eye Parliamentary Factotum and
 Fugleman.*
- O-PO-DIL-DOC, ... Mr. Levere.
*One of the Aboriginal F. F. V's, an indignant digni-
 tary.*
- GOL-O-GOG, ... Mr. Stoddart.
*Another warm-hearted and headed Son of Old Virginia
 the untiring.*
- JIN-GO, ... Mr. Jeffries.
Sergeant-at-Arms—A Friend to swear by.
- KREEM-FAY-SLOON, ... Mr. Harrison.
Bearer of Dispatches, and news carrier in ordinary.
- IF-PAH-KAK, ... Mr. Oliver.
- SAS-SY-PRIL, ... Samuels.
- KOD-LIV-ROYL, ... Reynolds.
- KAL-O-MEL, ... Carver.
Medicine Men, of the Saultz and Senna-ca Tribe.
- H. R. H. PRINCESS PO-CA-HON-TAS, ... Miss Hodson.
*The Beautiful, and very properly undutiful daughter of
 King Pow-Ha-Tan, married, according to the ridiculous
 dictum of actual circumstance, to Master Rolff, but the
 author flatters himself much more advantageously dis-
 posed of in the Acting edition.*
- POO-TEE-PET, ... Mrs. Stebens.
- DI-MUN-DI, ... Mrs. Conners.
*Interesting offshoots from aristocratic stock anterior to
 the First Families in Virginia.*

WEE-CHA-VEN-DA, ... Mrs. Sylvester

KROS-AS-KAN-BEE, ... Mrs. Thompson.

Embodying the rigid principles of the Tuscarora Fashionable Finishing School.

DAH-LIN-DUK, ... Miss Melville.

O-YOU-JEWEL, ... Miss Thompson.

LUV-LIE-KREETA, ... Miss Pine.

OSO-CHAR-MING, ... Miss Carman.

LUM-PA-SHUGA, ... Mrs. Stewart.

Their "dear charges," for whom they don't forget to charge dear enough for in the Quarterly Bills.

DRO-MAY-JAH, ... Mrs. Norton.

A high official.

Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Members of the Tuscarora Light Guard, Etc.

PROLOGUE.

The deeply interesting incident upon which this Drama is founded, occurred in Virginia, on Wednesday, Oct. 12, A.D. 1607, at twenty-six minutes past 4 in the afternoon, according to the somewhat highly colored and boastful narration of Capt. John Smith, the famous adventurer, backed by the concurrent testimony of contemporaneous history; but subsequent research has proved that either he was mistaken, or that *circumstance* had unwarrantably plagiarized an affair which transpired at a much earlier date; for, upon examining the contents of a wallet found in the vest pocket of the man in armor, dug up near Cape Cod, an entire *epic poem* was discovered upon the very same subject, which was written by a Danish Poet, the Chevalier Viking, *Long Fellow* of the Norwegian Academy of Music, who flourished Anno Gothami, 235.

The poem contains several square yards of verse, a fragment of which is subjoined to show its peculiar *Finnish*.

THE SONG OF POCAHONTAS.

Ask you—How about these verses?
Whence this song of Pocahontas,
With its flavor of Tobacco,
And the Stincweed—the Mundungus,

With its pipe of Old Virginny,
With the echo of the Breakdown,
With its smack of Bourbon whiskey,
With the twangle of the Banjo;
Of the Banjo—the Goatskinnet,
And the Fiddle—the Catgutto,
With the noisy Marrowbonum.
By one Jonsmith it was written,
Jonsmith, the valiant soldier,
Sailor, Buccaneer, Explorer,
Hero, Trader, Colonizer,
Gent, Adventurer, Commander,
Lawyer, Orator, and Author,
Statesman, Pioneer, and Bagman.
Years he fought against the Moslem,
Years he wore the captive's fetters,
Until, from a fond sultana
He received a Habeas Corpus.

Then, by way of relaxation,
He took passage on a steamer
With a crew of Fillibusters,
Each with matchlocks and revolvers,
To take peaceable possession
Of some transatlantic region,
Sailed they on, they knew not whither
Until, one October morning,
They incontinently blundered
On the shores of Tuscarora,
Near to Werowance, the palace
Of King Powhatan, who flourished
In that section of the country,
Whereunto they were invited
By this hospitable monarch,
And remarkably well treated;
Until, fat with rice and pumpkins,
Buckwheat cake and sweet potatoes,
Squashes, Homminy and Doughnuts,
They began to wax audacious,

And put on such airs and graces
They were perfectly disgusting.

Now, the natives knowing nothing
Of the benefits intended
By this foreign congregation,
Who had come so far to show them
All how much they'd been mistaken;
In what darkness they were dwelling,
And how much obliged they were to
These disinterested people,
Who had journeyed to enlighten
Their unfortunate condition,
Through these potent triunited
Anglo-Saxon civilizers,
Rum, Gunpowder, and Religion.
Now, the natives, as I mentioned,
Didn't see the joke precisely
In the way it was expected,
They believing, simple creatures,
They could manage their own matters
Without any interference—
Thought the shortest way to settle
Those gratuitous advisers,
Would be quietly to knock them
On the head, like Bulls of Bashan.

It was then Jonsmith was taken
To be treated in such fashion,
Lying in a pleasant posture
On the ground, his head supported
By a chunk of Russ's pavement.
He looked round him with emotion.
King Powhatan stood beside him,
With his battle-club tremendous,
Which around his head he flourished
To accelerate its motion,
So that when it swift descended
Upon Jonsmith's pericranium,
Then he wouldn't know what hurt him

Thrice the fatal club was brandished,
And Jon. thought upon his mother,
Though upon the prayer she taught him
When he first, a tiny urchin,
Bent his knee in simple wonder.
In that moment, all his childhood
Stood before him like a vision,
And he thought he was a "goner,"
When the King's remorseless purpose
Was immediately arrested
By a scream from Pocahontas.
Pocahontas, his own daughter—
She, the dove of Worocomoco,
The pride of Tuscarora,
Quickly laid her lovely tresses
On the pale cheek of the victim.
This mute eloquence of nature
To the heart of Jonsmith whispered
You have yet a speak, old fellow
Now, etc. etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Palace of Weramocomoco. Grand march of the
Tuscarora Court. King enters with a great flourish.

OPENING CHORUS.

Air—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

KING AND CHORUS.

Oh! how absurd of people to prate,
About their mighty Kings so great,
They'd open their eyes to see the state
Of the King of the Tuscarora's.
As happy is he as King can be,
For from his Palace he can see,
The whole of his subjects merry and free,
So he takes his pipe contentedly,
Singing,

Smoking, joking Powhatan,
 Tobacco it is the solace of man,
 So let { subjects } puff as long as { you
 { us } { we
 The King of the Tuscarora's.

King.—Well roared indeed, my jolly Tuscaroras.
 Most loyal Corps, your King encores the Chorus.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Bravo! We would with Shakespeare say, "that Strain
 again,"

But it might strain your lungs, so we refrain.
 It soothes my ear, like niggers from the South,
 Stealing and given odor; they sometimes do both,
 Or like a pipe of the Nicotian leaf,
 The true Nepenthe balm for every grief,
 While other joys one sense alone can measure,
 This to all senses gives extatic pleasure.
 You feel the radiance of the glowing bowl,
 Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal,
 Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey-dew,
 Taste its strong pungency the palate through,
 See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
 Imprisoned skies up-floating to their home.
 I like a dhudieen myself.

Col-o-gog.—I do not doubt it.

King.—I'll volunteer and sing a song about it.
 To me 'twas by a wily Paddy whack sent,
 Who had an axe to grind, hence the broad accent.

SONG—KING.

Air—"Widow Machree."

Oh, wid a dhudieen I can blow away care,
 Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
 Black thoughts and blue devils all melt into air.
 Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

If you're short any day,
Or a note have to pay,
And you don't now the way,
To come out of it clean,
From your head and your heart
You can make it depart,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

Oh, wid a dhudieen you recline at your ease,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
Shut your eyes and imagine what pleasures you please,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
In dreams without sleep,
All your senses to steep,
While you're playing bo-peep
Through each fairy-like scene,
Undisturbed, I declare,
By a single nightmare,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

Oh, wid a dhudieen I'm as truly content,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
What the rest of the world does I don't care a cent,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
Let some folks desire,
To set rivers on fire,
While some others admire,
To run "wid de machine,"
I've ambition enough,
Just to sit here and puff,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

Now that we have smoked ourself to proper dizziness,
Let us proceed at once to public business.
We must advance, though in the usual way,
Therefore, all laws that we made yesterday
We now repeal. We take the tax off Soap.

O-po-dil-doc.—Soft Soap, so please your majesty, I hope?

King.—No, no, that saponaceous article escapes,

We've analyzed it with Professor Mapes,
And he told us, in terms quite scientific,
Soft Soap's considered a soft soporific.

Opo.—Sire, it's a lie!

All.—Order! order!

King.—Can we believe our eyes?
We mean our ears.

Opo.—Are not soaps made from lyes?

King.—Oh! ah!

Col.—May it please your majesty, I rise
To a question of privilege. My honorable friend,
Being a hard himself, does not intend
An insult. May I ask in the word lie,
What vowel do you use sir, i or y?

Opo.—Y sir, or i sir, search the vowels through,
And find the one most consonant to you.

All.—Order! Order!

Col.—To keep within the limits of debate,
Who stole the funeral cloth and coffin plate?

Opo.—Shut up, switch off, dry up, or go to bed!

Col.—I'll fling an inkstand at your honorable head!
If you had your desert you'd dine in prison?

Opo.—And you'd have an asphyxiated weazen!

King.—Hollo! no more of this! at once have done!
Confound you, do you think that you're at Washington.

Opo.—My liege, in some authority I've read,
That it's within the rules to punch his head!

King.—How is it Mr. Speaker, we're in doubt?

Speaker.—Grotius, cap 5, sec. 3, says, fight it out.
(Business, they prepare to fight.)

Out, out of this, some spot that none can trace,
Or see a clew to the secluded place.

Col.—Conclude it done! the deadliest weapon I can find,
I'll name!

Opo.—Nuff said, old top, I'll go it blind!

Col.—Blind you've been all your life, and deaf and dumb!

Opo.—*Dum vivimus vivamus*, what's your weapon?

Col.—*Rum!* (A row outside.—Enter sergeant-at-arms.)

King.—Sergeant-at-arms, say, what alarms the crowd?

Loud noise annoys us, why is it allowed?

Sergeant.—My liege, there is a band—

King.—(Starting up.) Of Minstrels?

Ser.—No!

Of foreigners, just cast on Castle Garden.

King.—Oh!

For this relief, much thanks, it wouldn't pay.

That endless barcarole of poor Dog Tray!

Who are those folk, come here, without permission.

Something a kin to Kinney's expedition!

This ranche they'd better vamouse mighty slick,

Old Nick's their destination, or new Nic,

Arauga, here they must not bore us,

As at Sonora with their bash Sonorous,

Conquering lands without a single resident,

Such a Republic's clearly without precedent!

Ser.—Their leader is at hand, sire, at his back,

Four Knaves at least!

King.—They're found in every pack.

Produce this bold adventurer, whos advent here,

With our self-interest must interfere.

Meanwhile, we'll dip in Hoyle, and when you're back,

Know how to deal with such a dirty pack.

(Exit Sergeant.)

Speaker.—How shall we receive them?

King.—As at the Opera House,

With a Chorus: there cannot be so proper a house

To set the fashion.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Air—"Rosin the Bow."

King.—Come forward here every raspscaillon,

And spread yourselves out in a row,

While I ask that harmonious Italian
La Manna to rosin his bow.

Chorus.—La Manna, come rosin your bow, oh, oh,
La Manna, pray rosin your bow,
We aint got no forte-piano,
Old beeswax, come rosin your bow.

King.—Wake up, Mr. Trombone and Trumpet,
And give us a jolly good blow,
Like steam-engines out you must pump it,
La Manna will rosin his bow.
(Chorus as before.)

King.—You chap with the blazing big fiddle,
And you with the small one also,
Keep your eye on the man in the middle,
La Manna can rosin his bow.
(Chorus as before.)

King.—My friend of the side-drum and kettle,
Be sure, and don't spare your elbow,
But give us a thundering rattle,
La Manna will rosin his bow. (Chorus.)

Enter Captain John Smith and Retinue.

King.—What manner of man are you? A fillybustero!
Your name and aim, what brought you there, my hero?

Smith.—Erratic King, I might say operatic,
And, as I see, as mellow as dramatic,
My name is——

King.—Norval?

Smith.—No, Sir! Smith—John Smith!

King.—Of Arkansaw?

Smith.—No, Sire, that John's a myth.

King.—What iron fortune led you to our shores?

Smith.—Ironie Monarch, 'twas a pair of oars.
Between ourselves, though, if the truth be told,

Our goal we'll reach when we have reached your gold.
 But, stop, and I'll enlighten your community,
 I see (music in orchestra) and hear a famous opera-
 tunity.

GRAND SCENA COMPLICATO.

In the Anglo-Italiano Style.

Smith.—As you are o,
 The great cigar, o
 And high top loco,
 Among these folk, o
 It is but fair, o
 I should declare, o
 What brought me here o.
 'Tis easy told.
 You know my name o.

Chorus.—Smith!
 I hither came o.
 Impelled by fame o.

Chorus.—Bravo! Smith!
 Or all the same o,
 The subtle flame o.

Chorus.—Go it, Smith.
 The brilliant game o,
 Man's only aim o,
 To hunt up gold. (Chorus.)

Adjure the Italian, and give themselves Ethiopian airs.

You're off the track, and you'd better go back,
 The golden dream is o'er;
 So order your hack and carry your pack
 From old Virginny's shore.

Smith.—Oh, nar'ry a toe, will this child go,
 But open a grocery store,

And I'll never go back, 'till I've filled my sack
On old Virginny's shore.

King.—And what the deuce induced this scheme Utopian!
Proceed, we'll give you rope enough, European!
Though we don't relish being quite so near
As this, my buck, to such a Buccaneer!

Smith.—Most potent, grave, and reverent old fellow,—
To use the words of that black wight Othello,
My very noble and approved good savage,
That we are come out here your lands to ravage,
It is most true: for this you see us banded.
(Indians rush at him—the King restrains them.)

King.—I must confess, sweet sir, that you are candid
You'll probably excuse us if we doubt it.
Pray how, sir, do you mean to set about it?

Smith.—Easy enough: we have full powers to treat.

King.—If that's the case, we'll take some whiskey neat.
You cannot dash our spirits, we are proof
Against such weakness!

Smith.—Well, that's clear enough!
Majestic Savage, I was but in jest
Just now, you'll find, I guess, that I'm a guest
It would be quite as well to welcome over.
The seas we clove in hopes to live in clover,
Befriend us, and we'll try and be of use,
Even to cooking of your royal goose!

King.—Don't put yourself into a stew, my friend,
My Kitchen Cabinet to that attend.
They know my constitution just like lawyers.

Smith.—Soyer himself must yield to such top-sawyers!
But say, Great Sachem, don't refuse this fusion;
To now ill-use us would be base illusion!
Puissant potentate, abridge our sighs,
We call on you to let us colonize.
If this, most verdant Monarch, you will do,
A course of Sprouts we mean to put you through!

King.—Sprout me no sprouts, irreverent Suckers all!
You can't lodge here, my friend, in Short, at all!

I can no reason in such treason see!

What! share my realm with you, mon cher ami?

Smith.—Why not? We have the brads to buy your land,
Nails are a legal tender, they're on hand,
With beads and bracelets you shall all be crammed.

King.—If I sell land for brads, may I be d——ished!

Smith.—In friendship with you we should like to tarry.
In proof of which I'm ready now to marry
Any red queen that in my way should fall,
I would accept her Sceptre, Crown, and all.
My hand is hers!

King.—Your hand? You'd better pause!
Among our Indian maids look out for Squaws!
If any jokers dare to run their rigs
Near our wigwams, we're sure to warm their wigs!
What shall we do with them, the sons of topers?

Speaker.—Hang on the outer wall, the interlopers!

All.—Hang them! Hang them!

Smith.—What fault have I committed? Halt!

King.—Ha! Do you falter?

Smith.—I fain would halt before I reach the halter.
That cord is not my line in any sense,
I'd rather not be kept in such suspense!

King.—You shan't be long! prepare yourself! But stay!
You'd rather not be hanged, I think you say?

Smith.—I'm really fearful it would be a drop
Too much for me!

King.—Perhaps you'd like a chop—(with axe.)

Smith.—Ill-manner'd butcher, you may bet your Crown
I'll fix your flint for you!

King.—You simmer down!

Smith, you must die, as well as all audacious
Birds of passage that may migrate here!

Smith.—My gracious!

Alas! then, did our Nests at home content us,
We would not now have been Non est inventus!
Mercy!

All.—No mercy!

King.—Not by any means!

My wrath they can't appease, so give them beans!

(Indians rush at Smith.)

Smith.—Stay! Soft! Hold hard! One moment, if you please,
Until his Majesty a secret sees!

King.—A secret! What is it?

Smith.—Behold! (Showing pistol.)

King.—(Taking it.) We do! What's this?

Smith.—(Taking it back.) A pistol, sire, I hope it will suit
you

Should I present it!

King.—Ha! I see your aim!

By this you'd buy our silence, eh?

Smith.—The same!

King.—It's curious! What does it contain?

Smith.—Some potent pills,
And warranted to cure all mortal ills!
With a few doses we'll be undertakers
To rid you soon of all your pains and acres!

King.—I'd grieve with favors to be overloaded,
But with us kings such canons are exploded,
And so will take your physic.

(Kings fires pistol, drops it alarmed.)

Jarsey lightning!!

(Rushes off, followed by Indians.)

Smith.—Hurrah! 'Tis clear, my friends, our skies are bright'n-
ing!

Brown.—Let us be off—

Smith.—Be off! Recall that whine,
Or never more be officer of mine!
To leave our work half-done would be a pity,
And so we take possession of the city;
And as is usual in all such cases,
We'll nominate ourselves to all the places!
For Governor, John Smith!

Brown.—I second that!

It's carried; so be seated!

Smith.—(Sitting). Verbum sat!

I'd make a speech to you, but that's not needed,
 For into-morrow's Herald you can read it.
 Be sure I'll make the best of this bad story,
 To gild our guilt we've but to call it glory.
 Success crowns every crime whoever bleeds,
 Defies reproof and sanctifies misdeeds;
 But pray excuse this personal reflection,
 Unsuitd to a primary election.
 Propose your candidates.

Brown.—Might I suggest,

A plan I've hit on that will be the best
 To suit the present crisis. In this hat,
 I've written all the names of all the fat
 And juicy offices,—let each advance,
 And in the grab game take an equal chance.

All.—Agreed! agreed!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Grab away
 While you may
 In this game, luck is all,
 And the prize
 Tempting lies
 In the rich City Hall.

Grab away
 While you may;
 For they say under Sam
 Holds the "puss"
 And the "cuss"
 Is as mild as a lamb.

Grab away
 While you may;
 Every day there's a "job"
 It's a fact
 By contract
 All intact you may rob.

Grab away
While you may;
For the pay never fear.
Justice winks
Aye, and blinks,
From the dust I scattered here.

Confusion at the Poll.

Brown.—(To Jones.) What are you, Treasurer?

Jones.—No, vicey varcy.

I'm Secretary of State!

Smith.—I cry you Marcy!

And you? (To Junk.)

Junk.—An Alderman!

Buntline.—And so am I!

Another.—And I!

Smith.—(To Brace.) And what are you, old horse?

Brace.—I'm Mayor!

Smith.—No bed of roses is the Civic Chain?

See that your city fathers work their best,

When they're fatigued, why, let them have arrest.

Are you all satisfied?

Brown.—Um!—pretty well!

Smith.—Then let us try the tea—room for a spell—

Is there nothing we can do?

Meantime I'll chaunt the Marsellaise a la Rachel,

We heard the Yankees this time, pretty dears,

They'll have to wait a couple of hundred years.

SONG.

Smith.—It is of a French actress I'm going to tell,

As came to America and her name it was Rachel,

To play in deep Tragedies, both new ones and old

All for to make a fortune in silver and gold.

Chorus.—(Anticipative of the way in which she intended to shovel in the specie.) Tol de dol, etc.

Now she had a handsome Brother, and his name it was
Felix,

Who thought he was posted in play-house politics,
For said he to himself—"I am just the right fel-
Low, to manage these Yankees uncommonly well.

Chorus.—(Indicative of the proposed *Modus Operandi*.) Tol,
de dol, etc.

"Oh" says he, "in the newspapers I'll come it strong,
All about the fine corps as I'm a fotchin' along,
They'll cost me some 5,000 dollars a night,
And to see so much go, will be a dolorous sight."

Chorus.—Illustrative of way he disbursed that large amount
to the talented Company. "Tol, de dol, etc."

"When the public I've told the tremendous expense,
They'll think that the prices are again to be immense,
Twenty-five dollars a ticket at least they must be,
They'll jump out of their skins when they find they're—
only Three!"

Chorus.—Delineative of the mad intoxication of the delighted
populace. Tol, de dol, etc.

Well, the doors they were opened, and the folks they
walked in,

Think of Felix's feelinks, the domus was thin,
And it must be confessed that he looked rather blue,
When instead of Three dollars he had to take Two.

Chorus.—Exemplifications of Felix's countenance as he reluctantly yielded to the pressure of the Press. "Tol, de
dol, etc."

As the newspapers told him, the people flocked more,
And every one bought a French play-book at the door,
With their eyes on their books and their ears on the stage,
They thought they were seeing Rachel I'll engage.

Chorus.—Descriptive of the studious way the general public
avoided seeing the Great Actress. Tol, de dol, etc.

Now all you nice folks as are fond of a play,
And like to be amused in a sensible way,
Don't you be deluded by fashion's sheep-bell,
But come here where our language you understand well.

Chorus.—Suggestive of the grateful return made by the audience for this disinterested advice. "Tol, de dol," etc.

(Smith is borne off in triumph.)

SCENE II.

Picturesque View in Jamestown, taken some time before it was built.—Savage Play-Ground, of a Tuscarora Finishing Institution. Vociferous irruption of Juvenile Squaw-lers. Enter Poo-tee-pet, Di-mon-di, Lum-Pa-Shuga, Dah-Ling-Duk, Nys-kree-tah, O-you-Jewel, Hah-jote-Lah, Oso-Charming, etc., etc., etc.,

Chorus of Emancipated Maidens.

Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!

Schools, but prisons are they say,

Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away .

We'll have a sing-sing holiday. Etc.

Poo-tee-pet.—I wish my Pa would send for me! Oh, dear!

I'm tired of living so retired here,

And I've had school enough, I know that well,

To set up any fashionable belle!

Heigho! How can one stay here with content,

The present time no pastime can present!

No one to talk to of the Upper Ten,

If it were even one of Brown's young men

Just to begin with, for indeed the fact is

I don't know how to flirt for want of practice.

Di-mon-di.—Isn't that dreadful, dear, I'm just the same,

And for my part I think it's a great shame

That we've no more young master's to impart

The rudest rudiments of that fine art!

Now, what's the use of drawing?

Poo-tee-pet.—I suppose

That we may have some skill in drawing beaux,

Let other people love to draw their spouses.
 That's horses' work—I'd rather much draw houses.
 Here comes Miss Pocahontas, haughty thing!
 Tossing her crown because her Pa's a King!
 Hum!—I know something!

Di-mon-di.—What?

Poo-tee-pect.—He must be short, or

He'd have paid up, my dear, for her last quarter.

(Music. Enter Po-ca-hon-tas, with Book.)

INTERNATIONAL SCENA.—POCAHONTAS.

Recitativo—Italiani doloroso.

Sport am I of Fortune, no kind soul near to cheer me

I'm on the verge of despair;

Where can I turn me for comfort!

Whence seek for sigh sympathetic?

Ah! me unhappy!

Most unhappy!

But my heart it will relieve, Oh,

To sing from Hernani

This recitativo!

INTER-ARIA NIGROQUÆ.

Where the idlers now are shopping

In gay Fashion's round,

And at Banks, that are not stopping,

You can hear the cold gold sound.

All the world seems bright and cheery

But sometimes 'tis mock,

Oh! dark his lot who deals with Erie,

For it's a fluctuating stock.

CANTATA VARIOSO.

Scenes that are brightest

No one can trust,

When money's tightest
 Look to your dust.
 Hope buoys, and carries us on,
 Carries us on through our days,
 Carries us on like the pepper upon
 "Massachusetts Bays,"
 Oh! Heigh! ho!
 Where is that beau
 Pa said he'd bring me a long time ago.

INTRUSIVE CHORUS.

Oh! what a beau,
 What? a beau?
 Miss Pocahontas, you don't say so.

Pocahontas.—Heigho! This heated term will shortly cease
 And these school-days to warmer ones give place!
 I know not why it is, but since I've seen
 Napoleon's life in Harper's magazine,
 My soul enthusiastic, yearns to paint
 The blissful deeds of some such warlike saint!
 Since these heroic pages I've perused,
 The stories that my childhood have amused
 Are varnished with the fashions of last week;—
 Never again with rapture shall I speak
 Of dear Red Riding Hood, or Cinderella,
 Or valiant little Jack the Giant feller,
 Robinson Crusoe, or great Thumb the Small,—
 This is the greatest story of them all!—
 Oh! that it were my future fate to do
 Some deed of desperation nice and new,
 Something would startle all the world with fright,
 That is, provided, it left me all right!

Poo-tee-pet.—Girls, here come the teachers, hide your books,
 Banish your smiles and put on your school looks!

Poca.—I hate that School-Ma'am, she does look so sly.
 She always has a pupil in her eye!

Enter Wee-cha-ven-dah and Kros-as-kan-bee, Professors of haughtyculture, and trainers of the flowers of fashion.

Wee-cha-ven-dah.—Heads up, backs straight, chests out and shoulders square!

Kros-as-kan-bee.—Miss Pocahontas, just look at your hair,
I never saw it in so vile a state!

Poca.—It curls so much that I can't keep it straight.

Weech.—Now, ladies, if you please, you'll get your bows.

Poca.—I wish I had one!

Kros.—Do turn out your toes!

You walk just like a duck, my dear, that's flat!

Poca.—Being a duck, you know, I can't help that!

Kros.—Come, ladies, please to recollect time flies!

Poca.—Fly time's too warm, I think, for exercise!

(They try a Dance, and execute it with bows and arrows. Noise of pursuit without; Smith appears behind fence. Indian Girls cry, "A man!" and run off screaming, all but Pocahontas.)

Smith.—Believe me, there's no necessity at all,
Delicious Schreechers, for this sudden Squall!
Ah! Aid me, Maiden, pray!

Poca.—Who are you?
Are you a fugitive come here to seek
A railway, underground?

Smith.—Not by a sight!
Alas! I'm only an unhappy wight,
Without a shade of color to excuse
Canadian Agents here to chalk my shoes,
Therefore my passage-money won't be figured,
For on that head Philanthropy is niggard!

Poca.—Who is it this untimely visit pays,
Breaking our school up before holidays?

Smith.—I'll tell you, thou unfairest of the fair
American Institution,—take a chair,
While my o'erloaded bosom I unfreight,
And all my early history relate!

(Gets chairs from entrance.)

Most comfortable chattels these to chat in,
Such chairs I ne'er thought to sit in here,—they're satin.
'Tis now some twenty years——'

Poca.—I'll hear no more!

Smith.—You've cut my tale off!

Poca.—Long ones are a bore!

Brief it must be, however you bewail it!

Smith.—I shall be curt, uncourteous beauty, and curtail it;
Beginning with the end I had in view,
Which, upon my soul was solely to see you,—
When from the verge of yon Virginny fence
I saw and heard a sordid herd advance!
From the spot I would have turned to flee,
But one of the Chief's shadows spotted me,
And at his back the savage, at whose beck
They have a knack of tightening one's neck!

Poca.—Can you tell who he was?

Smith.—The Chief? I can.

Poca.—A King?

Smith.—The same.

Poca.—His name?

Smith.—Is Powhatan! (Pocahontas screams.)

Some near relation of yours, maybe?

Poca.—Rather!

Nearer he can't be much, for he's my Father!

Smith.—The deuce!

Poca.—Have you been introduced!

Smith.—Why,—No!

Not formally, but I have seen him, though!

I visited his majesty's abode,

A portly savage, plump, and pigeon-toed,

Like Metamora both in feet and feature,

I never met-a-more-a-musing creature!

Now without fear my love I can avow it,

And pop the question boldly?

Poca.—My pop won't allow it,

I'll bet my life!

12—Part II, Vol. XX.

Smith.—My chance that betters still,
 For being the contrary sex, you will!
 In fact, rare princess, there's such rarefaction
 Within my heart, such "passional attraction,"
 That we must live together spite of fate,
 For all impossibilities that congregate
 Around us, my free love despises!

Poca.—Stop! One doubt within my heart arises!
 A great historian before us stands,
 Bancroft himself, you know, forbids the banns!

Smith.—Bancroft be banished from your memory's shelf,
 For spite of fact I'll marry you myself.
 And happiness you'll have a better show for
 With me, than should you wed that low-bred loafer!

DUET.—Smith and Poca-hon-tas.

Smith.—My love is like a raging hot volcano,
 Vesuvius in a fit of indigestion,
 And if you are so cruel as to say no
 Insane, oh! I shall be without a question.

Pocahontas.—Such volcanic affection 'twere just as well
 You'd keep, a little piano,
 That too burning a mount would a Cinderella make me
 and I'm not a soprano.
 But where's the use of jesting
 Or protesting,
 With you this union never can take place.

Smith.—'Tis vain my claim arresting
 Or contesting
 To gain you every record I'll efface.

Both.—Such an event must amusing be
 We have no fear in asserting
 For changing the current of History
 Would certainly be diverting.

(Noise of women without.)

Poca.—How from those prying eyes can I disguise you,
 My father's prize you'll be should he surprise you!

(He puts on shawl and hat, and pretends to read.
Enter all the school. He mixes with them, they
proceed toward gate as for a walk, in couples.
Enter Powhatan and suite, Savagely. The girls
are thrown into confusion.)

Weech.—What is the meaning of this rude intruding?

King.—Rude! By the rood it means there's mischief brooding!

We seek a sucker who's secreted here!
Produce him or induce him to appear,
Or by the towel, silver fork and spoon
You forked from me, I'll settle with you soon!

Poca.—(To girls.) Save him!

Girls.—We will! (They surround Smith.)

King.—You, daughter, come with me!

I'll settle you, too!

Poca.—How, Pa!

King.—You shall see!

I'll found a husband you must wed to-night!

Poca.—Oh! my prophetic soul, Bancroft was right!

Smith.—(Appearing.) What's that?

King.—Ha! we have you now, I guess!

Poca.—Despair! Distraction!

Smith.—Here's a precious mess!

Poca.—Where is my Smith, my love, my only one?

Smith.—My Pocahontas ain't you poking fun?

King.—Here, dogs, we're in a snarl, so watch o'er us,
This blackguard guard and aid us in the chorus.

GRAND FINALE.—AFFETTUOSO.—FURIOSO.—E.
CONGLO-MEROSO.

Chorus.—Come, let us now like watch-dogs bark,
Come, let us now put out this spark,
Come, let us raise a jolly row,
And like the dogs of war, bow, wow.

Smith.—I am plucked from fairy bowers,
I am in misfortune's showers,

Quite enough to wet a fellow through,
 Without an umbrella, too.
 Oh! I love this old man's daughter,
 Though inscrutable I've thought her,
 As the song of Hiawatha,
 Writ by Long-fel-low.

Pocahontas.—Oh! a little outsider too,
 A little outsider view,
 A little outsider, your own child
 Appeals dear dad, to you.

King.—Mr. Smith, you're in a fix
 With your Don Giovanni tricks:
 But though you think yourself so much the dandy O
 I'll bet you two to one
 You're almost as good as gone,
 For I'll use you up just like a stick of candy, O,

Omnes.—It's all bosh and braggin
 All bosh and braggin
 All bosh and braggin
 That you'll find, old "hoss."

 Wait for the waggon,
 Wait for the waggon,
 Wait for the waggon,
 And you'll soon catch "goss."

End of Act One.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Isherwood's View of the Interior of a Wigwam.
 Powhatan pushes on Pocahontas with the parentally
 tyrannic air peculiar to irate potentates.

DUETTO.—IMPETUOSO.

King.—Now Ma'am I have a notion,
 You can no longer rave,

This son of the ocean oh shun,
A home on the salt sea, waive.

Pocahontas.—Your child, you thus may seize sir,
But sure as the seas are blue
I shall soon rescued be, sir,
From you, and your cruel crew.

Both.—The prospect is inviting,
Thus all my love requiting,
Of temper, you will find I have a share;
Since you're bent on fighting,
Thus all my prospects blighting,
I won't give in an atom, I declare.

Powhatan.—How sharper than a serpent's tooth, if one could
find

Such things in serpent's heads, is an ungrateful child!
But here you shall remain till you're resigned
To settle down as I've made up my mind!
You'll make me furious if you yet refuse,
Or venture to eschew the man I choose!

Poca.—The king who would enslave his daughter so,
Deserves a hint from Mrs. Beecher Stowe!
Who is the man, sir, I demand to know?

King.—Hey! day! Are we commanded by our daughter!
I taught your teachers to keep you much tauter
In hand! If thus the rein you mean to shy,
A shy-reign will be mine, methinks, bye-and-bye!
You must be curbed a bit, your doom's a prison,
If you don't quickly hasten to be his'n!

Poca.—If thus you wrong my Woman's Rights, and mock
My griefs, your offspring will spring off the dock
And mix my ardent spirits with cold water! (Going.)

King.— Hold!
I did but jest, my belle, you shall be told!
The man's a Dutchman, deep as he can be,
In fact, as deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.
A first-class venture, cautious and acute,
A widower, and good shoemaker to boot!

Poca.—A widower! the proverb's here surpassed,
 A shoemaker who looks beyond his last!
 "Ne sutor," sir, et cetera, so, you see
 Such suitor is not likely to suit me!

(*Rolff sings outside.*)

King.—Here he comes, no counterfeit is he
 Like Smith, whose very name's a forgery!

Poca.—The other's worse by his own showing.

King.—How?

Poca.—I heard him uttering false notes, just now!

King.—He's here! you see resistance now were idle,
 His bride you shall be, so your temper bridle!

Enter *Rolff*, smoking.

Rolff.—Meine cootness gracious, was is das I see!
 Is das meine loafley vrow as is to be?

King.—Yes, there's the prize, my son, go in and win her,
 While, to escape the din, guess I'll go in to dinner.

GRAND SCENA PERTURBATO.

Air—"Hibernoso affettuosamente."

Poca.—Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn,
 No more hear the soul-stirring cry of "hot corn,"
 I have nothing to do now, but languish and die,
 "Crushed out" as I am by my Pa's cruelty.
 But I'm not so domestic a thing, on my life
 As ever to be yon brown Hollander's wife.
 No, rather than that, a deep hole I would bore
 In my heart, and behold bright Aurora no more.
 And oh! if I'm forced like poor Dinah, to die
 By going, and taking a cup of cold py—
 —zon, no Villikins will I leave here to deplore,
 That this child should behold bright Aurora no more.

CANTATA—"Giojoso el amoroso."

Rolff.—Oh, peutivool girl,
 Mein prave Indian bearl,

Love runs like a squirrel
 Meine heart up and down
 Oh, don't look so freezy,
 Uneezy and breezy,
 Meine vrow you must be see
 In spite of your vrown.

Oh, peautivool creeter,
 I'd fling at your feet your
 Audacious beseecher,
 Now bobbin around.
 But you mustn't be freezy,
 Uneasy or breezy,
 Meine vrow you must be see
 In spite of your frown.

SONG—"Doloroso et petulento."

King.—'Tis a hard blow to suffer
 When sad and alone,
 Some poor aged buffer
 Sits by his hearthstone,
 No flour in his kitchen,
 No fire-water nigh,
 His complexion to nourish
 By a drop in his eye.

Together.—In our cane brakes of an afternoon,
 We sometimes go for to hunt the coon,
 And from experience I declare
 He ain't an easy bird to snare
 Clar's his action,
 Old coon, sly coon,
 Old Virginia never tire.

Poca.—Appeal is useless! what words could I utter,
 To mollify this firkin of Dutch butter!
 Oh! tell me, was that sentence that my pa
 Made use of, true, that I'm to wed you?

Rolf.—Yah!

Poca.—But if I say I love another?

Rolff.—Psha!

Poca.—You wouldn't force me to espouse you?

Rolff.—Yah!

Poca.—Was ever maiden's love so sublimated?

Single, ere this, and now thus doubly-mated!

But, once for all, sir, know I'm not inclined

To wed a beau with such a narrow mind!

Dutchman depart! the honor I resign,

Leave me, or else, believe me, you shall rue it!

Rolff.—Nein!

SONG—With Tyrolean Fixins.

Rolff.—Like the Tyrolese singers, so gallant and gay,

I'll sing you a song in the Tyrolese way,

Fol, de dol, de dol lay—it's a very fine day,

It doesn't much matter—you know what I say.

(Here follows an exhibition of tracheotomous gymnastics, which must be heard to be properly appreciated.)

I wish from mein soul all de rocks round about

Would to sausages turn, and the trees to sourcrout.

The ocean's vast bowl into lager bier roll

And I was an earthquake to swallow the whole.

(More vocal gymnastics.)

And then for mein pipe I'd Vesuvius fill full

Of kanaster and through a pine tree take a pull

And after that, p'raps, for fear of mishaps,

I'd toss down Niagara Falls for mein schnapps.

(Gymnastics again.)

Rolff.—It ain't no use to crumble, zo you zee

Mein peauty, you must come along mit me!

(She struggles wildly with the destroyer of her peace, to corresponding Music, marked, and melodramatic.)

Poca.—Unhand me, thou unhandsome caitiff!

Rolff.—

Nein!

It's no good kicking now, you must be mine!

Poca.—

Where shall I turn?

(Breaks from his distractedly—suddenly beholds the members of the Orchestra and appeals to them.)

Can you look calmly on

And see this shameful Overture begun,

Yet take no part! I cannot call you men, or

You'd out-shout the treble baseness of his tenor!

Thou rude assailer, must I storm without avail?

(Smith jumps in at the window.)

Avast! not when a sailor's within hail!

(Tableau of triumphant innocence, and disconcerted

Dutch villany, Smith continues ora-tar-ically.)

Sheer off at once, you ugly-looking craft,

Or, damme! if I don't rake you fore and aft!

Perhaps I'd better kill him, love?—Here, stay!

What do you think?

Poca.—

It might be the best way.

Smith.—Of course it will be. So, audacious rival,

Prepare, at once, to die!

Rolff.—

To die! der Diefil!

Help, murder! help!

(Smith proceeding to annihilate him, is intercepted by Powhatan.)

King.—

Holloa! what's the row?

Rolff.—Dat dere tam Smit has dook away mein vrow!

And vos vant do gill me do pezite!

King.—Dear me, is that all? I'll soon set it right.

Children, come here, I've changed my mind.

(Shaking hands with Smith.)

Rolff.—

What's dat?

You shakes him by de hand? (King winks at Rolff.)

Oho! I smells a rat. (Aside.)

King.—I'll fix him. (Aside.) Smith, we to our daughter's choice

Lend the loud sanction of our Royal voice.

Smith.—Your voice allowed, but has your heart relented?

King.—If in our simple tent you'll live contented.

Smith.—To an extent intense. King, you're a brick!

Rolff.—Mein vrow! mein Got! dis is a purdy drick.

King.—Demmy John, cork up! Now, daughter dear, prepare,
With orange wreaths array your raven hair;
To prove I love you, Smith, before you wed,
We'll take a proof impression of your head,
In our approved new lithographic style.

Smith.—With all my heart; but if you harbor guile,
My tars will make a target of your head.

King.—Upon the honor of a king!

Smith.—

'Nuff said.

QUARTETTE.

King, Smith, Rolff, and Pocahontas.

Fill now a flowing glass
We would, without doubt, sir,
But as we've none, alas!
We must do without, sir.

We'll live, never fear,
In harmony here.

King.—(Poor John Smith is very grateful.)

Chorus.—As lazy as monks in a cloister.

King.—(Grief he's not now troubled with.)

Chorus.—Both soft shells and hard
We here disregard.

King.—(He's gentle and resigned,
And resolved to go it blind.)

Chorus.—So we get our fair share of the oyster.

King.—Oh, what a fool is poor John Smith!
(Poco a Poco Discretion.)

SCENE II.—School Ground as before. Poo-tee-pet looking cautiously.

Poo-tee-pet.—Come, girls, we'll have our little confab here,
No prying principals can interfere.
I've dreadful news for you!

Di-mon-di.—

You don't say so!

What is it, dear, I'll die if I don't know.

Girls.—And so will I. And I.

Di-mon-di.—

For my part, I can't guess

What it can be that gives you such distress.

Do let us know at once.

All.—Do—do!

Poo-tee-pet.—

I will.

Imagine the extreme of human ill.

Lump-a-shuga.—Are the new bonnets worn on the head?

Di-mon-di.—There's been a fight, and all the men are dead.

Poo-tee-pet.—Not quite so bad as either, but behold!

A tale of horror in this note is told!

Di-mon-di.—Do tell!

Lump-a-shuga.—I want to know!

Di-mon-di.—What can it be?

Poo-tee-pet.—Miss Pocahontas tells me here, that she is going
to marry.

Di-mon-di.—What a heavy blow! (All laugh.)

Poo-tee-pet.—But not the man she's in love with!

All.—Oh!

Poo-tee-pet.—At Union Square, this afternoon, 'tis fated,

The wrongful rites are to be consummated!

The awful moment is almost at hand,

But as this scandalous affair I've scanned,

If you'll but second me in what I say,

Our hands will show them what's the time o' day!

You can wind up this business as you like,

If at the proper instant you but strike!

Strike! like the steel of Halleck's brave Bozzaris,

Strike! as the newest fashions do in Paris,

Strike! for your rights, your homes, and kitchen fires;

Strike! like a crowd of feminine Tom Hyer's.

All.—We will! Hurrah! Down with mankind in general!

Di-mon-di.—A very striking denoeument, indeed,

If we could only see how to proceed.

Poo-tee-pet.—I have got leave, to-day, for our diversion,
 To go on a toxophilite excursion.
 A female target party—'twill be fine
 Before they can suspect our deep design,
 By stratagem to get them to desist, or
 Else, by force of arms assist our sister.
 The plan is dangerous, and now you know it,
 Are you all game to see it through?

All.—We'll go it!

Poo-tee-pet.—Now, let's be off, as we've no time to lose.

Di-mon-di.—Those gentlemen can keep time, I suppose.

(To Orchestra.)

Poo-tee-pet.—Then, if you please, as we've good time before us,

We'll just take time enough to sing a chorus.

(Addressing Leader.)

Air.—"Pop goes the Weazle."

Chorus.—As we're going on a train

We must see and load a

Hamper with the drink of Maine.

Pop goes the soda.

Hampered thus, no Indian corn

Can we now forebode, a

Bumper fill then, (in a horn),

Pop goes the soda. (Exeunt omnes.)

SCENE LAST.—Union Square in the City of Worowocomoco,
 The assembled Upper Tendom of Tuscorora, discovered.

Air.—"Hark 'tis the Indian Drum."

Chorus.—Hark 'tis the engine bell,

Look out for the locomotive

We off the track must go.

Though

His majesty is rather slow.

He must be how come you so,

With Smith's New England rum:
The rum, the rum, etc., etc.

Enter Pocahontas, evidently in very indifferent spirits, her
overburthened soul bursts forth in melody.

Air.—Notturmo, Grazioso vel Filosofoso.

Oh, some are right
Who don't invite
Within their vest
So dangerous a guest,
As love that hies
To this abode,
And heavy lies—
Dyspeptic load.
It sets one frying
And sadly sighing,
You can't lodge here, no way,
So love good day,
'Twill never pay
To let you stay,
So love good day, good day, good day,
I'm better off without thee
Verily.
And do not care about thee,
No, not I. (She goes off sadly.)

Enter Powhatan and Smith. Rolff creeping cautiously after.

King.—Here's where my artists dwell, a race gregarious,
Cheering their up hill life with mirth hilarious.
Smith, where are all your sailors! Safe, I trust?

Smith.—Yes! Safe, by this time, to be on a bust!

King.—Do none of your brave hands about here linger?

Smith.—I need no hands while I those arms can finger.

(Rolff, who has stolen behind Smith, suddenly
snatches his pistols, one of which he hands to
Powhatan, producing a perilous and plagiarous
situation, A la Rob Roy—Smith served with a

"ne exeat" at every opening, by the servitors of the King, and finally bound over to a strong chord in the Orchestra.)

Rolff.—Friend Smith, you're double-sold! You lose your wife!

King.—Likewise, to a dead certainty, your life!

Smith.—Such hospitality was ne'er surpassed,
Invited to a feast and thus made fast!
But, as to you, base cobbler, soon to pay
For what's occurred, I'll find a ready way!
There's not a red marauder in the land
But henceforth seeks your hide to have it tanned!
Think on't, and tremble to your marrow's pith!
Judas! you haven't yet subdued John Smith!!

King.—Don't make a Judy of yourself!

Rolff.—Meine friend!

Your thread of life is waxing to an end!

(A Scotch Indian march, with variations and situations, singularly similar to those which have occurred in similar situations.)

King.—Now, that our finishing touches may be shown,

Bring forth our finest lithographic stone!

(He is obeyed with servile alacrity.—Flourishes a huge club.)

I said I'd take your head off!

Smith.—But I swear,

You didn't hint about that sketch club there!

King.—Disappointed in the likeness you can't be!

Smith.—'Twould be more striking if my hands were free.

But as I'm bound to let you have your way,

A few last words, I trust, you'll let me say?

King.—We're tied to time, and time and tide won't wait,

You must die early so you can't dilate!

Our Indian laws are some, there's no receding!

Smith.—Why, what an Indian summary proceeding

King.—A sentence, come, prepare.

Smith.—Hold on a spell

Fell tyrant!

King.—Ha! What's that?

Smith.—I mean old "fel"

You wouldn't cut a fellow's thread?

King.—That's so!

I do assure you, you shan't feel the blow!

Old Tar, to-night in Tartarus you'll sup!

Smith.—Life's a conundrum!

King.—Then lie down, and give it up!

Smith.—It's a hard pill—but a much harder pillow!

(Reclining.)

(Pocahontas rushing in heroineically distressed and disheveled, followed by sailors.)

Poca.—Husband! for thee I scream!

Smith.—Lemon or Vanilla?

Poca.—Oh! Fly with me, and quit those vile dominions!

Smith.—How can I fly, beloved, with these pinions?

DUET.—Smith and Pocahontas.—"Prima Donna Waltz."

Smith.—Although a bird am I,
And some times do get high—
A pair of wings
Are essential things
Before a bird can fly.

Pote.—Oh! dearest, die I must,
My heart, just like pie crust
Is breaking in pie—
Ces, only to see
How fowl-ly my bird is trussed.

Smith.—A verse to add, I'm not adverse to
Though adversity's a curse—so
Come what may—fate can't do worse, oh
Farewell.

Poca.—Loose him, and let him be my spouse!

King.— Not I,
 Such an alliance would be all a lie!
 On no account, can I run counter to
 Virginia records which relate to you.
 I'm very sorry, Smith, but you must die!
 (Music.)

Smith.—Wait 'till the Target Party passes by!

Enter Poo-tee-pet, and all the Indian women—they execute sundry manouvres, and finally form a hollow square around Smith, very pointedly pointing their arrows at the King and company.

King.—Hollo! Stop that!—my goodness!—I do declare!
 Those arrows make me quiver!—as you were!
 What are you, that thus outrage all propriety?

Poo-tee-pet.—The Anti-marry-folks-against-their-will Society!

King.—Why come you here?—as sorrowful spectators?

Poo-tee-pet.—No! on the contrary, we're very gladiators
 For Freedom every heart with ardor glows,
 On Woman's Rights we're bent, and bent our bows
 Your daughter dear, must marry whom she may,
 Daughters you know, should always have their way.

King.—What's to be done? I'm puzzled in good sooth,
 I love my daughter, but can't warp the truth!

Smith.—You've ample means, examples you don't lack,
 Didn't Shakespeare give King Richard a crook back,
 For fear bold Queen Elizabeth would frown
 Whose grandpapa had cracked his Royal crown!
 In our day, isn't every corner rife
 With Hot Corn heroines, ne'er seen in life?
 Don't Mr. Abbott make that bloody Tartar,
 Napoleon Buonaparte, a Christian martyr?
 If these don't satisfy you?

King.—No, they don't!

Smith.—I'll fight him for the maiden!

Rolff.—No, you won't!

Smith.—Draw lots, shake props, shoot pistols, or petards,
 Or stake her hand upon a hand of cards!

King.—Ho! ha! there's sense in that; you're on a track

That suits us to a T. Who's got a pack?

(They all produce the documents.)

Stay! here's a table—sit upon the edge.

(They sit upon a stone.)

He's done! (Aside.) What shall the game be, Smith?

Smith.—Old Sledge!

(All crowd round anxiously watching the game.)

CHARACTERISTIC CONCERTED PIECE.

Chorus.

Now for a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

The Queen!

A trump!

A better!

The Ten!

That's good for my Jack.

Chorus.

Oh! what a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

A trump!

Another!

That's low!

That's so.

And that's the best card in the pack!

Pocahontas.—Oh! Mr. Hoyle,

All his toil

Prithee spoil.

Chorus.—Give him fts.

Oh! Master, pray

Mind the way

That you play.

Chorus.—Give him fts.

Smith.—I've won the game,
 Upon my life;
 And better still,
 I've won a wife!
 At High, Low, Jack,
 You cannot shine—
 So take the pack,
 The maid is mine.

I'm bound to play all night,
 I'm bound to play all day;
 I'll bet my money on the High, Low, Jack,
 For ever, if thy hand's my pay.

King.—Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge, I'm a sure gone coon,
 I'm dished, and feel exactly like a used-up spoon:
 Though I thought the game to play to another sort of
 tune,
 And beat you too, before you'd say Jack Robinson.

Omnes Coda.—He's won the game, etc.

Smith.—Hurrah! I've won the game!

King.—Well, that's a fact!

Rolff.—Der's sheating round dis board! de gards was backed!
 Boo hoo! I'm zwindled! (Cries.)

King.—Just you stop that blubber,
 Bub, or cut in for an Indian rubber!

(Flourishing club.)

Smith.—I have won fairly, I appeal to you. (To King.)
 And fair one, I have fairly won you, too,
 So let us two make one

Poca.—Papa, you've heard?

King.—It likes me not, but I must keep my word;
 There, take her!—that, I think's the usual thing—
 (Joining their hands patriarchally.)

Now, let your voices round the circle ring,
 Our son-in-law, three cheers, and make them tell!
 Hip, hip, hurrah! (They shout.) Tiger! (They roar.)
 Indian yell! (They scream.)

Smith.—Old King of Clubs, you are a jolly trump,
And don't you be so downcast, you Dutch pump;
All future history will see you righted,
With her, in name alone, I'll be united.

Poca.—How long the union may exist, depends
On the impartial verdict of our friends.

King.—Give your consent, and all dispute will cease,
A citizen's first duty is, to keep the peace.

Smith.—So, pray keep this one, not in bonds too tight,
But suffer it to run through many a night.

GRAND FINALE.—At la Grec.

King.—And now we've done our duty here,
We hope and trust that you'll not fume, or
Fail to give a parting cheer,
But take our bad jokes in good humor—

Tow row, row,
People will you now,
Take our bad jokes in good humor,
Now, now, now.
De Capo Chorus.

Smith.—Good people all; both great and small,
Now, you and your kind friends we want, as
Often as you please to call
On Captain Smith and Pocahontas.
Tow row, row,
Lenity allow,
Captain Smith and Pocahontas,
Now, now, now.

Tableau and Curtain.

The facetious prologue to *Po-ca-hon-tas* gives but an inkling of its purport and merits. It requires a reading to show that it is an extravaganza of no mean order, being ingeniously conceived, wittily composed, and adapted for lively and energetic acting. It is not only a "take off" of a hazy and much overdone incident, but is, in places, a keen satire on the frivolities of later civilization. No modern composition abounds in a greater variety of puns, many of them so subtle as to excite admiration for an art which some are disposed to decry as tiresome when lengthily indulged. The wit of the play never stales, and its "hits" are highly pointed and direct. Its intense pervasion with songs of humor and pathos, added to its opportunities for scenic effects, must have rendered it most interesting to an audience, and strikingly suggestive of the author's intent and ability. It stands preëminent as an illustration of a style of topical structure which yet numbers many admirers, and which, to sustain in a play, requires more than ordinary dramatic genius.

SOLON SHINGLE

A COMEDY

BY

J S. JONES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ROBERT HOWARD, *the People's Lawyer.*

HUGH WINSLOW, *a Merchant.*

OLON SHINGLE, *a Country Teamster*

CHARLES OTIS, *a Clerk.*

JOHN ELLSLEY, *a Clerk.*

TRIPPER, *an Attorney-at-Law.*

JUDGE OF THE COURT.

SHERIFF OF THE COURT.

CLERK OF THE COURT.

THOMPSON, *Police Officer.*

QUIRK, *Police Officer.*

JOHN, *a Porter.*

FOREMAN OF THE JURY.

TIMID, *a Lawyer.*

ELEVEN JURYMEN.

MRS. OTIS.

GRACE OTIS.

COSTUME OF OLON SHINGLE—*Dark
drab old-fashioned surtout with capes;
sheep's gray trousers, lead-colored striped
vest, old-style black stock, cowhide boots,
broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, bald-
headed flaxen wig.*

PRELUDE.

If not one of the famous literary comedies, this homely example of the plays dear to the people of the thirties and forties, and to the leading representatives of the native comedy of the time, is entitled to a place in this work. It enjoyed a long popularity.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A counting-room, opening into a loft, in which are seen barrels, cases, etc.; a desk, table and chairs; a dry goods case.

Charles Otis discovered writing; enter Mr. Tripper.

Mr. Tripper.—Mr. Winslow has not yet returned, Mr. Otis?

Charles Otis.—I have not seen him, sir. He has not been in the counting-room since my return.

Trip.—Is Mr. Ellsley in the store?

Cha.—No, sir, but he soon will be in, sir——

(Continues writing.)

Trip.—Smart young man is that, Ellsley. He will one day be a rich man; I think, however, you are the favorite with Mr. Winslow.

Cha.—I am happy to enjoy the confidence of my employer, and it shall be my constant effort to deserve it.

Trip.—Say to Mr. Winslow that I called, and if he wishes to see me, I shall remain an hour at my lodgings.

Cha.—I will sir.

Exit Tripper, passing John Ellsley, who enters at the same time.

John Ellsley.—Charley, where's the old man?

Cha.—I don't know.

John.—Do you know who that man was that just went out?

Cha.—Mr. Winslow's attorney. He has been complimenting you.

John.—Has he? I'm glad of it—I wish I could raise the wind somewhere; or Lawyer Tripper, or some other lawyer, will be jogging my memory, I'm afraid. I must take the benefit of the act, Charley—how much do you think I spent last week?

Cha.—I cannot guess; I heard you say that you had been extravagant.

John.—A cool hundred—sleigh rides, balls, etc., hot suppers do melt up the cash. But you know nothing about it, you won't go in for a bit of fun.

Cha.—I cannot afford it, you know.

John.—Didn't I offer to stand the blunt? It would not have cost you a red cent.

Cha.—Pleasures that I cannot afford to pay for, I cannot indulge in at the expense of others. John, there is one thing I cannot understand. Tell me, how can clerks with small salaries spend so much money in imitating the habits of men of fortune? You may indulge—your father is rich.

John.—Why, Charley, my boy, it is not the salary the clerk depends upon, so much as his perquisites. They tell the story.

Cha.—Perquisites!

John.—Yes, the self-given privilege of investing the cash balances—helping themselves when they find themselves short; and their employers with something over.

Cha.—Stealing?

John.—Stealing! that's the name of the science of abstraction: even if a fellow is so unlucky as to be found out; men who spend for their own purposes, funds entrusted to their care, are not called thieves, but defaulters—not stealing, Charley, but financiering. Well, how much longer are you

going to stay, working here by candle light? I shall close my books.

Cha.—Mr. Winslow requested me to stay till he returned; as I must be here, I prefer work to idleness.

John.—You are a favorite of the old man's—I think the old man is in love with your pretty sister; if he should marry her, and take you in as a partner, how you would flourish.

Cha.—Don't interrupt me, now.

John.—There's a great ball to-night, and that pretty Miss Blazon is to be there; I am going, and the way I'll take the shine out of some of the boys will be high. I shan't go till nine. Charley, if Mr. Winslow wants me—I wish you'd go, I'll get you a ticket.

Cha.—I cannot go, I have no wish to go.

John.—You need not tell the old man that I am going to a ball. He's too religious to believe in dancing. We clerks know a thing or two; and sometimes hear our master's voices through thin partitions, in places that they don't carry their wives. I mean to publish a book—call it the Clerk's Guide, to show young men from the country how to forget ploughing, planting, sowing, hoeing, mowing. Well, Charley, if you won't go, I will: I shall go out the back way; leave a key for me. I may want to come in the store after the ball is over. I'll have a night of it; good-bye, Charley. (Exit.)

Cha.—A night of it. He knows not my poverty, or he would not have asked me to go to a ball, or wonder at my refusal. Daily, sums of gold and silver pass through my hands, sufficient to purchase splendor and independence. Yet not mine. Nightly do I go to a home, where poverty is ever present, and distress may suddenly come with a temptation to use what is another's. The evil one shall not overcome me, I can bear my privations. I will be honest.

(Goes again to desk.)

Enter Mr. Winslow.

Mr. Winslow.—Are you still here, Charles? Where is Mr. Ellsley?

Cha.—He has just left the store, sir.

Win.—I will not detain you long. I wish to speak to you on a subject of some importance. Has my attorney called?

Cha.—He has, sir.

Win.—Charles, you recollect, I dare say, that some time since Colonel Spencer gave me a check on the Bank of Mobile?

Cha.—I recollect seeing him sign a check, but I thought it was on a bank in the city.

Win.—No, 'twas the bank of Mobile; you remember he spoke of his extensive interest in it.

Cha.—He did speak of a bank, but I still have an impression that the check related to a bank here.

Win.—No doubt you think so, you are wrong—what are you doing now?

Cha.—There's a trifling error in Mr. Ellsley's cash here, I'm trying to trace.

Win.—Never mind that now. This check is of considerable consequence to me; and I assure you it will be greatly to your advantage to remember rightly; for should the matter be made the subject of a legal controversy, I must depend on your knowledge to evidence the facts in the case. Colonel Spencer is dead—I am apprehensive of trouble with his executors—just think again.

Cha.—I am thinking sir, but——

Win.—The thing is undoubtedly coming to your mind as I represent it.

Cha.—My memory is somewhat confused on the subject; but reflection seems only to confirm my first impression.

Win.—'Tis strange. By the way, Charles, your work is hard, I will raise your salary, another hundred dollars. To-morrow, I believe, ends the quarter—take the advance.

Cha.—Sir, I thank you, I will deserve your bounty.

Win.—But, about the check; you will have no objections to tell the good jury of the court, should we have a trial, that you saw Colonel Spencer give me a Mobile check, signed by him: remembering all the time, that in performing this little act of friendship, or I might say duty, you are materially benefitting yourself.

Cha.—I will most cheerfully tell them all I know about it; for I should be glad to convince you of my devotion to your interests. But not for worlds would I testify to a circumstance of the truth of which I'm not positive.

Win.—Of course not—in this case you testify upon my word; should you make a small mistake, the blame be mine. The day may come, Charles, that will see you a partner in my establishment, as a reward for your devotion to my interests. There is profit and honor in connection with the name of Winslow, the merchant; think of it, Charles.

Cha.—I cannot, for my life, sir, speak aught but the truth.

Win.—The truth should not be spoken at all times; my lawyer shall instruct you what to say. He will lead you to the proper answer.

Cha.—You have mistaken my character, sir; a lie is a lie, disguise it as you may. I am young, sir, but have not forgotten the precepts of my father, or the example of my mother.

Win.—Your conscience, young man, is of too tender a kind to aid you in the acquirements of wealth; you are poor—this over-honesty will keep you so.

Cha.—I own, I do feel the pangs of poverty: I have left this place of toil for a home, where no meal was ready to appease the cravings of hunger; a fireless hearth, a mother with her children in tears, were my only welcome home. It was home, the home of honesty; and sooner shall this body be consumed by hunger, sooner shall my tongue be torn out by the roots, than I infringe one little hair's breadth upon the law which says, "thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Enter Robert Howard, in a plain working-dress.

Win.—Then may my curses fall on thee, thou base son of a baser father; and they shall, if my influence over thy destiny is moved by hate. Hence, presume not again to set your foot within my door; the character I will give you shall shut you from all hopes of another situation. You have goaded the lion, and may test his strength.

(Charles, closing his books and preparing to leave.)

Robert Howard.—(Aside.) The lion, no the viper, is disturbed, and he may feel his fangs.

Cha.—Mr. Winslow, I have ever done my duty—good-night, sir—poor mother, poor—sisters. (Aside and exit.)

Win.—Fool! (Sees Howard.) You have listened to my conversation, sir?

How.—Unwillingly, sir, to your harsh reproof to your clerk. I come, sir, on business. Will you give me an immediate answer to that proposition? (Hands paper.) I called this morning—you were out.

Win.—(Reads.) "From the widow of Mr. Worthy." I have but one answer—all that the law compels me to pay is ready. I know my ground. She has no money; I have. The time that must elapse before a judgment can be given against me, with the expenses contingent upon the continuance of the suit, will force her to abandon her claim; you have my answer.

How.—And this is your answer. Do not deceive yourself, Mr. Winslow: the battle is not always for the strong. I am instructed to inform you that the widow's claim will be defended by competent counsel, who will, if necessary, furnish the requisite funds. I speak upon the authority of one who never pleads except where he sees oppression preying upon poverty and innocence.

Win.—I know who you mean: a demagogue, seeking political advancement, basing his ambitious views upon affected generosity and patriotism. The man they style the "People's Lawyer," the people's friend. His services may be bought by my gold. I will retain him myself.

How.—His services cannot be bought, sir. I have performed my duty, and will return your reply; as a humble citizen I may speak my thoughts. Hugh Winslow, do right; though you pile heaps of gold as stumbling blocks in the paths of justice, still will the righteous judgment overtake the evil doer.

Win.—Go, sir; no longer insult me in my own house. I am determined.

How.—To do wrong.

Win.—Fellow, leave the place this instant, or I will throw you from a window to the street.

How.—I have little to fear from your threat; I will spare you the attempt; I shun an affray, sir, but will defend myself from any assault. You shall some day know who I am, and be sorry for this injustice. (Exit.)

Win.—So much for the education of the poor. Here is a common mechanic, bullying a gentleman in college style. I thought Charles Otis had been more pliant to my will: if I cannot have his testimony, I must make sure he's not used against me. His good name is his pride, his honesty his great defense; I must find means to blast this airy fabric; Ellsley has a rich father—he is profligate. I'll try him, and at once.

(Sits at table.)

Enter Solon Shingle.

Solon Shingle.—'Squire Winslow, how do you do? I most broke my shanks on your stairs.

Win.—(Interrupted—aside.) Quite well, sir.

Sol.—I kinder conjured that your shop would be shut up, but I see'd a light through the winder, so I thought I'd come in.

Win.—When did you come to town? (Writing.)

Sol.—I come this morning, bright and early; well, how do matters and things stand with you? considerin'.

(Takes chair.)

Win.—Much as usual, sir. (Still writing and betraying much embarrassment. Solon goes to table and looks over writing.) This is a private affair, Mr. Shingle.

Sol.—Jest so; well, then, you don't keer about my reading on it. If I pester you any, jes say so; I'll take the hint without the kick.

Win.—I'm happy to see you, but I wish you had come a little earlier; if you can, call to-morrow.

Sol.—Call to-morrow—I shall be dreadful busy to-morrow. I'll wait till you get through your pucker. I've got a case in court about a brindle cow, and 'Squire Dingle asked me how I was going to sware, and I told him I should sware like lightning agin him; these are revolutionary times—my father fit in the revolution, that is, he druv a baggage wagon.

Win.—(Aside.) What devil sent him here now?

Sol.—Mr. Winslow, you are the head horse in the temperance team, and as I——

Win.—You have some business with me?

Sol.—Jest so, Mr. Winslow—what's good to cure the mumps?

Win.—Mr. Shingle, I am engaged this evening, on very particular business; I am now going out and shall not return.

Sol.—Jest so, well; my cattle are outside there—there's no danger on 'em, is there?

Win.—I presume not, what have you got to say?

Sol.—I've got a little account agin your society, and I want tu know who foots it?

Win.—Some other time I'll see about it—John, you may close the store, Mr. Otis has gone home. Mr. Shingle, urgent business compels me to leave you—come to-morrow.

(Exit Winslow.)

Sol.—Jest so. (Goes to desk, takes ledger, sits down, puts on spectacles, and with candle in one hand is reading.) Jest so. (Reading.) Cash Dr—Cash Dr, for rhubarb \$2,000—what a dose, Dr Cash. He is a great doctor, he cures every disease.

Enter John, the porter—replaces books—blows out candles, having finished, he comes to Shingle.

Sol.—John, how du you du?

John.—Very well, sir—when you have done with that book, sir, I should like to put it in the case.

Sol.—Jest so, pretty writing, ain't it, now? whose is it?

John.—Mr. Ellsley's, sir.

Sol.—The bogs it is! Old Zack Ellsley's boy, John? His father and I were old cronies, and between you and I, John Ellsley come pretty near being my son instead of Zack's.

John.—Indeed sir, how so?

(John brings chair and sits next to him—Solon rests his leg on John's lap.)

Sol.—How so? Why, Zack and I courted the same gal, Patty Bigelow; and she had Zack instead of me—if she hadn't

gin me the bag, John Ellsley might have been John Shingle; however my Nabby and John are going to get married.

John.—I want to shut up the store and go home.

Sol.—Jest so, well, take the light and see if my team has started.

John.—I can't spare the time, Mr. Shingle.

Enter Ellsley.

Ellsley.—Where's Mr. Otis?

Sol.—Gone home, sir. Mr. Winslow wants to see you at his house immediately.

El.—The devil he is! I shall be too late for the ball, and I have no money, ah! Daddy Shingle, I'm glad to see you—what the devil sent him here?

Sol.—How de do? where's Nabby?

El.—Nabby, yes—she's well. John, go and tell Mr. Winslow that I will come to him directly. I will shut up the store and bring you the key.

John.—Yes, sir—— (Gives him keys and exits.)

El.—What does Winslow want with me to-night? Has he discovered the error in my account? Charles has made a memorandum; I will destroy that. (Goes to desk, finds paper left by Otis, and tears it up, puts the pieces in his pocket, Shingle following him about.) Mr. Shingle, have you got any money?

Sol.—No great amount in value.

El.—I want fifty dollars. The key of the safe is not here. I'll give an order on my father for it.

Sol.—You shall have it, as you are going to marry my darter. (Takes out a very large bladder, inside of which is the bag with bank notes.) Here's the money.

El.—(Has written the order at table.) Thank ye sir. (Hands Shingle the paper, and takes the bills.) This must replace the sum I spent last night. Mr. Shingle, just be kind enough to go into the loft, and bring me a small case you will find there. 'Tis a present for Nabby, a very small case.

Sol.—(Having read the order, etc., lights a candle.) A very small case, John. (Exit.)

El.—What the devil sent that fool here this time of night? I wish he would fall through the scuttle—now for it. (Opens the safe and deposits money.) All safe for this time; now to know what Mr. Winslow wants. (Crash heard.)

Sol.—(Without.) Hullo, Mr. Ellsley! the light's gone out. (Enter.) I can't find no very small case there.

(He is all over lampblack and flour.)

El.—What have you been about?

Sol.—I went to reach upon a shelf, the light went out, my foot slipped, and—

El.—Lampblack and whiting fell upon you.

Sol.—Jest so, but I didn't find the case.

El.—(Aside.) That's not strange, as there is none there. I advise you to take a warm bath. This way—I'll show you the way. (Exit.)

Sol.—Don't be so pesky quick. (Solon goes to desk, and examines it, and finds a revolver; takes it out—looks at it.) What on earth is this? etc., etc. (Reënter Ellsley, slaps him on the shoulder—the pistol goes off. Scene closes quickly.)

SCENE II.

A street. Night.

Enter Robert Howard in a blue cloak, followed by a man.

Robert Howard.—Be sure that Thompson follows the directions I have given; remember that I do not wish it known that I am in the city. (Man exits.) She is indeed a charming girl; I blushed for the unfeeling senseless blocks that treated her thus rudely: however, good may come of it; in my disguise I shall try her affections, though I cannot doubt the purity of her heart, in any situation or under any trial. My friends may deride my low-born bride—but she may decline my offer when 'tis made. If I do get a wife, I am determined it shall be my personal attractions, however slight their value, that shall win her. I'll make the trial.

(Solon outside.)

Sol.—Whoa, there, Buck! go along! whoa, darn your skins, run will you? I'll make you step out. (Enter Solon.)

How.—What's the matter, friend?

Sol.—Them cattle of mine are acting like fried snakes; they ain't used to staying out nights.

How.—Why, Mr. Shingle, is this you?

Sol.—Jest so, Mr. Howard; can you tell me a good tavern tu go tu, and put up the darned critters? I went tu Mr. Winslow, just now, on business, and I left my cattle afore the door, and while I was gone somebody's gal, over the way, begun to play on the pianner, and that got Satan into my team tu look in and see what made the music; and when I come out, I found the cattle all over the sidewalk, trying tu get into the winder.

How.—I am sorry for your trouble; I will show you a good place to put up for the night.

Sol.—I knew you would, I'm always unlucky when I come to the city—I'm on law business, too.

How.—Indeed!

Sol.—Yes; I wonder who is the best lawyer tu go tu, on a cow case? 'Squire Dingle offered to leave it out, if I'd gin him ten dollars—there's my cattle dancing again—they don't know city fashions; whoa! darn ye, Buck.

How.—Come, sir, shall I show you a house for your accommodation? It is late.

Sol.—Jest so; I'm goin into a bath, head and heels; then I'll see you, whoa! there! etc., etc. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

A plain apartmert, table with ornaments, drawings and books. A harp.

Enter Grace, takes off her bonnet and shawl, places them on chair. Enter Mrs. Otis.

Mrs. Otis.—Grace, what detained you so long? I was alarmed; you are weeping!

Grace.—Am I?

14—Part II, Vol. XX.

Mrs. O.—What has happened, Grace?

Grace.—Have the rich no feelings, or do they suppose the poor have no hearts? Mother, my blood hath run as molten lead through my veins.

Mrs. O.—Did you see the lady that advertised for the drawings?

Grace.—I did see the lady. I was shown into a room where were assembled a large party of the lady's friends. My threadbare dress was the mark for their ridicule, and their glasses were leveled at it. I blushed for the things, wearing the forms of men, that could thus cruelly insult a female for her poverty. I shall hate the rich.

Mrs. O.—They are not all alike, my child.

Grace.—I conquered my feelings, and calmly walked to the table to display my drawings. As they passed from hand to hand, the lady asked her daughter what she thought of them. In most contemptuous terms she replied—they looked like my first attempt. My heart was bursting with suppressed emotion, when a voice, in manly tones, replied to her: "Then your first attempts were very beautiful, and I advise your mother to collect them immediately." But for this kind relief I should have fallen on the floor. Mrs. Germain will send what she thinks the pictures worth.

Mrs. O.—Don't weep, Grace. Ought we longer to keep that harp? Our best friends have hinted that so valuable a piece of furniture looks like extravagance in our humble dwelling.

Grace.—Don't ask me to part with that—the only present from my dear father. I wish I knew who the gentleman was that spoke for me at Mrs. Germain's; I owe him double thanks.

Mrs. O.—Did you not see him?

Grace.—I did not——

Enter Charles Otis, pale and dejected.

Mrs. O.—Are you ill, Charles?

Charles Otis.—No, mother, I am well. I have been strangely tempted to be dishonest, and rich.

Mrs. O.—And you resisted?

Cha.—I did, mother—I did resist—but heaven knows it may be the ruin of us all. Mr. Winslow has discharged me from his service.

Mrs. O.—Discharged you? for what?

Cha.—Because I would not lie.

Mrs. O.—You have done well.

Cha.—Mother, was my father an honest man?

Mrs. O.—Who doubts it?

Cha.—Mr. Winslow, in his rage at my refusal to do his wicked will, called me the base son of a baser father. 'Twas in my mind to kill him for the word, but I forbore.

Mrs. O.—He uttered a falsehood, Charles. Your father's inflexible honesty was a bar to his specious plans for wealth.

Grace.—(Who has been at the harp.) Mother, we must sell the harp.

Mrs. O.—Grace, Charles has had no supper. Be composed; the storm of diversity is gathering over our heads, 'tis true, but there is a power above that can dispel the clouds, and make all sunshine and brightness. (Both exit.)

Cha.—(A knock heard at door.) Come in. (Enter Ellsley.) John, is that you?

Ellsley.—Yes; I have just heard that we are to lose you; I was going to the ball, but as soon as I heard of your quarrel with Winslow, I hastened to see you.

Cha.—Quarrel—we had no quarrel.

El.—'Tis the same thing. I'm sorry to lose your society. Mr. Winslow will be sorry, too, before long—and that reminds me of a secret I want you to help me keep.

Cha.—I don't like secrets; they are apt to make mischief.

El.—Not if they are well kept; this will hurt nobody; now promise not to reveal what I am going to tell you.

Cha.—I do.

El.—Then here. (Taking out watch and chain.) Here is the eye-tooth of our hard-hearted master.

Cha.—Why, John, it cannot be possible that you have really practiced—

El.—Hocus-pocus, you mean? agrimento, presto, cockorum, change, as the jugglers say; nothing truer—master by this time has missed his timekeeper. He will suspect me, and I want you to keep it till the fuss is over, then you shall have half its worth.

Cha.—Not for the world! take it back, John, to Mr. Winslow—confess your fault. He will forgive you. I will not receive it.

El.—Do you think that I am an idiot; take this back and ask forgiveness of a man whose creed is revenge? No, if you refuse, I must take my chance. He has wronged you, and if you have any spirit, you would set fire to his store, or in some way make him feel your revenge.

Cha.—If you ever mention such things to me again, we cease to be friends.

El.—I did this thing for you; at any rate, you will not betray me.

Cha.—I have given my word, and you must return the property.

El.—I will; what way shall I return it and save myself a mortifying acknowledgment?

Cha.—Write a confession. I would.

El.—Do it for me, Charles, will you?

Cha.—I will, with pleasure. (Sits down at the table and writes, Ellsley, looking over him, slipping the watch and chain into Charles' pocket.)

El.—This will make all right, Charles; I am sorry I entered into the business; but as I have begun I must finish.

Cha.—There, John, that is enough.

El.—Nothing could be better, keep it for me until the morning; I am going to the ball; in the dance I might drop it; mind, Charles, you let no person see it.

Cha.—It shall be sacred. (Takes the paper, folds it, and puts it into his pocket.)

El.—Thank you, Charles; good-night; I am sorry you can't come to the ball.

Cha.—Good-night, John.

(Exit Ellsley.)

Enter Grace.

Grace.—Charles, your supper is ready; 'tis not an inviting meal.

Enter Mrs. Otis.

Mrs. Otis.—Charles, what did John Ellsley want with you? I never liked that young man.

Cha.—A friendly injunction of secrecy is imposed upon me. Grace, I have no appetite for food. (A knock at the door.) Come in.

Enter Howard, as a workman.

Howard.—Mrs. Otis, I have a note from Mrs. Germain to your daughter.

Mrs. O.—(Taking it.) Grace, read it.

Grace.—(Opens and reads; Howard observing Charles at table.) "Mrs. Germain begs Miss Otis to accept the enclosed bank note; upon a second examination of her drawings, she is pleased to say, she discovered their beauties, and will feel obliged if Miss Otis will permit her to select from her collection still undisposed of."

Mrs. O.—Well, Grace, that is kind after all.

Grace.—Will you say to Mrs. Germain, I am gratified for her notice and kind enclosure.

How.—I will do so, Miss Otis, in your own words.

Grace.—That voice—'tis he that saved me, mother—can it be? Sir, accept my thanks for your timely assistance this evening. I should have acknowledged the obligation at the door, but my escape and the circumstances embarrassed me.

How.—I am repaid, Miss Otis, and regret the cause that needed a manly arm to protect, in the street of a city, a helpless woman from insult. I am most proud that from me the succor came.

Cha.—What insult was this?

How.—A drunken brawler, that annoyed your sister on her return from Mrs. Germain's. 'Twas my fortune to be near, and it required a blow to convince him that he was a brute.

Cha.—Sir, I thank you for my sister; though we are strangers, I trust I may know you better.

Grace.—'Tis the voice of the gentleman—Sir—do you know—I mean—seen—Mrs. Germain!

Mrs. O.—But for your appearance, my daughter had thought she met you at Mrs. Germain's.

How.—Appearance! I am what I appear; a mechanic! I have learned my trade. I have in this capacity served Mrs. Germain, and shall be glad to work for your family. Still I lose not, I trust, my right to the title of a gentleman, because my hands are hardened by labor.

Mrs. O.—She is in error—you speak not like a mechanic—one bred to toil; but have more the manner of one that has studied in the halls of science.

How.—What should hinder the son of toil, when genius stimulates, from acquiring the highest fund of knowledge that science gives. Our country is a free one, and education flows from the public fountain for all who thirst for its refreshing streams. Good-night. (Is going—a loud knock.) Shall I open the door?

Mrs. O.—If you please. (Howard opens the door.)

Enter Thompson and Quirk.

Thompson.—Which is Charles Otis?

Cha.—I am the person.

Tho.—Then, sir, you are my prisoner.

Cha.—Prisoner?

Tho.—Yes, sir; to execute our duty, we must search your person.

Cha.—Stand off, would you treat me as a thief?

Tho.—A charge of theft is alleged against you.

How.—Young man, offer no resistance to the officers in the discharge of their duty.

Cha.—I have a paper entrusted to my care which they must not see.

How.—Give it to me.

Grace and Mrs. O.—Charles, what does this mean?

(Quirk takes the watch from the pocket of Charles.)

Tho.—The property described in the warrant is here.

(Shows watch.)

Cha.—I am innocent.

Grace.—How comes the watch in your possession?

Cha.—I know not what this means.

Tho.—Sir, I demand to see that paper.

How.—Is that your brother's writing?

Grace.—It is. Charles, explain this.

(Howard, after reading, hands paper to Thompson.)

Mrs. O.—Charles Otis, am I the mother of a thief? Have I endured the stings of want, to rear a felon! speak—if you are guilty, may you fall dead at my feet!

Cha.—Mother, I am not guilty.

Mrs. O.—I believe you.

How.—So do I.

Enter Winslow.

Winslow.—I do not. (Thompson hands paper to Winslow.) Why is not that thief in prison? Madam, he is like his father. By death he escaped my vengeance; so shall not the son.

Cha.—Speak of me as you will; assail not the good name of my father. I am innocent.

Win.—A jury's verdict will satisfy me better than your words—away with him.

How.—Go not too far, Mr. Winslow.

Win.—What I do here is no concern of yours.

How.—I may choose to make it so.

Win.—To prison with him. A virtuous family is here.

Cha.—Slandereous villain! (Grace and Mrs. Otis holding him.) Hold me not—

(Charles seizes a chair and is in the act of striking Winslow when Howard interferes.)

Tableau.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Same as last scene of Act I, without the harp. Grace discovered; in her hands an open letter, which she is reading.

Enter Mrs. Otis.

Grace.—So soon returned, mother?

Mrs. Otis.—Yes, child. I have seen Charles. The lawyer gives me but little hope, circumstances are so strong against him, and Mr. Winslow urges the trial.

Grace.—Who purchased the harp?

Mrs. O.—A stranger. I saw Robert. He assures me that Charles will be acquitted.

Grace.—Then there is hope. Should Robert call in my absence, I will soon return. (As Grace is going.)

Enter Winslow.

Winslow.—Do not leave the room, Miss Otis, I have something to say which I wish you to hear.

Grace.—Excuse me, sir.

Win.—I may be of service to you. (Grace turning away.) Madam, in my zeal to bring the guilty to punishment, I may have gone too far. If you wish your son's release, it may be well to listen.

Mrs. O.—Well, sir, be seated; we may listen. (All seated.)

Win.—It is needless for me to allude to the peril which Charles is now in, or for me to mention your praiseworthy efforts in his defense. I have heard that you have disposed of part of your furniture to enable you to retain the services of a lawyer.

Grace.—Sir, you will spare our feelings by confining your conversation to that which we do not know so well. My mother has reproved you; she is unable to bear calmly our mortifying and painful situation.

Win.—I came in friendship, I wish not to wound your feelings; you deem me, I know not why, your enemy—why is this so?

Grace.—Go to my brother's cell; ask that innocent boy, torn from home, confined with thieves, ruffians and murderers, hardened in crime, and amid the clank of chains—listen to his answer.

Win.—I can save him from the verdict which will for years doom him to the horrors of a prison. I alone can save him; there is a way. I can point that way.

Mrs. O.—Save my child, and buried be all former wrongs, forgotten present feelings.

Grace.—Save my brother and heaven will reward you.

Win.—I look for the reward here.

Grace.—The means of his deliverance, sir? do not deceive us, the means?

Win.—I am the prosecutor—with my concurrence there are many ways a principal witness may be absent; I will not appear against him.

Mrs. O.—This is evading justice and may fail.

Win.—Let him be convicted and appeal to another tribunal; I will assert my belief that he is not guilty, and be myself his bail; then send him in one of my vessels on a foreign voyage, to convince the world I believe him honest and shield him from punishment.

Grace.—I am ignorant of the forms of law, but the principles of justice are deeply rooted here. I do not approve of your proposed means. Flight implies guilt. His good name is tarnished, mother; his country's verdict can alone wash clean the stain.

Win.—So shall it be; your scruples are those of virtue, and they please me. I know he is innocent. I would have it appear so.

Mrs. O.—With the feelings of a mother strong within me, I would welcome any means that gives Charles his liberty.

Grace.—I must go to him and comfort him in his affliction.

Win.—Stay, Miss Otis, if we both construe alike our thoughts, I may share your distresses and relieve them; again I tender you my hand, which if you take, you take my wealth, and your brother's safety.

Grace.—I must decline the hand; I could not accept it if my life depended upon the act; there are reasons which render it impossible.

Win.—Reasons! Madam, advise your daughter; you know her; you know me; much depends upon her answer.

Mrs. O.—Her acts are free. I cannot bias her in such a choice.

Grace.—Mr. Winslow, I once before answered such a question. I am now betrothed to——

Win.—Do I understand that you now reject me?

Mrs. O.—Not so harshly, sir. Grace.

Win.—The form of words affects not me; if you do reject me, your brother is a convicted thief ere the sun sets. Will your new lover marry the sister of a sentenced felon—who is he? answer me.

Enter Howard.

Howard.—He is here, sir, and will answer for himself.

Win.—Indeed! a powerful rival! A poor mechanic dares to thwart the wishes of a merchant! Have a care, sir, or I will prove you an accomplice in crime, with the one whose cause you espouse!

How.—Sir, I know you—the difference of our positions in society gives me no cause of fear.

Win.—Miss Otis, I congratulate you on your proposed alliance with this vagabond——

How.—Vagabond, sir—(smiling.)

Win.—Vagabond, yes, I repeat the word—who are you? Marry him, Lady Otis. He is your brother's friend—the champion of a thief; himself no better.

Mrs. O.—You are a brave man, sir, thus to inflict abuse upon two helpless women. I envy you not the delicacy of feeling you possess.

Win.—There is a defender of the virtue of the name of Otis; let him redress your grievances. Why does he not answer for himself and you?

How.—I make no hasty answers to angry men's words of passion; my answer will come, and like the thunder of heaven

it shall silence your voice of impotence—my tongue in this presence shall not speak your proper name.

Win.—Beware how you glance at my character; speak, if you dare, aught against me.

Grace.—For heaven's sake, Robert, let him not anger you.

Win.—Spiritless hind! even the weapon of speech he dare no longer use. How dare you, sir, hint aught against me?

How.—Go on, sir.

Win.—Retreat, sir, or with a blow I'll chastise you.

How.—Vent your rage in words, and I will hear it; raise your arm to strike, and in mine own defense I stand; beware the consequences; no child's strength is here.

Grace.—Robert—Mr. Howard!

Win.—A word with you. Here are the weapons gentlemen use, even in encounters with those beneath them. (Producing pistols.) To chastise you, I will raise you to my level. I talk not of vulgar blows.

Mrs. O.—This is my house. Commit no murder here.

Win.—If the ladies will withdraw, I will settle with the coward.

How.—Coward! Do not hold my hand, madam! Stand from before him! I have listened to his insulting language; but for your presence, I had shown him that he was but man, and I his equal; leave us; he dare not die in any cause. I promise that no blood shall be spilled.

Grace.—You promise that?

How.—I do.

Mrs. O.—Robert, be not rash.

Grace.—He has promised, mother; come.

(*Exeunt Grace and Mrs. Otis.*)

How.—We are alone, sir. The right of choice, by the barbarous code which govern men in their misnamed honorable meetings, is mine. If in this act I engage, I break my country's law and heaven's. You say I have wronged you; I will give you satisfaction; give me a weapon. (Winslow gives him a pistol.) Now, sir, prove your manly spirit; give me your

hand; we are strangers; now, breast to breast, I fight you, thus: fire, if you dare; I give you the word—fire!

Win.—Hold; this is murder.

How.—Indeed! Give me your weapon, and talk of courage and honor elsewhere. I ask from you no degrading apology; you must respect me. I ask no more from friend or foe.

Win.—I will take early opportunity to convince you, sir, what I dare do. I will have revenge for this.

(*Aside, and exit.*)

How.—'Tis well. I know the limits of his power.

Mrs. Otis and Grace reënter.

Grace.—I am glad he is gone.

Mrs. Otis.—I hope you have made no rash promises to meet this man.

How.—Fear not; he will no more offend you by his presence here.

Grace.—Mr. Howard, we thank you.

How.—Grace, dearest Grace, call me Robert, still; you have not known me long, 'tis true; I trust his offer has not made mine, humble as it is, of less value.

Grace.—Robert, your prospects in life may be blasted by a union with the sister of a felon.

How.—Dearest Grace, let our marriage depend upon Charles' acquittal, and the measures I have taken will not be in vain.

Grace.—Prove my brother's innocence, and I am yours.

How.—I will do so. You will pardon me for inquiring too closely into your affairs. Charles has told me his story; it shall be used to his advantage. This must be your home no longer. Take this letter, Grace, to the house with the Grecian portico—that which pleased you so well in our walk last Sunday—wait till the owner arrives; he will serve you and Charles. He has heard of your misfortunes, and would see you. When the trial is over I will bring you tidings of the result. Let no anxiety tempt you into the court house; the

forms of a criminal trial are too harsh for a sensitive mind—much less a mother's or a sister's, when a brother is arraigned.

Grace.—I hope all will go well. But for your persuasion I would have found the people's lawyer and begged him to act in Charles' cause; you know Mr. Winslow has threatened that he shall be against him at the trial.

How.—I am sure he will not. Fear not. Our laws are just, our judges honest men, our jurors are our equals. The right will prevail. 'Tis near the hour; in our next meeting, Grace, I shall claim you for my wife. Mother—let me call you so—be of good heart. (Exit Mrs. Otis and Grace.) Now, Hugh Winslow, beware! The snare your subtle thought set for the innocent shall close upon the guilty one. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A street, with signs of attorneys, etc., represented as Court street, in Boston. Enter Solon Shingle, with an old plaid cloak and umbrella.

Solon.—I wish I could catch the plaguey critter that stole my apple sarse. Where bouts am I? (Reading signs.) I'm among the law shops—jest the right place to find rogues. I wonder where the court house is. By Jove, I'll let folks know I fout in the revolution. (Goes up and talks to a man that is passing.)

Enter Winslow.

Winslow.—Just as I expected. The forgery is detected—the draft returned, and it will be traced to me; and from the obstinacy of this boy I may be ruined; I must hasten his conviction. (The man leaves Solon laughing, and exits.)

Sol.—Jest so. (Laughs; sees Winslow.) Ah, Mr. Winslow, how dey do? By Cain, I got lost this morning, or I should have been in to see you.

Win.—(Aside.) I wish, with all my heart, you had never been found.

Sol.—That ain't all; I've lost my apple sarse out of the tail end of my waggin; it is such a prime lot, tu; as good as that I sold tu the chap from the Southard, and in your store.

Win.—Man from the Southard—I remember—do you know what we were talking about that day, Mr. Shingle?

Sol.—Yes, about the revolution; how the fellers had to eat off the head of a barrel, without knives or forks. Mr. Winslow, are you a judge of clothes? I bought this coat at a *van-due*, and this umbrella—what is it worth, cash down?

Win.—I don't know, indeed. Do you think you could tell the story in court, if I wished it, about the check Colonel Spencer gave me that day?

Sol.—The day I sold him the apple sarse?—guess I could; your clerk was there—he could tell better than me. I was figuring out how much caliker it would take tu make my Nabby a fashionable gown. But, I say, they du tell me that your clerk was a rogue.

Win.—To-day his trial comes on; after 'tis over, come and see me. I should like to talk the matter over about Colonel Spencer.

Sol.—How he laughed when I told him about the battle of Bunker Hill!

(Bell rings.)

Win.—You had better come into court; I'll be there.

(Exit Winslow.)

Sol.—Jest so, thank you; tell the judge I'll be there. Whenever I hear that bell I always consate there is trouble brewing. Whenever I do go to court, I'm sure tu make some alfred mistake or other; once I drove right straight into the prisoner's stall; they told me tu stand up, and I did; they asked me if I had anything tu say; says I, "No;" and while they were trying me, the real rogue got off. But if this Otis boy stole the watch, he might have stole my apple sarse. I'll go in, and if there's any bearin' on the case, I'll speak. I don't like to make a speech among these law chaps. They work a feller up so he don't know his head from his heels; I shall have law enough, I s'pose; for that John Ellsley won't marry my Nabby; I considered her as good as married, and now her markit's spoiled; my darter and the apple sarse may make work for the lawyers yet—jest so.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

Court house; the Judge discovered on the bench; before him the Clerk, jury sitting, lawyers, Charles Otis in prisoner's box, Sheriff in his place, Ellsley, Thompson; Quirk on a seat near witness stand. Winslow enters and sits near Ellsley as scene changes. The Clerk is standing reading the indictment; the prisoner is also standing.

Clerk.—(Finishing indictment.) What say you, Charles Otis—guilty or not guilty?

Charles.—Not guilty.

Trippler.—(Rises.) May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury, in this case, Commonwealth versus Charles Otis, for stealing a watch and chain, the property of Hugh Winslow, we shall occupy but little of your time. The evidence offered will be found so conclusive that I shall probably not find it necessary to detain you with any argument. I shall proceed at once to the examination of the witnesses. The witnesses in this case please come forward.

Clerk.—Hugh Winslow, Peter Thompson, John Quirk, John Ellsley.

Enter Solon Shingle. He goes to table quietly, and shoves them all aside, lays down hat and whip, and offers to lay down umbrella; is prevented by officers.

Solon.—I've got in, by Cain.

Clerk.—Are you concerned in this case?

Sol.—Well, I s'pose it's likely I am, or I ought to be.

Clerk.—Your name, sir?

Sol.—Solon Shingle.

Clerk.—Solon Shingle?

Sol.—Jest so.

(Business.)

Clerk.—Hold up your right hands. (They do.) You solemnly swear, etc. (All are sworn.)

Trip.—Mr. Winslow, will you take the stand, sir? (He does so.) You have had your watch stolen?

Winslow.—I have, sir.

Trip.—Is the watch in court? (An officer hands the watch to him.) Is that your watch?

Win.—It is, sir.

Trip.—That is all for the present, Mr. Winslow. Mr. Thompson, take the stand, if you please. (He does so.) You arrested the prisoner?

Thompson.—I did.

Trip.—State to court, if you please, what you know.

Tho.—I had a warrant for the arrest of the prisoner—I found him at his house. When I made known my business he was agitated and denied the charge. I proposed to search him—he resisted.

(Solon by this time has fallen asleep, and snores occasionally.)

Trip.—He resisted—well?

Tho.—We searched him, and upon his person found the lost property.

Trip.—This is the watch you found in the pocket of the prisoner?

Tho.—It is, sir.

(Solon snores.)

Trip.—Very well. Mr. Quirk, take the stand.

Quirk.—(Takes the stand.) I went with Mr. Thompson. We found the watch and a paper, which he first gave to a young man who was there.

Trip.—Did he refuse to give you that paper?

Quirk.—He did, sir.

Trip.—Very well, sir; stand down.

Timid.—I should like to ask the witness the nature of that paper, and—that is if——

Trip.—In time, sir; I will produce it soon enough for your client's good.

Tim.—The paper having been mentioned, I should like to know what it has to do with the case.

Trip.—I will not produce it now. I know my duty, and shall perform it. Next witness.

(Winslow and Tripper are in conversation. Shingle being next in order, an officer awakens him, and he goes to the stand.)

Sol.—Jest so.

Trip.—Ah, Mr. Shingle, what do you know of this affair?

Sol.—Well, sir, I can't say; you know there's no telling who's governor till arter 'lection. So I guess.

Trip.—Mr. Shingle, I think I had the pleasure of examining you once before in a case.

Sol.—Yes, and you didn't get much ahead on me, did you?

Trip.—This time you may tell what you know in your own way.

Sol.—Jest so. But I don't tell all I know for nothing—as I said in the last war, for my father fit in the revolution.

Trip.—Never mind that, sir; an article has been stolen, as you are aware; now confine yourself to this fact.

Sol.—Jest so. I was in Mr. Winslow's the other night. I left my team in the street—two yoke o' cattle and a horse.

Trip.—Why tell us of that? Let your team go.

Sol.—That's what I'm coming to—my team did go, for I couldn't bring 'em up into the shop; so I was talking to Mr. Ellsley, there, about matters and things—my Nabby's getting married and so on, and how things worked. 'Squire, I wish you'd hand me a pen, there, tu pick my tooth. I eat three cents' worth of clams afore I came into court, and really believe there's a clam atween my eye-tooth and t'other one next tu it.

Judge.—Mr. Shingle, this has nothing to do with the case.

Sol.—Well, I didn't say it had, 'squire.

Trip.—Just confine yourself to the facts in the premises, if you please, Mr. Shingle.

Sol.—Well, I don't exactly understand what you mean by premises.

Trip.—Why, sir, I thought every fool knew as much as that.

Sol.—Jest so; well, as I come out of the store, I knew that my cattle would naturally look tu me, so I took off the chain.

Jud.—The watch chain, Mr. Shingle?

Sol.—No, 'squire, the back chain.

Trip.—The back chain? What's that?

Sol.—Why, I thought every fool knew what a back chain was. I had him there, 'squire, by Cain!

Jud.—Mr. Shingle, the loss of the article is proved without your evidence. 'Twas found in the prisoner's pocket—as you doubtless heard.

Sol.—In his pocket?

Jud.—So said the witness.

Sol.—Then his pocket must have been as big as a hog-pen, to hold my barrel of apple sarse.

Jud.—'Tis a watch that has been stolen.

Sol.—A watch! Then I must have been asleep while you have been goin'. I know nothing about any watch.

Jud.—Then you know nothing about this case, it appears. There is some mistake, Mr. Tripper.

Trip.—So it appears. Mr. Shingle, how came you here?

Sol.—Well, I come to see about my apple sarse; but either the clams that I eat, or a little rum toddy that I took arterwards, made me sleepy.

Jud.—You may stand down, Mr. Shingle, for the present.

Sol.—Jest so; you've swar'd me, then, for nothing. However, I'm ready for the next time. (Stands down.)

Trip.—John Ellsley! Mr. Ellsley, please to take the stand. You have been sworn, sir?

Ellsley.—I have, sir.

Trip.—You are a clerk in the employ of Mr. Winslow?

El.—I am, sir.

Trip.—You have been intimate with the prisoner?

El.—Prisoner! I—you mean—yes, sir.

Trip.—Give us, if you please, a history of your knowledge of this affair.

Cha.—John Ellsley, tell the truth.

Jud.—Silence, prisoner! Go on, Mr. Ellsley.

El.—On the morning that Charles was discharged, I called on him at his house. He said he had a secret he wished me to keep. I declined; he then offered me a watch and chain, which I knew to be the property of our master. He told me he had taken it, and offered to give me half if I would keep it for him, which I refused.

Trip.—Did you not advise him to return it?

El.—I did. He promised to do so, and wrote a confession.

Trip.—Which I will now read. (Reads.) "To my wronged master: Tempted by circumstances, which I will hereafter explain, I took from you your watch and chain. Conscience will not let me keep the ill-gotten bauble, and penitently I implore you to receive it and forgive the commission of the crime."

Tim.—Let me see the paper! It is not signed, or proved to have been written by my client.

Trip.—'Twas found in his possession—we will soon settle that. Mr. Ellsley, is that the handwriting of the prisoner?

El.—It is, sir; I saw him write it.

Cha.—I did write the confession; I do not deny it.

Tim.—Do not speak, sir—admit nothing.

Trip.—Mr. Ellsley, you may stand down. I shall rest the case here, without remark. Mr. Timid, any question you may wish to propose, I am ready to hear.

Tim.—May it please the court, the case appears circumstantially to be this: I mean to say, that if evidence of good character can avail, I can fill this court-room with such testimony.

Enter Robert Howard, and comes forward, speaks to Charles and shakes his hand. Goes to Timid and whispers.

I am not exactly prepared, but I do not doubt that if a little delay—

Trip.—Certainly, sir—by all means.

Howard.—I thank you, sir. May it please your honor, I have listened to some of the evidence in this case, as well as the remarks of the learned gentleman for the government. I am here to speak in defense of that innocent young man.

Turn pale to think on.

Trip.—This is unfair, sir. I appeal to the court if this interference is not improper.

How.—I shall be pleased to meet any fair argument against my appearance here as counsel for that young man, the victim, in my opinion, of a base conspiracy, which I think I shall be able to prove, unless my right to practise in this court be denied me.

Jud.—Go on, Mr. Howard. There can be no good excuse for objection.

Sol.—Why, that's the people's lawyer! Things will turn, I reckon. Mr. Howard, I've lost a barrel of apple sarse.

Sheriff.—Silence in the court!

Sol.—Jest so.

(Sits down.)

How.—John Ellsley, take the stand again. (He does so with evident unwillingness.) Though the law may sometimes shield a villain with its broad hand of power, in honest hands 'tis an engine the evil-doer dreads. John Ellsley, you are under oath—a solemn oath—and upon the words spoken by you, under the penalty of broken oaths, rests the fate of one who was your companion—your friend. I charge you, sir, with uttering what is untrue, and advise you to recall the dark deed which you have here committed.

Trip.—Is this browbeating a witness, this sermonizing, to be allowed, sir?

How.—Speak not, sir! By courtesy, by right, the witness is mine. I will use him till he speaks the truth. Look at me, sir! Knowest thou not that the eye of the Eternal Judge is on you? that he has this day, with his pen of fire, written perjury against thy soul? (Winslow and Tripper in anxious conversation; Ellsley attempts to do as Winslow directs.)

How.—Look not there. If you dare not meet my eye, look at your victim. Tell me how you will feel to see his youthful form wasting away in the walls of a State prison, his friends weeping over him as one dead—worse than dead—disgraced—and by thy false words. John Ellsley, ere it be too late, confess.

El.—I will confess the truth. All I have uttered is false. I placed the watch in his pocket; for me he wrote the confes-

sion. I would have ruined my friend for paltry money. Mr. Winslow knew it all.

Winslow.—'Tis false. I knew nothing of it.

How.—Hugh Winslow, silence! A day of judgment will come for you. I claim a verdict of acquittal for Charles Otis.

Jud.—If Mr. Ellsley retracts his evidence, the action cannot be sustained. Gentlemen of the jury, the case is for your decision. (The jury consult; Winslow is about leaving the court.)

How.—Mr. Winslow, remain! I have procured an indictment against you for forgery.

Win.—Sir, do you mean to insult me?

Jud.—Silence!

Foreman of the Jury.—We have agreed.

Clerk.—What say you?

Foreman.—Not guilty. (Charles comes from box.)

How.—(Takes his hand.) Officer, your duty. (Winslow is arrested.)

Sol.—Right side up. Jest so.

(Mr. Winslow in custody of two officers; animated tableau.)

SCENE IV.

A street. A crowd of people pass over the stage as from a trial; with them, Solon Shingle. When all are gone, Solon speaks.

Solon.—Well, now, who would have once thought of sich a thing? It's jest the way some fellows' mouths are j'inted; they will strain 'em out of j'int not to swaller a mouse or a grasshopper, and slide down an ox waggin or a breaking-up plow, so tu speak. Well, my gal's lucky that she didn't marry that John, arter all; and as for myself, if ever anybody catches me inside of a court house agin, I'll agree to be proved non pompus—and that means a tarnal fool, according to law books. Yes, jest so.

Enter Howard.

Howard.—Ah, my friend, you will find your daughter at my house. I thank you for your assistance. I am now in haste. The widow Worthy shall have her rights. (Exit.)

Sol.—Well, 'squire, that's first rate for the widow; but look here— Off again. Odd critter, that lawyer; so was his father—jest as odd as three oxen; he fit in the revolution, tu. Well, it's no use my travellin' round all day. These city folks will skin me out of my old plaid cloak that I bought ten years ago; hat, boots and trousers, tu, far as I know. I've been here long enough. I'll follow arter the 'squire, find my Nabby, buy a load of groceries, and get home as quick as my team will go it. When I'm in this 'ere Boston I get so bewildered I don't know a string of sausages from a cord of wood. Jest so. (Exit.)

SCENE V.

A splendid drawing-room; pictures and the harp.

Enter Mrs. Otis and Grace.

Mrs. Otis.—'Tis indeed a splendid mansion. Its beauties are dimmed by the thoughts of the news we may hear.

*

Enter Howard.

Howard.—Have I kept you waiting, Grace? Charles has returned, has he not? He left the court house with me.

Mrs. O.—He has.

How.—Mrs. Otis, request your son's attendance here.

Mrs. O.—I will seek him. (Exit.)

Grace.—Robert, this place is a perfect paradise—what does it mean? How may one in your situation be intimate with the owner of such a mansion; and there is my harp. What does this mean?

How.—It means, my dearest Grace, that you are to be henceforth the mistress of this place that you think a paradise. I purchased the harp for you, knowing how you valued it. Grace, a clergyman is in attendance, with a few friends;

that harp is the first present from your husband; this place is mine; I am rich.

Enter Charles and Mrs. Otis.

Charles.—Mother, there stands my deliverer—Robert Howard, the people's lawyer.

Grace.—Is this so, Robert?

How.—It is. I first saw you at Mrs. Germain's; your appearance interested me; your character, upon inquiry, pleased me; I determined that my riches should have no weight in the lady's choice selected to be my wife—hence my disguise.

Grace.—Then you are not a mechanic?

How.—I am. My father, though wealthy, was governed by caprice, and insisted on my learning a mechanical trade, besides educating me for his own profession, that of the bar, which I have practised with success. In my character of a workingman I became acquainted with the misdoings of Charles' master, which enabled me, as his attorney, to prove your brother's innocence.

Cha.—For which, sir, accept my gratitude.

How.—Let it be considered a family matter, now. I shall aid you in your future plans.

Enter Solon.

Solon.—Mr. Howard, that plaster you put on to my friend Winslow is likely to stick, and now he's gone to jail.

How.—He will meet his just reward; his ill-gotten gains will scarcely shield him from the punishment due to fraud; he is accused of forgery.

Sol.—Jest so. Mr. Howard, is this the gal you are going to marry?

How.—Yes, sir—a friend of my father's.

Grace.—Your friends must be mine—I'm glad to see you.

Sol.—My name's Shingle; I knowed your father, Miss Otis. Otis is a good name—but you change it for a good one, tew. My darter Nabby—well, I guess I will not talk about her. I'll stay to the wedding and take a bit of cake home to my old

woman and drink a glass of wine with you—and wish you good luck, and a dozen boys, if you want 'em—Mrs. Otis, you mustn't mind my talking; you might as well try to back a heavy load up hill as stop my thoughts coming right out in homely words.

Mrs. O.—We doubt not your meaning is good.

How.—Grace, this is your home; do with all as you please; and, I trust more delicately than I can, you will explain my good intentions to your friends.

Grace.—Few words will suffice; for one who has for others pleaded so well, I plead. I am interested in the result. For my sake, if not for his own, I trust that in the court you will admit to full practice—the people's lawyer.

The End.

THE 'FORTY-NINERS
A DRAMA OF THE GOLD MINES
BY
T. W. HANSHEW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICHARD DELMAYNE, *a Mystery.*
HAWLEY BRIGGS, *a Miner.*
MARY ANN O'FLAM, *an Old Craythur.*
ANANIAS BUDGE, *a Bumner.*
JOE WISTON, *a 'Forty-niner.*
GASPARD LEROY, *the Gold-mine King.*
CRAVEN LEROY, *his Half-brother.*
WUN LUNG, *the Heathen Chinee.*
CARMION GATH, *Parson at the Peaks.*
MATT MATHERS, *a 'Forty-niner.*
CLIFF CUSHARD, *a 'Forty-niner.*
ALECK PETERS, *a 'Forty-niner.*
BIG LIB, *a Sluice Robber.*
KATE DELMAYNE, *the Wanderer.*
MARGARET GATH, *called by the miners "Meg
the Suulight."*
MOLLIE MAGLONE, *Chambermaid at Leroy Dale.*
JESSIE LEROY, *the Spoiled Child.*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—June 5, 1853. *Sunlight cañon—dawn. The living and the dead.*
ACT II.—June 5, 1853. *The cabin on the Peaks—night. The broken
home.*
ACT III.—August 10, 1856. *The parlors of Leroy Dale—evening.
Deserted.*
ACT IV.—December 24, 1856. *Dead Man's Gulch, in the heart of the
Sierras—midnight. The murder in the snow.*
ACT V.—June 5, 1857. *The Silver Sand Ravine—sunset. Light at last.*

PRELUDE.

This play is included in the present work for its sociological more than its dramatic or literary interest. It is a picture of one phase of a memorable epoch in the development of the country, and of the kind of entertainment most favored by the actors in this particular field of the great national drama of pioneer life.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sunlight Cañon. Dawn. Bridge crossing a waterfall masked in by rocks. A cottage, masked in by rocks. Miners below shovelling up dirt. Lights medium at rise of curtain, growing brighter with the day, and fading gradually as the storm comes up.

The Miners discovered working at the diggings.

Opening Chorus.

To the west, to the west,
To the land of the free—
To the new El Dorado
That crowns liberty;
Where a man is a man
If he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather
The fruits of the soil.

Mat.—Ah, gold, gold! What a power thou art, to woo us from the peace of home, the arms of wives, or——

Clif.—Or the kisses of sweethearts, eh, comrade? A fickle jade is fortune, but 'tis sweet to see her great golden eyes peeping up from the dark embrace of the earth—sweeter than the lips we love or the smile of Sunlight herself. She has no use for sluggards; and what wonder, then, there are rich and poor here in the heart of the great Sierras, as in the glitter of the cities of the East.

Mat.—Right thar, pard! But the slow-pokes are on the way. I see them yonder, coming down the peaks, and with them the strangest, boldest, and best man at the diggings—Hawley Briggs.

(Cheers. The miners cross the rocks and come down to work, followed by Delmayne, disguised as Hawley Briggs.)

Mat.—(To Delmayne.) You are in time, pard; Clif was but a moment ago berating the sluggard, and now——

Delmayne.—And now he puts in an appearance.

Mat.—I did not mean it so.

Del.—And yet you said it. True, I am to-day a sluggard, for memory, like an iron chain, has held me to my cabin, and grief, like the gaunt, shadowy wings of plague sweeping through the air, dims even the scarlet shafts of sunrise, among the peaks of the mighty Sierras.

Clif.—Yet I'll wager there is one whose face even despair could not cloud to your eyes. 'Tis she who, like an angel from above, flits among us with her kindly words, and lures even your sad lips to smiling.

Del.—You mistake; the nuggets alone can do that.

Clif.—Just as if Mistress Gath wasn't the biggest kind of a nugget!

Mat.—Or jewel. Heaven will it the setting may be worthy of the gem.

Clif.—I rather think that Briggs, here, will be the happy man.

Del.—How like a fool you talk! (Sits.)

Mat.—Are your eyes so dimmed by the lustre of the gold that you can't perceive who is the man? Bah, a fool could tell you!

Del.—Then why does he not continue?

Clif.—One for you, mate. But since you are so much in the dark, I will enlighten you. 'Tis no other than the handsome Leroy.

Del.—(Quickly.) Not Craven?

Clif.—Bah, no! His half brother, Gaspard, whom he accompanies to the mines to overlook the property of their father. The Craven is well named, Briggs, you will find that out when you see him.

Del.—Perhaps; but I can wait.

Clif.—But I say, let's to work, pard, we're losing time.

(They go up and dig.)

Del.—(Aside.) Then my heart spoke truly! He it is she loves; not the rough miner, the fugitive from justice, but the man of millions, the God of this chaotic spot. And yet—oh, madness! will my heart never break and end the story?

Margaret Gath enters from the parsonage. All rise and greet her.

Omnes.—Morning, Miss, good-morning!

Meg.—Good-morning to you all. You see, I am up with the sunlight.

Mat.—You couldn't help it, Miss, for you are the sunlight yourself.

Meg.—Flatterer, beware!

Del.—He but speaks the truth, Miss Margaret. The hardy miners have called you the sunlight of the Sierras; and you see they are right, for already the rising sun streams more brightly through the cañon, as if to vie with its earthly rival.

Meg.—Thanks, a thousand thanks! But compliments are poor fare for a hardy gold digger. This is my father's birthday, and in the parsonage lies spread a breakfast for all.

(Cheers. Miners all exit up rocks and into cabin, except Delmayne.)

Meg.—Go, kindly hearts, and may the blessings you so often bestow upon me, fall like rain upon him. Yes, Gaspard, 'tis of you alone I think—you, my lord, my husband, the father

of my child. What noise was that? Is it the Fulsom stage bearing him to meet me, or is it—(turns, sees Delmayne, starts.) You here? How you frightened me!—I thought you had gone with the miners.

Del.—Oh, no, Sunlight!

Meg.—(Aside.) Oh, if Gaspard should return and this man see us meet! I must get him to leave. (Aloud.) Why do you sit there so downcast, Hawley? (Laughs.) You look as though the last friend upon earth had deserted you, and the hangman stalked behind.

Del.—(Starting up.) The hangman? (Recovering.) Where Judge Lynch alone holds court, that is a strange person to mention, Miss Gath. And yet I know not if it be out of place.

Meg.—(Laughing.) Am I then in the presence of a criminal?

Del.—No, no, no! Margaret Gath, have you ever heard of men wrongfully accused of crime, fleeing from justice, that, blinded by circumstances, gropes after them, till life itself becomes a hell, and every rod of ground trembles beneath their feet—till the voice of the pursuer rings forth in every blast, scaffold, the cap, looms up in every shadow, till the whole world hoots after them, murderer, murderer! and God alone whispers—innocent? (Breaks down sobbing.)

Meg.—How wildly you talk. You are ill!

Del.—Would to heaven I could die! Look! look there, where the shadow of that bowlder falls across the gulch—look, I say! Do you see all I have pictured in that shade?

Meg.—No, no, no! Heaven forbid!

Del.—(Sadly.) Yes, you have said it—Heaven forbid! Your path is all roses, mine the dull jagged passes of the mighty Sierras. The peaks, like fingers, beckon off; the sunlight mocks; the shadows madden. Good-bye!

(Goes up and turns from house.)

Meg.—You are leaving the house?

Del.—(Lowly and with intensity.) I have told you all I dare. The Sunlight mocks me now. Good-bye!

(Gazes at her fixedly for a moment; repeats the words sadly, and reels off.)

Meg.—Poor Hawley! There is something back of all this; heaven grant it may be only an honest heart which some woman will one day learn to value.

Gath enters from cabin, followed by cheers of miners. Meg assists him down and kisses him impulsively.

Gath.—There, there, Sunlight, you smother me with your caresses! Ah! my child, I would be willing to have a birthday every week to know how true your heart is to mine so near the brink of the Great Unseen. Yet what a lovely earth this is to leave! These tall frowning cliffs have looked down upon me for years—since the hour when, wooed from city life by the soft and sweet tones of Fortune, I came with you, my child, to labor on alike for you and for my fellow-man. Here lived I, poor still, till '49, like a heaven-sped message swept out from the heart of the great Sierras, and fired the country from pole to pole. You have been a treasure to me, my darling, and it cheers my fading years to see you loved by all, from the poor homeless, wretched woman, Kate, to whom you stretched a helping hand, to the lowest, hardest miner at the peaks.

Meg.—And are the men enjoying the birthday breakfast, papa?

Gath.—Yes, Sunlight, but it is for you to entertain them. I have received news that there is sickness at Dresmer Gulch, and I am now on my way to do all in my power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate. The gathering mist among the peaks betokens a coming storm. Go in, my child; there, kiss me again, and now—good-bye. (Exit.)

Meg.—Again those words—"Good-bye." They fall upon my heart like the avalanche adown the cañon; they fill me with dread, and yet I know not why. (Wind and distant thunder—leaves falling.) No, no, I'll not despair, for heaven never intended that the true heart should. (Lights down.) A cloud has swept before the face of the sun, the shades gather; a storm is brewing, and still Gaspard comes not. (Music, thunder and lightning.) Oh, what woman's fear is this at my heart? What if the stage should have fallen from the pass and been dashed into the gulch below? What if—

(Thunder, lightning and heavy rain.)

(She turns to go up the rocks to the cabin, and meets Craven Leroy face to face; thunder and lightning; she recoils with a shriek.)

Craven Leroy.—Meg!

Meg.—Sir!

Cra.—I beg your pardon—Miss Gath! It is raining, you should not be out in this storm in so thin a dress; leave that to men who have business of importance.

Meg.—(Aside.) Oh, if I only dared ask him of Gaspard; but he has bidden me be silent, be secret.

(Thunder and lightning—she recoils.)

Cra.—Shall I assist you up the pass?

Meg.—(Proudly.) No, I can go alone! (Goes up the rocks to cabin—looks off.) Nothing! I can see nothing. The clouds lower over the mountain peaks, it is darkness beyond. Where is he? Where is he? (Exit into cabin.)

Cra.—Proud as Lucifer! And she it is that now stands between me and the wealth I covet—for Gaspard has told me of the secret of his marriage. Madness! to be put aside like a broken toy at the caprice of a doting old man whose love for his elder son makes him unjust to the younger. The last mail brought me news that my father was on the brink of the grave. Hum! he once dead, Gaspard becomes a millionaire; he in his turn dead, I possess all. Then shall this mountain girl and her brat stand between me and fortune? (Noise of wheels and cheers.) Ah, Fulsom stage! Speak of the devil and he is bound to appear. Gaspard is here!

Enter Gaspard.

Gaspard Leroy.—Craven, my brother, and waiting in the rain? You are more zealous than the hardy miners who have already betaken themselves to shelter. The stage was delayed, else had I been here before to greet my darling wife.

Cra.—(Aside.) His wife! (Aloud.) Gaspard, you astonish me. Were I you with only one frail life between me and a fortune, it would be something more than a pretty face that should tempt me into the noose of matrimony.

Gasp.—Shame on you, Craven. Do you think—

Cra.—Yes! Once our father dead, once you a millionaire, even the pretty face of Margaret Gath will pall upon you, besides the courtly grace and elegance of the women of your new sphere. Again I say, once our father dead——

Gasp.—Silence, man! Have you no heart? It is of this I would speak. The early morning's mail brought me this. (Gives him letter.) Read it, I cannot say the words.

Cra.—Signed "Jermiah Dawson." Our father's lawyer! Then he is——

Gasp.—Dead.

Cra.—(Aside.) Dead! This woman and her child—again that thought! (Reads.)

Gasp.—Well?

Cra.—We are lost! Our father must have been mad when he made such a will. If you die without issue, legitimate or otherwise, all descends to me; but should you marry within three years after his death, all reverts to our cousin Franklyn, and we are left penniless. (Aside.) I must remove that woman.

Gasp.—You know the worst now. I am here to renounce that fortune, and claim my wife.

Cra.—(Aside.) Madness! he would destroy me also. (Aloud.) Gaspard, you are wrong.

Gasp.—Wrong! What other course is left open to me?

Cra.—Flight and concealment.

Gasp.—You say——

Cra.—Persuade this girl to go with you; command her not to speak a word of your marriage, and at the end of three years, wed her. (Aside.) And if you die during that time, I'm a made man.

Gasp.—Craven, you tempt me, I tremble, I fear, and yet—I will do it! Your words have saved me; I owe all to you, and I shall not forget the debt. (Exit into cabin.)

Cra.—Nor I the interest. Fool! flutter like the moth around the candle, but it will singe your wings. Then, from your ashes, like the fabled Phœnix, I will arise—the gold-

mine king. Ah! some one comes; it is not yet time for me to depart. (Retires up stage.)

Enter Big Lib.

Lib.—Well, civilization's below par. What's the use of schools, preachers and the like, if a man can't have what he wants? (Craven appears listening.) You see yer neighbor's horse, you want it—you can't have it; and if you borrow it by night, for the space of a few years, it's called thieving, and Judge Lynch comes down upon you like a fifty-pounder. Now, that's what I call hard, and if I had the job of law-making, wash me in a sluice bucket if anybody should have to work. (Sees Craven.) 'Mornin', guv'ner.

Cra.—(Aside.) The very man I seek. An unscrupulous scoundrel who would stop at nothing.

Lib.—'Mornin', sir, I said.

Cra.—Good-morning, Lib. (Comes down.) Hark ye, a word with you, my man. Are you afraid of blood?

Lib.—Why, I wash in it.

Cra.—Are you afraid of—murder?

Lib.—What do you take me for—a heathen? Nary a skeer. Pipe your whistle, pard, I'm your man for a little dust.

Cra.—Hark ye. (Whispers to him.) You know the girl?

Lib.—Rather. But I say, guv'ner, the boyees don't love me too well; and I'd string sure if they knew I had a hand in this. You'll see me through square now, won't you?

Cra.—Yes. Hush! I hear footsteps. Retire.

(Thunder, lightning and rain. Kate Delmayne drags herself across rocks, totters and falls. She is clad plainly, and has an old shawl over her head. Thunder and lightning.)

Kate.—Crash, crash, mad thunders, roar on storm, there is no grave for me. It was just such a day as this that he forsook me—just such a day as this when first the dark blots of shame and infamy fell upon the pure, unsullied pages of my life. Oh, God! it is hard to live and harder still to die. No news of Richard, no news of John! Three weary years have

crossed the blackness of my life, and in the dark future still I see despair and misery, twin-sisters of my fate, pass 'fore me hand in hand. Why am I here? What am I waiting for? I dare not give myself an answer, but my heart is beating till it chokes me. Who I am none guess, what I am they can see. The devil knows me if they don't. (Miners laugh within cabin.) They are there now at the birthday breakfast. Down heart; in, in to laugh, to sing, to drown the past. (Goes up rocks to parsonage—miners laugh again.) Ah! laugh on, 'tis for men to smile, but women, Niobe like, must weep forevermore.
(Exit Kate into cabin.)

Enter Delmayne; sits on bank.

Del.—I cannot find repose. In every lurking shadow I hear a voice crying: "I know you, Richard Delmayne, despite your disguise!" Then it is I strive to free myself from it; but it is not to be. Three years ago that cry first rang in my ears, when in a fit of rage and shame I struck my sister's betrayer dead at my feet, and so I fled into the mountains. From that hour it has haunted me by night, maddened me by day, and Kate, my sister—where is she now? (Sighs.) I wonder if this lurking dread is to draw me back all my life from happiness and chain me to despair. It seems so, for scarce had the chill grown lesser by the gentle breath of love stealing into my heart, ere this Leroy steps in and blights it. Leroy! humph! I wonder if he is the hard, cruel fiend, the miners, who have seen his half brother, call him. (Rises and goes to house.) Heaven will it differently for Margaret's sake. (Opens the door and starts back.) Gaspard Leroy and Meg together! Ha! they are coming this way, I must conceal myself.
(Exit quickly.)

Enter Gaspard and Meg from cabin.

Meg.—Oh, Gaspard, it is cruel to bid me fly and leave my father to mourn me lost, when but one word would spare him all, and that word—

Gasp.—I forbid you to speak. If you go with me, you have entered the house for the last time. See there, where the

clouds gather thickly around Filmer's Peak—in one minute they will surround them. I will give you till then to choose.

(Delmayne appears—listening horrified.)

Meg.—Gaspard, be merciful!

Gasp.—The clouds are on the peak. Speak, choose, me or desertion. (Thunder and lightning.)

Meg.—You!

(Falls into his arms—Delmayne disappears.)

Gasp.—Meg, my darling, I knew it! (Rumble of wheels.) Hark! already the stage passes up the gulch; you must have a hat—I will get it. (Exit into cabin.)

Meg.—Stay, Gaspard! I must enter the house again.

(She runs up, when Big Lib springs in and throws his coat over her head; she screams and faints in his arms.)

Lib.—We want you, my beauty. (Craven darts in.)

Cra.—Quick! hurl her into the gulch!

(Delmayne rushes in; knocks him down.)

Del.—Not while I live.

(Delmayne is darting upon Craven again, when Gaspard enters quickly from the cabin.)

Cra.—That man would steal Meg! (Points to Delmayne.)

(Gaspard knocks Delmayne down, and rushes off with Meg, followed by Lib. Craven is about to follow, when Delmayne springs up, clutching him, knocking off his hat.)

Del.—Stay! My God! you living! John Garston, the betrayer of my sister. Villain!

(Kate appears at door of cabin, screams.)

Del.—(Seeing her.) Kate, sister!

Kate.—Richard, brother!

Del.—Go, coward, I give you your life, mine is broken forever.

(Throws Craven down, and stands over him with up-raised hands.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Interior of the parsonage. Dresser, with table-cloth and dishes on it. Noise of storm heard, lightning seen through window. Night.

Kate Delmayne discovered at window. Thunder and lightning at rise of curtain.

Kate.—How the thunders rumble and crash; how the swollen stream roars in its tumultuous course adown the ragged gulch. Ugh! it is a fearful night. (Closes window and comes down to table, sits.) The sinfulness, the shame of my life commenced in storm; I wonder if it is fated so to close. What mad freak of fortune drifted me into the path of Margaret Gath? 'Tis three days since she found me, a houseless, miserable wretch, and brought me here to shelter—here in the Great Sierras, where I fancied myself free from the dark shadows of the past; but it is not to be, for he is here, he and Richard also. Oh, heaven! if the good impulse which overcame him this morning should pass away, and they meet on the mountains—Ugh! the thought chills my very blood. (Clock strikes.) Nine o'clock, and Mr. Gath has not yet returned, nor Miss Meg, either. Oh, how the storm grows, I'll go and look for Miss Gath.

(Takes candle from table and goes up to door, it is flung open suddenly and Joe Wiston appears. Light goes out; lights down.)

Joe.—Phew! I'm wetter'n a drowned rat.

Kate.—Oh, Joe, how you frightened me!

Joe.—Did I? Wall that's hearty. Whar's the parson?

Kate.—He's out.

Joe.—(Goes to fire.) Phew! And Sunlight?

Kate.—She's out too. Let me light the candle, please.

Joe.—Give it to me, I was allers some at rasin' a spark. (Lights it at fire and gives it to her. Lights up.) Thar! (Aside.) Right smart gal that; next to Sunlight, she's the pootiest piece o' caliker at the peaks. (Aloud.) Have any o' the boys shown up yet?

Kate.—No; are they coming?

Joe.—Yes, to present the parson with a Bible. We're going to have a regular blow-out. I come up to help, so fork out your dishes; whar's the table rag? (Business.) Thar you are; now I'll travel on a bit and wake up the boys. (Going.)

Kate.—You're not going, Joe?

Joe.—Yes, I am. You aren't afraid, are you?

Kate.—Afraid? Of what?

Joe.—Why, bein' alone.

Kate.—(Aside.) He little knows how long I have been so. (Aloud, mechanically.) No.

Joe.—Oh! (Aside.) Slope, young man, that means. Well, I'll travel along. It's a bad night for Sunlight and the parson to be out. (Lightning.) Jewhittaker! what a flash. I'm off. (Exit—is seen to pass the window, strikes against Craven Leroy who is coming up the cliff.) Beg pardin', stranger. (Craven passes on toward door.) Don't like that feller. Wonder what he's up to. Phew! goin' in, as I live—thar's summat up and I'm goin' to larn it.

(Opens window and blows out candle.)

Kate.—How dark it grows. The wind has blown out the candle; I will relight it and fasten the window. (Rises and goes up, Craven Leroy enters—meets her face to face—she recoils.) Ah, John Garston, you here!

Craven.—Hush! not that name, now.

Kate.—It was false then, like the man who bore it.

Joe.—(At window.) Hello! Thar's summat in the wind.

Cra.—Are we alone?

Kate.—Quite.

(Craven Leroy removes overcoat and hat, lays them on chair by window.)

Kate.—You grow familiar, sir.

Joe.—(Low.) Just what I war a thinkin'.

Cra.—Kate, I have come to tell you to-night that—

Kate.—Stop! I read your thoughts at once. You fear the anger of my brother and have come to tell me that I must turn him from his path.

Cra.—Kate, you wrong me. I love——

Kate.—You love! ha, ha, ha! You are like the wild beast that brings to an end that which it loves and hates. You told me once you loved me, and I—God pity me—I believed you, and allowed you to win me by false, unholy vows; to change my pure, unsullied life for a blotted title and a lost existence as your mistress

Cra.—Kate, that love is not yet dead.

Kate.—(Quickly.) Liar! it is. (Craven raises hand to strike her.) Well, strike, I am but a woman. Callous and cruel, has the devil who is writing your story driven every good angel away?

Cra.—How dare you talk thus to me? You know me, Kate Delmayne.

Kate.—Too long, and too well. Who placed the brand of infamy upon my brow? Who lured me from my home, 'till the innocent girl became a hard, worldly woman? Who wrecked my life? Who made me what I am to-night, an outcast, a Magdalen? Who? Why you, John Garston, and you have the impudence to enter this house and tell me I know you!

Cra.—Woman!

Kate.—(Turns on him fiercely.) No—devil! Have you ever seen a child, building itself a house of cards, tremble as it places one card upon another, fearful that the foundation is too weak and the whole structure will fall in a mass of ruins? My life is a house of cards; and one by one you have built them up until the foundation totters and will bear no more. You and I are done forever, John Garston; there is the door—go!

Joe Wiston springs in through window.

Joe.—Hold on a minute, Miss Kate; just let me kick him out.

Cra.—Who are you, fellow?

Joe.—I'm a man—what are you? Just say the word, Miss Kate, and I'll knock him flatter'n one of old Huldry Sparkins' flap-jacks.

Kate.—No, no, Joe. Do not strike him; he is beneath you.

Cra.—And how high above him are you? Tell him what he does. Tell him that he protects a fallen creature whom even the miners at the peaks would scorn to own. Tell him——

Joe.—She needn't say a darned word. I was there at the window and heard it all.

Cra.—Then you know whom you protect?

Joe.—Yes; I protect a woman against a darned scoundrel named Craven Leroy. Look here; you just said even the lowest miner at the peaks would scorn to own her, didn't you? Well, you're a liar!

Cra.—Scoundrel!

Joe.—Oh, it ain't perlite to mention your own name fust. What do you want here, anyhow? Git out!

Cra.—What do you mean, fellow?

Joe.—(Gets hat and coat and hands to Craven.) You've worn out your welcome—git! Oh, you needn't stop to put on your coat, 'cause we're in a hurry to scrub up the floor, right whar you stand. (Craven goes up stage.)

Cra.—(At the door.) Good-night, Miss Delmayne; as for this fellow, I shall not forget him. (Exit.)

Joe.—(Calls after him.) Saay, leave us a lock of your hair for remembrance. Oh, Miss Kate, why didn't you let me have a "paste" at him?

Kate.—You have been very kind to me, Joe.

Joe.—Git out—hev I? Shake. (Takes her hand.) Kingdom come, I feel the shivers a goin' clear through me. Why, what a hand—it ain't bigger'n a minute.

Kate.—I am proud to take your hand, Joe, for you are a man.

Joe.—(Laughs.) Git out! Ha, ha, ha! She calls that a hand. Why, it looks like a salt cod alongside o' hern.

Mat.—(Without.) Joe, oh Joe! Give us a light.

(Lights up.)

Joe.—Hello! thar's the boys. (Holds candle up to window.) Thar, the pass is as light as day. Up yer comes.

(Cheers gradually coming nearer. The miners are seen to pass window and enter door with bags and bundles.)

Mat.—(With book.) Dump the grub on the board, boyees. Here's the Bible, Joe. I say, whar's the parson?

Kate.—He's out.

Mat.—Out?

Kate.—Yes; left this morning for Dresmer's Gulch, and has not since returned.

Mat.—Phew! And Sunlight?

Kate.—She's out, too.

Mat.—What! out in the mountains in a storm like this? Is the gal mad? Gone with the parson, perhaps.

Kate.—No; she left an hour after he did and has not since returned.

Mat.—Well, here's a "go." But I say, boys, we came to have a surprise party, and I vote we have it now.

All.—So do I! So do I!

Mat.—All right, then; fire ahead.

(They sit at table and eat ravenously.)

Joe.—Well, thar's hogs for yer. Hyre, I say, boyees, play light on that grub, I'm hungry.

(Sits and eats with others, Joe at head of table.)

Mat.—Give me three more biscuits.

Joe.—Peters, equalize them beef.

Peters.—I'm no hog—thar!

(Throws handful of meat on his plate; they eat noisily, when Joe suddenly stops and holds up his hand.)

Joe.—Oh, fellers! (All stop.) A thought—I say, whar's the whiskey?

All.—The whiskey, the whiskey!

Mat.—Whar's the jig water?

Peters.—By the eternal! That almond-eyed heathen, Wun Lung, has it, and—jumpin' bullfrogs and bootjacks, look thar!

(Peters points to window, all turn; lightning, Wun Lung with a demijohn is seen at window. He is very drunk and has an old plug hat on his head. They spring up with a yell, and pull him through the door.)

Joe.—Whar's that whiskey?

Mat.—Ante up with the juice.

All.—Whar is it, whar is it?

Joe.—Do ye hyar? Whar's the whiskey?

Wun Lung.—(Smiles, rubs stomach.) Alle gonee.

All.—What! One—two—three!

(They seize him, rapidly run him up stage and bounce him out of the window. Crash.)

Joe.—Durn his cheek, not another drop of whiskey to be had short of Truckee. Saay, boyees, what air we goin' to do?

Kate.—Drink water. (All grab chairs and rush at her, insulted at the word.

Joe.—(Interposes.) Hold on, boyees, she's a woman, but Miss Kate don't insult us again.

Kate.—But there's nothing else, and you can't eat without something to drink, after. Come now, try it. Here, I'll fill the cups and you shall try and empty them. (They look at each other and laugh, then take cups.

Joe.—(Holding up cup.) Boyees, a toast.

All.—Aye, aye, a toast.

Joe.—Here goes. Here's thet we may never be forced to make the acquaintance of a stronger ag'in.

All.—Hurrah!

(They drink—loud shout, each man clasps his stomach, squirts out the water and prances around as though in a spasm.)

All.—Oh, oh, oh!

Kate.—(Alarmed.) Good heaven, men, what is the matter!

All.—Oh, oh, oh!

Kate.—Joe, speak to me. What have I done?

Joe.—Dun! Why, gal, you've ruined the hull gang of us. Pizened the hardiest set of workers in the hull Sierra chain, and—and——

Enter Gath.

All.—The parson. Whoop!

(They rush back to table—Mat. gets Bible, they urge him on.)

Mat.—(Advancing.) Well, you see, parson, we have—that is, well—(looks back in despair—they urge him on.) This night we—will, we—er—er—(gives book to Peters.) Can't git it, pard.

Peters.—(Advances.) Well, you see, parson—

Joe.—He said that!

Peters.—Well, the fact is, we want to—to—

Joe.—Good, good! Go on!

Peters.—Well we want to—to—to—

Joe.—That's it, that's it.

Peters.—Well—er—er—(pompously.) Sir, you see before you a party who are—who are—I say fellers, what are we?

Joe.—Hyar, give it to me! (Takes book, advances proudly.) Feller citizens! (All laugh.) On this most suspicious—(all laugh—he rushes to table, Mat. whispers in his ear; he smiles.) Oh, yes. (Advances.) On this most auspicious occasion, we want to—to—well, we want to—well, we want to give you this book—See? 'Cos as how you was once a miner yourself, and now you've panned the dust and are a parson, you aren't none of your stuck-up sort. (Struts back.) That's about the proper thing.

Gath.—I suppose I ought to make a long speech, lads, but it's not my way. I thank you for your gift and rest assured I shall always remember those who so kindly remembered me.

Joe.—Now then, boyees. Hip, hip—

All.—Hooray!

Joe.—Another.

All.—Hooray!

Joe.—Another.

All.—Hooray!

Joe.—Tiger—r—r—

Gath.—There, return to your meal, lads, for I know you must be hungry. (They go back to table.) But where is Meg, Kate?

Kate.—She is out, sir.

Gath.—Out! Out in the mountains such a night as this! You are dreaming. When did she go?

Kate.—She left about an hour after you did, sir, and has not since returned.

Gath.—Ah, what fear is this at my heart? She may have fallen down the ravine and been dashed to pieces. Quick, girl, bring me the lantern, I will go and seek her. (Exit Kate.)

Joe.—Hold on, parson, I'm with yer.

Omnes.—And I, and I! (All gather around him.)

Enter, Kate with lantern.

Kate.—Here is the lantern, sir.

(Joe snatches it—lightning.)

Gath.—Quick then, there is no time to lose. Come, come!

They all rush up when the door is flung open and Cliff appears, one hand behind his back, pick-axe over shoulder—they recoil.

Gath.—Cliff, pale and trembling. Speak, man, what has happened?

Clif.—Parson, where's Sunlight?

Gath.—We are seeking her. Go on.

Clif.—I was walking down by the falls near the stage pass, and on the very edge I found—this. (Shows Meg's hat.)

Gath.—My daughter's hat!

Omnes.—Meg's!

Clif.—The ground was torn up as though from a struggle, and bore the print of men's feet.

Gath.—Mercy for my child, heaven, mercy! To arms, lads, we'll find the body and track the assassin. Come, come.

(They are rushing up stage when Delmayne suddenly appears in the window. Thunder and lightning.)

Del.—Stay!

Gath.—Briggs! Why do you stay us now? We are seeking for Meg, my daughter, she is——

Del.—Lost to you forever; she has flown with Gaspard Leroy, she is dishonored.

(Craven Leroy passes window, enters door and comes down behind miners.)

Gath.—Powers of mercy, Meg, Meg.

Del.—Oh, sir, think not that I stood calmly by and saw it all. I would have died for her sake, but the villain felled me to the earth, and——

Cra.—It is false.

All.—False!

Del.—(Horried.) John Garston—you!

Cra.—Your daughter has been abducted, Mr. Gath, by the brother of that woman, the man who stands before you. Richard Delmayne, whom you know as Hawley Briggs, planned and carried it out himself, so hang him.

All.—Hang him, hang him!

(They rush upon Delmayne.)

Joe.—(Grasps a chair and springs between them.) Stand back, all of you. I'm not goin' to see a pard o' mine strung up in that manner, while I've got strength enough to face the music. I tell you our pard has spoken the truth, and that man thar—Craven Leroy—is a liar.

Del.—(Grasps his hand.) God bless you, lad, I may be years in accomplishing the task I have set myself, but I will hunt for Margaret Gath, and I will find her, even though she be hidden at the world's end.

Joe.—(To Craven.) What do you say to that, my brother?

Cra.—That the man is a liar, and as I hope for mercy hereafter I have spoken the truth. Hang him!

All.—Hang him, hang him!

(They all rush forward again, Joe once more lifts chair—Delmayne seizes Craven by the throat and flings him down.)

Del.—Liar in your teeth; and thus I wrest the secret from your black heart.

(Delmayne snatches pickaxe from Cliff and is about to strike Craven, when Gath catches it and stays him—Kate with hands extended in horror, is in corner. Thunder and lightning.)

There is supposed to be a lapse of three years between the second and third acts.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The parlor at Leroy Dale. Chamber with bay window, elegant furniture. Night.

Molly Maglone, dusting.

Molly Maglone.—Wurra, wurra, there seems to be no rest for the poor. Here it is after tin o'clock at night, un me wid the dusther in me hand yet. Faix, I might have known it whin I left Ne' Yark to come out to this divel-desarted Californy, all fur the sake of bein' near me own swate Moike, him as is out on thim big hills beyant, diggin' fur goold. Faith, he said he'd soon have me kivered wid jewels, an' have an illegant jaunтин' car fur me to ride in; but he's been diggin' fur these three years an' divil a bit more does he make than 'ud kape himself. Wan day, though, he'll take out a big nugget an' make me a leddy—just loike missus, (barrin' the brogue). Ah, but she's the swate crathure fur ye, an' that husband av hers. Wurra, but he's the divil himself, an' what wid the drinkin' he does an' the noights he be's stayin' out wid that brother av his, an' feller they calls Lib, he's drivin' the swate sowl inty her grave, so he is. An' she, poor darlint, she does nothin' but chry an' ax fur her ould father—wheriver he is. I heard thim talkin' about it wan noight an' I do belave he'd a struck her if it hadn't been fur Miss Jessie. Arrah, but there's the spunky little gosscon fur ye. She has the swate face av her mother, and the pluck av three men loike her father, if she is only seven years ould.

Jessie.—(Without.) How dare you take away my doll!

Mol.—There she is now; havin' her own way as usual.

Enter Jessie.

Jes.—You shan't take away my doll, I hate you, and I don't care if you are as big as my papa.

Mol.—What's the matter now, dearie?

Jes.—Uncle Craven wants to take away my doll, and send me to bed.

Mol.—Sure ye should mind your uncle, darlint.

Jes.—What, when I don't like him? no I won't. I tell you what, Molly, he's worse than Blue Beard, and I hate him. He makes my mamma and papa quarrel, and I know he don't like either of them.

Mol.—Sure, ye shouldn't talk loike that, darlint, yer only a child.

Jes.—I don't care. Papa told me something yesterday.

Mol.—An' what was it?

Jes.—Children and fools speak the truth.

Mol.—Arrah, but it's the wise little head ye have on thim two purty little shoulders, an', be the sowl av me, I think you're right.

Meg.—(Without.) Jessie, dear, it's bedtime.

Mol.—There's yer mother callin' ye, run a'long now loike a little dear.

Jes.—(At door.) I'm going; but Molly, if my Uncle Craven comes in here, you just slap his face. He makes my mamma unhappy, and if I was a man as big as my papa, I'd throw him out the window—that's what I would do.

(Exit, slamming door.)

Mol.—Faix, I'm sure ye would. An by the piper av Killarney, ye'd sarve the divil right. (Wun Lung appears at window.) Blue Beard was it she called him? Faix, but he's wuss nor a dozen av him.

Wun L.—Hello, Ilish!

Mol.—Eh? (Turns.) Would ye look at that now, the bauld headed baste av Mr. Craven's. What are ye doin' there now? Go on wid ye or I'll be afther hittin' ye over the head wid me duster.

Wun L.—Me alle samee Melica man—dam hungry.

Mol.—Well, the kitchen's the place fur the loikes av ye. Be off now.

Wun Lung enters through window.

Wun L.—Ilish gal a too muchee gab—Ilish gal shutee up.

Mol.—What! Shut up is it? An' to a leddy loike me? Do ye know what I have a mind to do wid ye? I have a mind to chuck yer out av the windy, so I have, ye bauld headed John Chinaman yer?

Wun L.—No, no, you no callee me John—callee me Char—lee.

Mol.—Well, a healthy lookin' Charley you are. Where's that washin' ye took away two weeks ago?

Wun L.—Me blingee to-mol. Fifteen piece, two shirtee, four col—

Mol.—Four what?

Wun L.—Four col—lound neckee—col.

Mol.—Arrah, collars, ye baste—col, ugh!

Wun L.—Eight hankcher.

Mol.—Eight what-cher?

Wun L.—Ankcher—chew. Allee samee blowee nose.

Mol.—Handkerchief, you mane, yer blackguard.

Wun L.—Chiff. Ankcher, allee samee. Two pair dlaw.

Mol.—Gloves, is it? Faix, an' we give no gloves out in the wash.

Wun L.—No glove—dlaw. Savvy?

Mol.—Faix, I don't "savvy." Two pair of dlaw; what the devil do yer call thim?

Wun L.—Dlaw—dlaw. Allee samee pullee up.

Mol.—(Screams.) Oh, ye baste, don't ye know what thim are? Thim are underclothes.

Wun L.—Dlaw—underclo' allee samee.

Mol.—How much will they be?

Wun L.—Sleven-five cen'.

Mol.—Sleven-five cen'. Ye baste, why don't ye spake the English language as I do, an' say, sivinty-foive cints?

Wun L.—Slivin-floi cin' allee samee.

Mol.—When'll you bring 'em home?

Wun L.—Fly'atloo o'clock.

Mol.—You're goin' to fly at two o'clock, is it?

Wun L.—No, no. Savvy, Mon, Wen, Sat, Flya tloo 'clock.

Mol.—Oh, Friday at two o'clock, eh?

Wun L.—Yah, yah.

Mol.—All right. Now, thin, be off wid ye, fur I want to lock up the house.

Wun L.—Charley belly hungly.

Mol.—Didn't I tell ye to go to the kitchen? Go on, now, or I'll pitch ye out av the windy.

Wun L.—Ilish gal no pitchee Charlee; Charlee lovee.

Mol.—Be the powers, he's not all haythen, the durthy Chinnay; there's a bit av a man about him, afther all. Sure, an' who is it ye lovee?

Wun L.—Me lovee like blaze; plutty flace, led headee, me lovee Ilish gal.

Mol.—What?

(She grabs him by the neck and pantaloons, runs him up stage and flings him out of bay window. He falls, springs up and puts finger to nose.)

Wun L.—Ilish, Ilish. Finnigan, Finnigan! (Rushes off.)

Mol.—Och, och, bring me some wather or I'll faint entoirly. (Falls into a chair.) Oh, Moike, Moike, why war'n ye here to protect me? Wurra, wurra, what did I iver come to Californy for?

(Delmayne, disguised as Mary Ann O'Flam, appears at window. Basket of ribbons on arm.)

Delmayne.—Faith, will ye buy some ribbons, purty miss?

Mol.—Eh? Och, it's only a peddler. What are ye doin' sellin' ribbons at this hour of the night? Be off wid ye, now.

Del.—Sure, darlint, they're illigant, an' jist as chape as dirt.

Mol.—I tell ye I don't want ony now, go on.

Del.—Sure, ye haven't seen thim. Look at this! A purty little cap, jist fit fur that lovely head. (Shows cap.)

Mol.—Oh, but it's a beauty. What do you ask fur it?

Del.—Only one "bit," me darlint, look at it now.

Mol.—A bit it is. Come in, come in, but be aisy, fur I'd lose me place if the mistress found ye here.

Enter Delmayne.

Del.—Sure, I'll make no more noise than a mouse. Och, but you're the purty soight wid that on yer head. Wan bit only, darlint, dirt cheap.

Joe Wiston.—(Without.) Handkerchieves, bades!

(He appears at window, basket, stick, etc., disguised as a blind man.)

Mol.—What, another av thim?

Del.—Sure, ma'am, that do be me brother Peter. He's stone blind, ma'am, but he has a lovely stock. Come in, Peter.

Enter Joe, at window; Delmayne assists him down.

Mol.—Be quiet, now.

Joe.—Thank ye, miss. Och, but I know you're a purty lass be the sound av your voice. Buy some beads and help a blind man who can't see out av his eyes.

Mol.—Poor sowl! an' are ye blind, now?

Joe.—Yes, ma'am, I can't hear a word.

Mol.—Sure, I'm sorry fur ye. I'd buy something from ye, but (gives coin to Delmayne) I've jist paid yer sister the last bit av money I have downstairs.

Joe and Del.—(Together.) Sure, we'll wait till ye go up and git more.

Mol.—Arrah, but I darsn't risk it; I know yer honest, but the master might hear av it.

Del.—Faith, we won't stir a peg. Look here, me jewel, here's a string av bades an' a roll av ribbon all fur a bit. Sure, ye'll help us, darlint, we're very poor.

Mol.—Oh, but they're chape. (Aside.) I may niver git the chance ag'in. Faix, I'll risk it. (Aloud.) Wait here, now, an' I'll git the money, and, mind ye, not a step must ye stir.

Del.—Divil a step, darlint.

(Exit Molly, pause, both men drop basket and grasp hands.)

Del.—Joe!

Joe.—Briggs! Heavens, man, where have you been keeping yourself these three years? What have you been doing?

Del.—Keeping my vow and hunting for Margaret Gath. I heard that you were in town and wrote you a letter to meet me here in your present disguise. Joe, old boy, do you know where we stand?

Joe.—(Surprised.) No, where?

Del.—Under the same roof with the woman I seek.

Joe.—(Astounded.) Meg!

Del.—Is here, living with Gaspard Leroy and her child.

Joe.—Her child!

Del.—(Sadly.) Yes, born four years before she fled with him.

Joe.—Oh, the villain.

Del.—Aye, villain, and I loved her so.

Joe.—But what are you going to do?

Del.—Save her. She is unhappy with this man—he ill uses her. I love her, and, stained as she is, I'll take her away from this place as an honorable woman—my wife. Ah, what noise was that? Quick, watch your opportunity and get back into the house when I give the signal. Here's the Irish girl returning. (They get baskets and stand, as she left them, Delmayne whispers to Joe and drops ribbon on floor.)

Enter Molly.

Molly.—There they are now, as meek as two lambs. (Advances.) Here ye are. Here's yer money, and now, good-night. (Delmayne opens window—Molly sees Joe pass out.)

Del.—Good-night, darlint, and—och hone, there's one av me purty ribbons on the floor; would ye plaze pick it up, me back is weak wid the rheumatics.

(Molly goes to pick up ribbon, Joe darts back in and hides behind sofa. Molly returns.)

Del.—Thank you, darlint. Och, but it's the sharp gurl ye are. Faith, ye use yer eyes well, me jewel. Good-night to ye, ma'am. Come along, Peter. Handkerchiefs, bades! (Exit.)

(Voices heard to die away in the distance. Quick change for Delmayne, back to miner, smooth face.)

Mol.—There she goes, poor ould craythur, now I'll put out the light, lock up the house and go to bed. (Puts out light.) Wurra, but it's a beautiful night, so it is; now, missus will come here and sit in the moonlight and chry out her beautiful eyes, so she will, poor sowl. An' that baste av a husband av hers not home yet. Well, there's wan thing certain, when I marry Moike, he'll be home at nine o'clock every night, or I'll know the rayson why.

(Joe comes from behind sofa, goes to window, whistles; the signal is answered and Delmayne reappears, dressed as a miner, face smooth.)

Delmayne.—Is the girl gone?

Joe.—Yes, and the house as quiet as the grave.

Del.—All right, let me in. (Joe unbolts window.)

Enter Delmayne, through window.

Joe.—Now, what's the next move?

Del.—Why, find Meg, and—hist! shelter, I hear footsteps. Hide yourself. (Joe behind table, Delmayne behind sofa.)

Enter Margaret, richly dressed, but very pale; goes to window.

Margaret.—What a lovely night it is. The pale, mellow light of the moon streams down through the interlaced boughs of the oak and lays like bars of silver across the path. Still, Gaspard comes not. Alas, for the many days gone before; a shadow has flitted past and dimmed the young morning of my joy. Oh, the utter loneliness of the place; were it not for my child, I should go mad. What have I done that I should be thus forsaken—tossed aside like a blotted leaf whose story long since has ended. Father, home, friends, all, I gave up for him, till my breaking heart bursts forth in the appeal—Gaspard, come back to me, oh, come back!

(Sinks on her knees, extending her arms in the moonlight. Joe and Delmayne rise.)

Del.—(Touching her.) Meg!

Joe.—(Touching her.) Sunlight!

Meg.—(Rises.) Ah, men here at this hour of the night. Back, back! or I call for help. Who are you?

Del.—(Draws nearer.) Look, now!

Meg.—Hawley Briggs! and he—— (Joe draws near.) Joe Wiston. Speak, Hawley—my father, is he living?

Del.—I haven't seen him—since the day you fled.

Joe.—(Coldly.) Oh, he's living yet.

Meg.—Thank heaven for that. But, why are you here? What do you come for?

Del.—Why, to save you, Meg.

Meg.—Save me?

Joe.—Yes, and take you home.

Meg.—I cannot go. My place is here.

Del.—(Horried.) Here, here? with Gaspard Leroy, your betrayer?

Meg.—No! With Gaspard Leroy, my husband. My lips were sealed for three years; but now the time is past, and let this attest my truth. (Shows marriage certificate.) He made me his wife in the sight of God; now I prove it in the sight of man.

Del.—(Brokenly.) Oh, my heart is broken.

Gaspard.—(Without—sings.) "Rolling home in the morning, boys."

Del.—(Starts.) Ha! What's that?

Meg.—'Tis my husband's voice—should he see you here, his jealous rage would know no bounds. Hide yourselves! (Joe darts into Meg's chamber.) No, no, not here—too late, too late!

(She hides in curtain of window, Delmayne behind sofa. Gaspard comes to window and knocks.)

Gasp.—Hallo! the window is locked. Never mind, I see a light in Craven's room; I'll get him to let me in the side door.

(Sings, "Rolling home," etc., disappears. Delmayne springs up to fly.)

Meg.—(Quickly.) Do not attempt to leave the house now, you would be seen. Conceal yourself, he is coming!

(Delmayne goes back behind sofa—Margaret sits on it, shielding him; takes up book and reads.)

Enter Craven and Gaspard.

Gasp.—(As he enters.) Nonsense, man.

Craven.—I tell you, I heard voices here.

Gasp.—Pshaw, you are foolish. Hallo, my dear, not in bed yet? Such a ridiculous idea of Craven's. He vows he heard voices here.

Meg.—(Aside.) I am lost!

Cra.—No, I swear it, and male ones, at that. Your wife is not alone.

Meg.—(Crosses to door.) You are mistaken, sir. Good-night.

Cra.—(Crosses before Gaspard.) One moment, madam. Are you alone? Answer me and your husband will believe you—will you not, Gaspard?

Gasp.—Yes.

Meg.—Sir, I spare you the scorn you merit. I see your drift, but my husband has not sunk so low as to allow you to address me thus.

Cra.—This is no answer, madam.

Meg.—Gaspard!

Gasp.—The easiest way is the best, my dear. Tell him he is mistaken.

Cra.—If she can.

Meg.—Your head is flushed with wine, sir. Good-night.

Cra.—Speak, madam—has there not been a man here? Ha! you are in haste to enter your chamber—perhaps he is concealed there.

Meg.—Sir!

Cra.—At all events, I will see.

(He advances.)

Meg.—(At door.) No, no, no! You must not enter this room.

Cra.—(To Gaspard.) You see! (To *Meg.*) Let me in.

Meg.—(To Gaspard.) No, no, no! Bid him begone, Gaspard.

Gasp.—No, your actions betray you. Let him enter.

Meg.—No, no! (Craven seizes her.) You shall not!

Cra.—Let me pass.

Meg.—No, no! (He flings her aside.) Fly, Joe, fly!

(Joe enters, quickly rushes across stage and off.)

Cra. and Gasp.—(Together.) A man!

Meg.—(Rushes to him.) Oh, Gaspard, it is all a mistake, it is—

Gasp.—Our separation!

Meg.—No, no! Oh, Gaspard, hear me!

Gasp.—Not one word. Craven—the child!

(Craven rushes into room—Jessie shrieks and is carried on in her nightdress—Gaspard grabs her.)

Meg.—My child, my child!

Jessie.—Mamma, mamma!

Meg.—Gaspard, Gaspard, listen to me.

Gasp.—Never!

Enter Joe, quickly.

Joe.—Then, hear me!

(Joe seizes Craven and flings him; he falls; as he springs up, Delmayne leaps upon the sofa and levels pistol at his head.)

Del.—You stand back!

(Margaret faints—Joe darts toward Gaspard, who levels pistol and holds him back.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Dead Man's Gulch, in the heart of the Sierras. Snowy mountains. Ruined bridge spans the gap between them, down which the frozen waterfall hangs, the icycles pendant and the water falling behind them, carrying down great masses of ice at stated periods. High rocks, upon which stands a two-story hut, the interior of upper half seen. Window facing audience leads into this room. Midnight. Snow falling thick and fast. Noise of waterfall faintly heard.

Craven Leroy standing on edge of gulch, high, leaning on gun.

Craven.—(Disguised as a miner.) What a heaven-deserted spot is this! The tall, gloomy peaks fill me with strange emotions, and my heart almost fails me as I look down these broken chasms. Yet, in the past, when purity alone reigned here (touches heart), there was a grandeur, a sublimity about this spot now eternally lost in the mad passion for gain. Pshaw! I am a child. Thus far up the ladder, shall I with my own hands dash it from beneath me? Now, when all is my brother's and his will made in my favor? No! Reign still, thoughts of evil and of hate; Gaspard Leroy must be removed. 'Tis nigh upon the hour of his return from Truckee, whither he has gone to procure food and cover up all traces of our flight with the child.

Jessie.—(In hut.) Papa!

Cra.—'Tis Jessie! Shall I strike now, while we are alone, or—no, Gaspard might suspect, and to open his eyes now is to ruin all. I can wait.

Enter Jessie, from hut; runs to him.

Jes.—Papa!. (Starts.) Oh, it's you, is it? Where's my papa?

Cra.—He will return soon.

Jes.—I'm tired of living here in this old hut with Big Lib. Besides, I want some pretty dresses. I hate these old rags and I won't wear them. (Tears shawl off and throws it down

gulch.) There! You may tell my papa what I have said, when he returns. I don't want to stay here and I won't.

(Exit into hut, slamming door.)

Cra.—Well, curse you for an obstinate little brute. The willfulness of your father and courage of your low-born mother are plainly written upon that young brow; but it is against that willfulness and that indomitable courage I have pitted myself, and I'll conquer both or die in the struggle. (Whistle heard.) Ha, the signal. 'Tis Gaspard returning from Truckee.

Enter Big Lib, from hut.

Lib.—Thar's the signal, guv'ner.

Enter Gaspard, followed by Wun Lung, who has a bag of provisions. Gaspard carries a gun and is disguised as a miner. Crosses bridge and comes down.

Gaspard.—Craven, my brother, you have well kept the watch. Where is Jessie?

Cra.—She is in the hut. Have you brought the provisions?

Gasp.—Yes, Wun Lung has them. Unload, China.

Wun Lung.—Allee litee, me do. (Takes bundles from bag.) Clackers. (Lib takes them.) Loafee bled, meatee, cheese, lan, lan. (Takes out flask, smiles.) Glog, Charlee likes glog—Charlee gletee dam dlunk. (Goes to drink, Big Lib knocks him, he screams.) Oh! Hello, dammee.

(Exit quickly into hut, followed by Big Lib.)

(Gaspard goes up to peak, looks off both sides. Craven leans his gun by the door. Gaspard comes down and lays hand on Craven's shoulder, is deeply agitated.)

Gasp.—(Low.) Has anyone been here?

Cra.—No; why do you ask?

Gasp.—As I passed the forks of Eloranda, one mile down the cut, a figure dashed hurriedly across the path and disappeared in the brushwood beyond. I halted for a moment, then my ear caught the rumble of wheels; I turned in time to see a wagon roll across the flats, driven by the man I had seen.

Craven, we must leave this spot to-morrow night. That man was Hawley Briggs.

Cra.—(Aside.) Delmayne here! (Aloud.) You are sure of that?

Gasp.—It is impossible for me to be mistaken.

Cra.—You anticipate danger, then, from his presence here?

Gasp.—What should make me think otherwise? That man defended Meg, he attempted to stay my flight with Jessie. What, now, more probable than that his presence here betrays a plot to rob me of my child?

Cra.—And in that case—

Gasp.—In that case, I will fight to the last gasp. I will take the watch to-night myself, and before he shall wrest Jessie from me, with my own hands I will hurl her down yonder gulch. (Drags Craven up and points down gulch.) Look, do you see those rocks that look like pebbles in the path? It is four hundred feet sheer fall to those. Do you think a human being, once dashed from the edge of this ravine, would ever again prove an object of dispute?

Cra.—Never! Come away, the sight chills my very blood. (Comes down.) One false step—only one—and you are food for beasts and birds. (Aside.) His words have cast a new light across my path; shall he by chance take that false step?

(Gaspard has come down and partially overhears.)

Gasp.—You were remarking—

Cra.—Oh, nothing. Merely commenting upon the scenery, that was all. (Exit Craven into hut.)

Gasp.—(Transfixed.) Am I dreaming? I fancied I heard—pshaw, these threatening dangers fill me with cruel misgivings; Craven is devotion itself to my interests. A single suspicion in his direction is more than unkind. (Puts gun beside Craven's and goes up.) What a tiresome night it is. I feel strangely wakeful when all around me reigns that peace and quietude which alone should induce slumber. I wonder what that fellow was lurking around here for? It cannot be that my suspicions are unfounded and Margaret seeks not to regain our child. I wonder where she is to-night? Three years ago

I would scarcely have dreamed of this bitter sequel to my tale of bliss. Three years ago! Ah, how apt man is to build himself castles the rougher hands of the world must ever delight in tearing down.

Enter Jessie, from hut; runs to him.

Jessie.—Oh, there you are. Where is mamma? You promised to bring her with you. Have you kept your word?

Gasp.—Not yet, my child.

(Attempts to kiss her, she stops him.)

Jes.—No! You told me, once, that lying lips were unfit to kiss, and, if it is wrong in a child, it is worse in one of older years.

Gasp.—(Winces—aside.) How my words recoil upon me. (Aloud.) There, there, child, come into the house; the night air is too chilly for you.

(He leads her up the rocks; both exit into house.

Jessie instantly reappears in the upper part of hut.)

Jes.—(Kneeling with clasped hands.) Papa hasn't kept his word, but God will. Please, heaven, look down upon my slumbers. Guide my dear friends to this spot (Joe and Mat. appear on the rocks, cross and descend slowly while she is speaking) and restore me to the arms of the mother who brought me up to love and trust in thee.

(She lies down and falls asleep.)

Joe.—(Looking around.) Well, of all blooming places, this is about the bloomingest.

Mat.—(Low.) Sh-h! Not a word above a whisper; it would betray us. You are sure the child is here?

Joe.—(Low.) Sure! Why, just as sure as I am thar's as many nuggets in these old peaks as ever came out of 'em.

(Delmayne without, is heard to sing drunkenly, both men run up and look off.)

Mat.—Confusion! It is some drunken beast coming up the cut through the forks. Hide yourself.

(Joe darts off. Gaspard runs on from hut as Delmayne disguised as a drunken miner appears on the bridge. He has a whiskey flask in his hand, a rope around his waist, ragged clothes, pantaloons

in boots, rough wig and heavy whiskers, 'hat pulled over face. He is singing drunkenly.)

Gasp.—(As he enters.) What noise was that! (Sees Delmayne.) Hello there, who are you?

Del.—Was zat—hic—your biz—niz? Havver—hic—drink.

Gasp.—No!

Del.—S'all right—hic—nee'n't git yer bac'—hic—kup. (Sings and descends.) "All git drunk, all git drunk, all git——"

Gasp.—(Grasps his arm.) Look here, my man, what's your name?

Del.—My name's—hic—Ananias Budge. Havver—hic—drink?

Gasp.—(Curtly.) No.

Del.—S'all right. (Is about to pass him when Gaspard grasps his arm.)

Gasp.—See here, I want to see your face.

Del.—Well—hic—yer can't do it!

Gasp.—(Angrily.) I want to see your face.

Del.—Well—hic—yer can't do it.

Gasp.—(Shakes knife under Delmayne's hat—slowly.) I want to see your face.

Del.—(Pushing back hat.) Well—hic—yer kin do it.

Gasp.—(Looks at him, gives a sigh of relief—aside.) Good, my fears are groundless. He is a stranger.

(Goes up, leans against rock, burying his face in his hands.)

Del.—Ain't—hic—a booty? Wouldn't—hic—yer like to kiss me for my muzzer? (Moves slowly till his back is to the guns, puts hand behind him and pours whiskey down the barrels, talking all the while.) Yer ain't—hic—werry sociable, pard, eh? Wassher—hic—down! Viewing booties—hic—of nature? S'all right. Mebby—hic—yer don't know me? I'm the—hic—worst man in the S'erras. I'm the—hic—terror o' Shirttail cañon, an'—hic—(Gaspard turns.) I'm out for fun—hic—out here tu raise—(loudly)—Jesse!

(Gaspard utters a cry and springs to him. Jessie springs up in hut. Delmayne very drunk.)

Del.—S'all right, s'all right! J-e-s-s-e—Jesse! (Gaspard is reassured, Jessie crouches under window listening, Delmayne motions her to silence with hand behind back.) Good—hic—night, pard, good-night. Havver drink?

Gasp.—(Surly.) No, fool!

Del.—All right—hic—fool! (Reels off, sings.) "We'll all git drunk."

Gasp.—Curse that fellow! He gave me a start it will take hours to quiet down. I know one thing; I'll be miles away from this spot by to-morrow night.

(Gaspard goes up and sits on bridge, his legs hanging over gulch; back to house. Lights pipe and smokes. Craven, knife in hand, enters from hut and sees him. At the same time Delmayne reënters and hides behind rock watching Craven.)

Cra.—(Low.) Fate plays into my hands. The hour for action draws on. I must be cautious; from the rocks beyond I can creep upon him and then—one blow and I am made forever.

(Craven creeps slowly up the rocks. Delmayne springs up, seizes vine and clammers up the side of house into the window.)

Jes.—(Quickly.) Who are you?

Del.—(Low.) Hush, Jessie! I'm a friend. Quick, knot this rope around you. Now then, out of the window!

(Delmayne ties rope around her waist and lowers her to the ground, she runs off. Craven is seen to steal up the bridge to Gaspard. Delmayne climbs down and follows Jessie during the following conversation.)

Cra.—(Aside.) My heart fails me, and yet—

(Raises knife.)

Gasp.—(Sees him.) Craven, and armed! (Attempts to rise, Craven seizes him and forces him over edge of the gulch, raises knife.)

Cra.—Yes, Craven, the man whom you have robbed of his inheritance. Too long have my plans resulted in bitterest failure; now the outcast shall drift into wealth and affluence upon his brother's blood.

Gasp.—Mercy, Craven!

Cra.—My heart is dead to it. (Forces him further over.)

Gasp.—Craven, Craven! Mercy! Spare my life and half my fortune shall be yours.

Cra.—All, or none. You offer me riches; I give you the grave.

(Craven pushes Gaspard off into the gulch—with a fearful cry Gaspard disappears. Craven stands transfixed.)

Cra.—Safe, safe! (Comes down, Delmayne crosses quickly behind him with Jessie and runs on the bridge.) Help, help, help!

(Big Lib and Wun Lung rush on from hut and seize guns.)

Lib.—What's the matter?

Cra.—My brother has fallen into the gulch. Come, come! (Runs up, sees Delmayne.) Who are you? Ha, the child! fire upon them! (They attempt to fire guns, but they will not discharge.)

Cra.—(Madly.) Fool, give me the child!

Del.—You come and take her if you dare!

(Delmayne tears off wig and whiskers, levels pistol at Craven. Mat. and Joe enter, knock down Lib and Wun Lung and stand over them with leveled revolvers.)

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Silver Sand Ravine. Sunset effect. Cabin with trellis of flowers. A cascade of silver-sand falls.

Gath reading from Bible on his knee. Meg on chair embroidering, basket of work at her side. Jessie kneels near her rolling ball of wool. Kate on chair mending miner's shirt. Joe, nicely dressed, leans over her, watching. Lively music at rise of curtain.

Gath.—(Reads.) "And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."

Meg.—(Looking up.) And you are glad at my return, dear father?

Gath.—Glad, child? Even when I thought you lost to virtue and to honor, my arms were open to you; but as this man's wife and not the creature of his fancy, my heart is light once more at the restoration of Sunlight to the Sierras.

Jes.—(Runs to him.) And I'm so glad to have a grandpa.

Gath.—Bless its dear heart.

Meg.—Richard has not called to-day?

Joe.—No; he's down at the claim. You see, we bought a bit of land the boys had given up—bought it dirt cheap—and luck seemed to play square into our hands from the very first. In three days we struck a vein of the pure metal; opened a sluice, and to-day we're the richest men in the whole Sierra chain. Delmayne's a queer fellow; he's worth a fortune now, but still you find him ever at the mines, overlooking the work just as though he hadn't a penny in the world. (Looks off.) As I live, here he is now, coming down the flats. Work's over and he's just dropping in to say good-day, and then be off to his cabin.

Enter Delmayne dressed as a well-to-do mine owner. Jessie runs to meet him, he kisses her.

Delmayne.—Good-day to you all. Well, Joe, my boy, we're made now.

Joe.—What? You don't mean—

Del.—A six ounce, pure, this time. What do you think, Meg? We've taken out the biggest nugget of the season.

Meg.—I'm sure you deserve your luck.

Gath.—If ever a man did. (Rises.) But come, Kate, it is time to prepare the evening meal. Of course, you remain, boys?

Joe.—Rather! (Kate crosses to Delmayne, kisses him and exits into the house with Gath.) There, that's just it! Whenever I try to get a word with that gal, some one drops in, and she drops out. But the words are on my lips and I'm going to hang on until I get a chance to "pop."

(Exit into house after Kate.)

Del.—He has gone. How my heart beats. That's a deuced nice child, but I wish she'd get out. I say, Jessie, didn't I hear you say you were going to gather some flowers for mamma?

Jes.—Oh, dear no, Papa Dick; don't you know mamma never lets me go from her sight now?

Del.—But mamma will let you go just this once if—if I ask it.

Meg.—(Aside.) Ah!

Del.—Won't you, Sunlight?

Meg.—(Aside.) How my heart beats! Do I read his words aright? (Aloud.) If you wish it. You may go now, Jessie, but don't stray too far.

Jes.—Oh, no, mamma. (Hurries off over rocks.)

Del.—(Aside.) We are alone. (Draws nearer.) Margaret, I have come to say farewell.

Meg.—Farewell!

Del.—(Aside.) How the words move her! Do I dream? (Aloud.) Yes, farewell, for I am going away. Back to the city with its serpent lures and its hollow mockery of life—back—back to live again, to—to—forget.

Meg.—(Springs up.) Forget! No, no, you must not go. You must—

Del.—Seek the shadows of a new life, to forget the shadows of the old. (Joe appears at doorway—listens.) Where, I know not, why—can't you guess? Oh, Margaret, it is to be far away from you, far away from the memory of past dreams. (Passionately.) Meg—Sunlight—are you blind? Can you not see my folly? I have dared to look up to the sun, but it is too bright for me; I have dared— (Breaks down.)

Meg.—Go on, go on!

Del.—No—no, do not tempt me! Oh, heaven! I can no longer stifle the words. Why do you look at me so? On your lips hang my future life. It is for you to say, go, or stay—Margaret, my life, my soul, I love you!

Meg.—Richard—stay! (Falls into his arms.)

Del.—My Sunlight at last!

Joe.—(In doorway.) Hem! (They start.) Oh, don't mind me, I was there, I saw it all. Well (comes down and raises hands semi-tragically), bless you, my children. That's the proper caper.

Del.—Congratulate me, Joe; I'm the happiest man on earth. (They shake hands.)

Joe.—Well, I aren't.

Del.—Why, what's the matter now?

Joe.—Nothing—I popped to Kate—that's all.

Del.—Well, she didn't refuse you?

Joe.—No; but she didn't say she'd have me either. She says she won't think of marrying till the stain is taken from her name. (Delmayne is moved.) Now, Dick, I ask you, how in the world am I going to do that? If that Craven Leroy would show up, it would be a different thing; but he aren't likely to do that, seeing as how the miners are after him for the murder of his half brother, and his monument would be the first tree if they caught him. Look here, Dick, old man, I never was cut out for single life, but if that ar sister o' yours don't marry me, why, hang me if I don't die a spinster.

(Confused sound of distant voices. Jessie shrieks without.)

Meg.—

Joe.—

Del.—

(Together.) What's that!

Joe.—(Rushes up.) Hello, thar's the miners chasing a man down the peaks at lightning speed! (Jessie shrieks.) Why, hang me, if he ain't got a child in his arms.

Del.—

Meg.—

(Together.) A child!

Joe.—Yes, why, look—it's no mistake—it is Jessie!

Meg.—Oh, for mercy's sake save the child!

(Jessie shrieks.)

Joe.—Ah, he turns the cut—he is coming this way. Now—ah, look Dick, look Sunlight we should know that face. It is Craven Leroy!

(Meg screams.)

Enter Kate and Gath from house.

Kate.— } (Together.) What's the matter?
Gath.— }

Meg.—My child, my child! (Voices nearer.)

Del.—Stand back, all of you; he has not yet seen us!

(Loud shouts. Craven Leroy in rags, pale and livid dashes down the rocks, with Jessie screaming in his arms. He is about to dart off, when Delmayne steps before him with leveled pistol.)

Del.—You stand back!

(Craven utters a shriek of dismay, drops Jessie, who is caught up by Meg; he turns to fly, but is met by Joe, who levels pistol.)

Joe.—Don't run ag'in that, pard, for it means six months consumption.

Cra.—Trapped! What does this mean?

Joe.—A pretty considerable, you can bet your boots. Do you hear that noise? It's the old '49ers, with the devil in 'em, coming down the peaks to hang you up to the nearest tree.

Cra.—(Cringes.) Mercy, mercy!

Joe.—We don't sell it here. Kate, my gal, I swore I'd win you, and now I'm goin' to keep my word. Parson, join these two hands. Don't lose a second, for in one minute the boys will be down upon us. Quick, now, make this the quickest marriage and the shortest ceremony ever heard tell on, for in five minutes this gal must be a widder. Sharp's the word, now, for Judge Lynch won't be kept waitin'. (Joe joins hands, shouts draw near.)

Gath.—Will you take this woman for your wedded wife?

Cra.—No! (Joe and Delmayne level pistols.) Yes!

Gath.—Will you take this man to be your wedded husband?

Kate.—Yes.

(Loud shout, miners appear on rocks with a rope.)

Gath.—Then I pronounce you man and wife.

(As the last words leave Gath's lips the men seize Craven, throw the noose around his neck and drag him, shouting.)

Joe.—Thar, boys, take him on his weddin' "tower." Kate, my gal, now will you have me?

(Opens his arms, she crosses and falls into them.)

Kate.—Yes, Joe, and with heaven's help I'll atone for the past by love and honor in the future.

Joe.—Hooray! I say, parson, you'll have a couple to splice in the morning.

Del.—(Leads Meg forward.) Yes, and another couple here, father.

Gath.—How's this? Why, Meg, you seem in as much of a hurry for a second husband as Kate, here.

Meg.—Yes, dear father, because, like hers, the first was a fancied love, and, again like her, the second is a real one.

(Embraces Delmayne.)

Loud shouts; all the miners reënter.

Mat.—He's gone!

Joe.—What, dead?

Mat.—As a door nail.

(Miners cheer.)

Del.—The shadow is past, dear love; the sun sets in gold and crimson behind the hills, and it is light at last.

Meg.—(Looks up at him.) Yes, Richard, and to eternity.

Del.—(To audience.) But, what shall I say to you, who have borne with my many passions so generously? I have gained the jewel for which I strove, but it will sparkle the brighter if it be set in your approbation. I have but one boon to crave—that you may be as happy always as I now am, and, should sorrow come, that its shadows may pass away as effectually as mine have done, here in the Sierras, among—the 'Forty-Niners.

As already intimated in the prelude, the play of *The 'Forty-niners* is essentially American, and of a time and place wholly by themselves. Its plot could never have been studied in advance. It both made and unravelled itself as things transpired. Its characters could not

have been originated. They spring from an environment wholly beyond ordinary boundaries. All was free and easy among the "Forty-niners." The situation encouraged the desperate, made possible all the tragic found in the play. It, none the less, gave opportunity for exercise of the nobler qualities in man. Hence the strong contrasts between the good and bad elements of such society as existed on those far-away frontiers. The play is faithful to the civilization that made characters and incidents possible; and, in this respect, it is almost veritable history.

INDEX I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dramatists, Characters and Other Personages.

With each name biographical notes are given. Under each dramatist his plays, as far as mentioned in this work, are entered. Those plays from which free quotation is made are marked with *; those which are given in full are marked with **. The heavy-faced figures refer to the index of Books for Reference and Extra Reading.

A.

- | | VOL. PAGE |
|---|-----------|
| ADDISON, JOSEPH, English author, 1672-1719..... | XV, 28 |
| Cato. 28. See 27, 31. | |
| ÆSCHYLUS, Greek tragic poet, 525-456 B. C..... | I, 52 |
| **Eumenides, 99, 225; Persæ, 59; *Seven against Thebes, 65; The Suppliants, 68; **Prometheus Bound, 70; Agamemnon, 78; Choephoræ, 92; Battle of Salamis, 62; His Farewell to Athens, 55; Contrasted with Sophocles, 141; As character in Frogs of Aristophanes, II, 32. | |
| For extra reading see 1, 2, 3. | |
| AGATHON, Greek tragic poet, d. 402 B. C..... | I, 327 |
| ALBERGATI, CAPACELLI, Italian comic, 1728-1804..... | V, 99 |
| The Prisoner, 99; Malicious Busybody, 99. See 16. | |
| ALEXIS, Greek comic poet, 394-288 B. C..... | II, 63 |
| ALEXIS, MICHAELOVITCH, Tzar of Russia, 1629-76.... | XVIII, 23 |
| ALFIERI, VITTORIO, Italian tragic poet, 1749-1803..... | V, 115 |
| **Myrrha, 285; Philip II, 131; Virginia, 141; Agamemnon, 142; Saul, 153; Sophonisba, 168. | |
| For extra reading see 16. | |
| AMELIA, Princess of Saxony, dramatist, 1739-1807..... | XII, 169 |
| Falsehood and Truth, 169. | |
| ANAXANDRIDES, Greek comic poet, 376 B. C..... | II, 63 |
| ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN, Danish story-teller, 1805-75 | XVII, 47 |
| The Fairy Tale of My Life, 52. See 35. | |
| ANDERSON, MARY (Mrs. Navarro), American actress..... | XX, 128 |
| For extra reading see 40. | |

- VOL. PAGE
- ANDRONICUS, LIVIUS, Latin tragic poet, 240 B. C. See 8...II, 93
- ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE D', Italian poet, b. 1864. See 17....V, 219
- ANTIPHANES, Greek comic poet, 404-330 B. C.....II, 62
- ARCHILOCHUS, Greek poet, about 700 B. C.....I, 19
- ARETINO, PIETRO, Italian satirist, 1492-1557. See 17.....IV, 183
- ARGENSOLA, LUPERCIO, Spanish poet, 1565-1613. See 15..VI, 93
- ARION, Greek poet, about 600 B. C. See 2.....I, 18
- ARIOSTO, LUDOVICO, Italian poet, 1474-1535. See 17.....IV, 180
- ARISTARCHUS, Greek dramatist, 420 B. C.....I, 330
- ARISTOPHANES, Greek comic dramatist, 456-380 B. C.....II, 7
 **The Clouds, 26, 233; *The Acharnians, 18; The
 Knights, 20; The Peace, 22; Lysistrata, 23;
 Women in Council, 24; Thesmophoriazusæ, 24;
 The Wasps, 29; The Frogs, 30; **The Birds,
 43; *Plutus, 46; Satirizes Euripides, 25, 30;
 Ridicules Socrates, 234.
 For extra reading see 3, 2.
- ARISTOTLE, Greek philosopher, 384-322 B. C. See 1, 2.....I, 1
- ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ, German poet, 1769-1860.....XII, 113
 What is the German Fatherland? 114. See 22.
- ARNIM, LUDWIG ACHIM VON, German dramatist.....XI, 119
- ASSELIJN, THOMAS, Dutch comic dramatist.....XII, 192
- ATTERBOM, PER D. A., Swedish poet, 1790-1855.....XVII, 182
 See 35.
- AUGIER, ÉMILE, French dramatist, 1820-99.....IX, 149
 La Ciguë, 150; Gabrielle, 152; Pierre de Touche,
 153; Le Gendre de M. Poirier, 153; Mariage d'
 Olympe, 154; La Jeunesse, 156; Paul Forestier,
 156; Les Effrontés, 156; Fils de Giboyer, 156;
 Contagion, 156; Lions et Renards, 156, 157;
 Madame Caverlet, 159; Fourchambault, 159;
 Jean de Thommeray, 158.
 For extra reading see 17, 21.
- AVELLONI, FRANCESCO, Italian dramatist, 1756-1837.....V, 101
- AYRENHOFF, CORNELIUS HERMANN VON, Austrian dramatist..X, 165
- AYRER, JACOB, German dramatist, d. 1605.....X, 26

B.

- BABHAVUTI, or CRIKANTHA, Hindoo poet, 8th century....III, 156
- BARO, JOSEPH MARIUS, German dramatist, 1756-1822....XII, 195
 **Dagobert, King of the Franks, 195.
- BACON, FRANCIS, BARON VERULAM, English philosopher,
 1561-1626 XIII, 13
 For extra reading see 27, 29.

	VOL.	PAGE
BAHR, HERMANN, Austrian dramatist.....	XII,	180
BAILLIE, JOANNA, English poet, 1798-1851.....	XVI,	13
Plays on the Passions; The Family Legend; De Montfort, 13. For extra reading see	27, 31.	
BALE, JOHN, English bishop and author.....	XIII,	6
Kynge Johan, 6. See	27.	
BAUERNFIELD, EDWARD, Austrian dramatist.....	XII,	171
BARON, MICHEL, French actor, 1653-1729.....	VIII,	39
Rendezvous des Tuilleries, 39. See	17, 18.	
BARRETT, LAWRENCE, American actor, 1838-91. See	40...XX,	103
BANNISTER, N. H., American dramatist.....	XX,	58
*Psanmetichus, 58.		
BEAUMARCHAIS, PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON DE, French comic dramatist, 1732-99.....	VIII,	168
Barber of Seville, 168; Marriage of Figaro, 168. For extra reading see	17, 19.	
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, English dramatist, 1584-1616.....	XIV,	54
Beaumont and Fletcher, joint authors, 55. Thierry and Theodoret, 55; Philaster, 56; The Knight of the Burning Pestle, 59; The Faithful Shep- herdess, 60; The Two Noble Kinsmen, 61; The Scornful Lady, 61. For extra reading see	27, 28.	
BELLAMY, ANNE GEORGE, English actress, 1733-88.....	XV,	84
BENEDIX, JULIUS RODERICH, German comic dramatist, 1850. See	22.....XII,	175
BENJAMIN, PARK, American journalist, 1809-64.....	XX,	51
BERGSÖE, WILHELM, Danish poet, b. 1835. See	35...XVII,	75
BETTERTON, THOMAS, English actor, 1635-1710.....	XV,	45
BILDERDIJK, WILLEM, Dutch poet, 1756-1831.....	XII,	192
BIRD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY, American dramatist, 1803-54.XX,	54	
The Gladiator, 54; Oraloosa, 55; Broker of Bogota, 55. See	38, 39.	
BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE, Norwegian dramatist, b. 1832.XVII,	77	
Between the Battles, 84; Limping Hulda, 85; Sigurd Slembe, 88; Mary Stuart in Scotland, 91; The Newly-Married, 94; Bankruptcy, 103; The Editor, 105; The King, 107; Leonarda, 110; **A Gauntlet, 112, 225; The New System, 115; Be- yond Their Strength, 116; Love and Geography, 118; New Tales, 120. For extra reading see	35.	
BOISROBERT, FRANÇOIS L. M., French abbé, 1529-1662....	VII,	41
See	17.	

- VOL. PAGE
- BOKER, GEORGE HENRY, American poet, 1824-90.....XX, 70
Calaynos, 71; Francesca da Rimini, 71.
- BOOTH, BARTON, English actor, 1681-1733.....XV, 53
- BOOTH, EDWIN, American actor, 1833-93. See 40.....XX, 95
- BOOTH, JUNIUS BRUTUS, Anglo-American actor, 1796-1852. See 39.....XIX, 128
- BOUCICAULT, DION, Anglo-American actor, 1822-90....
XVI, 28; XX, 80
London Assurance, XVI, 28; The Octoroon, XX, 81; **Rip Van Winkle, 81, 299.
For extra reading see 33, 40.
- BRANDES, GEORG, Danish essayist, b. 1842. See 22...XVII, 76
- BRANDT, GEERAERDT, Dutch dramatist.....XII, 191
- BRENTANO, CLEMENS, German poet, 1778-1842.....XI, 118
- BREDEROO, GERBRAND A., Dutch dramatist, 1585-1618....XII, 187
Farce of the Cow, 188; Jerolimo the Spanish Brabanter, 188.
- BROUGHAM, JOHN, Anglo-Irish-American actor, 1810-80..XX, 83
Pocahontas, 13; A Row at the Lyceum, 85; The Duke's Motto, 84.
For extra reading see 33, 40.
- BROWN, DAVID PAUL, American lawyer, 1795-1872.....XV, 57
See 38.
- BROWNING, ROBERT, English poet, 1812-89.....XVI, 43
Strafford, 43; The Return of the Druses, 44; A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, 44.
For extra reading see 27.
- BUCKINGHAM, G. VILLIERS, DUKE OF, English statesman, 1627-88 XIV, 86
The Rehearsal, 86. See 30.
- BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD, Lord Lytton, English novelist and dramatist, 1803-73 XVI, 25
The Lady of Lyons, 25; Richelieu, 26; **Money, 27, 183. For extra reading see 27, 32.
- BURK, JOHN DALY, American historian, 1775-1808.....XX, 35
Bunker Hill, 35. See 38.
- BYRON, GEORGE N. GORDON, LORD, English poet, 1788-1824.XVI, 5
Dramas: Manfred, 6; Werner, 6.
For extra reading see 27.
- BYRON, HENRY J., English comic dramatist.....XVI, 66
Our Boys, 67. See 33.

C.

- | | VOL. PAGE |
|---|------------|
| CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO, Spanish poet, 1600-1681. | VI, 109 |
| Devotion of the Cross, 125; Inflexible Prince, 126;
Wonderful Magician, 140; La Aurora en Copacavana, 160; Virgin of the Sanctuary, 164; Purgatory of St. Patrick, 167; **Belshazzar's Feast, IV, 251. | |
| For extra reading see 15. | |
| CAMPBELL, BARTLEY, American playwright, 1838-88. | XX, 139 |
| CAMPISTRON, JEAN G., French dramatist, 1656-1715. | VIII, 29 |
| Virginie, 30. See 18. | |
| CANIZAREZ, JOSÉ, Spanish dramatist, 1676-1750. | VI, 192 |
| Picarillo en Espana, 192. See 15. | |
| CATHERINE II, Tzarina of Russia, 1729-96. | XVIII, 36 |
| Her dramas, 46; O Tempora, 47; *Mrs. Grumble's Birthday, 49. For extra reading see 36. | |
| CENTLIVRE, SUSANNA, English dramatist, 1625-1723. | XIV, 134 |
| CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE, Spanish novelist, 1547-1616. | IV, 212 |
| Numantia, 215; Life in Algiers, 218.
For extra reading see 15. | |
| CHÆREMON, Greek tragic dramatist, 380 B. C. | I, 333 |
| CHAMISSE, ADELBERT VON, German poet, 1781-1838. | XII, 109 |
| Peter Schlemihl, 110; Salas y Gomez, 112. | |
| CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANÇOIS RENÉ, VICOMTE DE, French author, 1768-1848. | IX, 5 |
| For extra reading see 17, 20. | |
| CHEKHOV, ANTON P., Russian novelist, 1895. | XVIII, 158 |
| The Melancholy Tale, 158; Ivanov, 159; **A Marriage Proposal, 175. | |
| CHEVREAU, URBAIN, French littérateur, 1613-1701. | VII, 62 |
| For extra reading see 17. | |
| CHIKAMATSU, MONZAYEMON, Japanese dramatist, 1653-1724. | III, 69 |
| Battles of Kokusenya (1715), 74; The Loyal League, 81, 102. For extra reading see 12. | |
| CHIONIDES, Greek comic dramatist, 460 B. C. | II, 5 |
| CIBBER, COLLEY, English dramatist, 1671-1757. | XV, 2 |
| See 27, 31, 34. | |
| CLARKE, JOHN SLEEPER, American actor. See 40. | XX, 102 |
| COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, English poet, 1772-1834. | XVI, 8 |
| Translated Schiller's Wallenstein; Remorse, 8; Zapolya, 8. For extra reading see 27, 32. | |
| COLLIER, JEREMY, English moralist, 1650-1726. | XIV, 116 |
| For extra reading see 27, 34. | |

- VOL. PAGE
- COLMAN, GEORGE, English dramatist, 1733-94....II, 291; XV, 9
 **The Clandestine Marriage, 104.
 For extra reading see 31.
- COLMAN, GEORGE, the younger, English dramatist, 1762-1836. See 31.....XV, 10
- CONRAD, ROBERT TAYLOR, American journalist, 1810-58...XX, 36
 *Aylmere, altered to Jack Cade, 37, 39. See 38, 39.
- COOKE, GEORGE FREDERICK, English actor, 1755-1812....XIX, 119
 For extra reading see 39.
- COOPER, THOMAS ABTHORPE, English tragedian, 1776-1849.XIX, 118
 For extra reading see 39.
- CONGREVE, WILLIAM, English comic dramatist, 1669-1729.XIV, 124
 The Old Bachelor, 125; The Double Dealer, 125.
 For extra reading see 30, 27.
- CORNEILLE, PIERRE, French dramatist, 1606-84..VII, 35; VIII, 3
 Don Juan, VIII, 22; Mélite, VII, 36; Clitandre, 40;
 Cid, 52; Place Royale, 46; Médée, 49; Illusion,
 49; *Horace, 63; Cinna, 77; Polyeucte, 80; The
 Liar, 83; Heraclius, 97; Pertharite, 106; Œdipe,
 117; Attila, 203. For extra reading see 18, 17.
- CORNEILLE, THOMAS, French dramatist, 1625-1709.....VIII, 138
 Timocrate, VII, 114.
- COSSA, PIETRO, Italian dramatist, 19th century.....V, 216
 Cleopatre, 216; Plautus and His Age, 217.
- COWLEY, MRS. HANNAH, English dramatist, 1743-1809...XV, 187
 **The Belle's Stratagem, 187.
- CRATINUS, Greek comic poet, 519-422 B. C.....II, 5
 The Flagon, 5.
- CRÉBILLON, PROSPER J. DE, French dramatist, 1674-1762..VIII, 131
 *Electre, 133; *Rhadamiste, 135; Pyrrhus, 137.
 For extra reading see 17, 18.
- CRITIAS, Greek orator, d. 404 B. C. See 2.....I, 329
- CUMBERLAND, RICHARD, English dramatist, 1732-1811....XV, 12
 For extra reading see 31, 27.
- CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE, American actress, 1816-76.....XX, 68
 For extra reading see 39.
- CYRANO DE BERGERAC, SAVINIEN, French poet, 1619-55....VII, 104
 La Mort d'Agrippine, 105; Le Pédant Joué, 106.
 For extra reading see 18.

D.

- DAKIKI, Persian poet, beginner of the Shah-nama, 970....III, 191
 For extra reading see 11.
- DALY, AUGUSTIN, American manager, 1838-99. See 40..XX, 138
- DANJURO (Hori Koshi Suguru), Japanese actor, 1890....III, 95

- VOL. PAGE
- DEJAZET, MARIE VIRGINIE, French actress, 1797-1857.....IX, 121
- DERJAVINE, GABRIEL R., Russian poet, 1743-1816.....XVIII, 43
For extra reading see 36.
- DELAVIGNE, GERMAIN, French dramatist, 1790-1868.....IX, 89
- DESMARETS, JEAN, French poet, 1595-1676.....VII, 63
Les Visionnaires, 63.
- DESTOUCHES, P. NÉRICAUT, French playwright, 1680-1754 VIII, 153
- DIENHARDSTEIN, Austrian dramatist.....XII, 170
- DREYER, MAX, German dramatist.....XII, 180
- DRYDEN, JOHN, English poet, 1631-1700.....XIV, 76
Astræa Redux, 77; Indian Queen, 81; Annus Mirabilis, 83; Secret Love, 83; Amboyna and Aurungzebe, 86; All for Love, 87; Absalom and Achitophel, 90; The Hind and the Panther, 91.
For extra reading see 27, 30.
- DUMAS, ALEXANDRE, French novelist, 1803-70.....IX, 65
Compared with Victor Hugo, 83; Le Chasse et l'Amour, 67; Christine, 67; Henri III et sa Cour, 68; Antony, 71; Don Juan de Marana, 75; La Tour de Nesle, 74; Les Trois Mousquetaires, 82, 78; Caligula, 76; The Count of Monte Cristo, 77; La Jeunesse de Louis XIV, 83.
For extra reading see 17, 20.
- DUMAS, ALEXANDRE, fils, French dramatist, 1824-95.....IX, 121
La Dame aux Camélias, 121, 124; Le Bijou de la Reine, 124; Diane de Lys, 126; Le Demi-Monde, 126; *Le Père Prodigue, 129; L'Ami des Femmes, 137; Le Supplice de la Femme, 137; Une Visite des Noces, 137; La Princesse de Bagdad, 138; His critical pamphlet L'Homme-Femme, 137. For extra reading see 21.
- DUPIN, French dramatist, 1820.....IX, 89
- D'URFEY, THOMAS, English comic writer, 1643-1723...XIII, 104
For extra reading see 27, 31.
- DURYER, PIERRE, French dramatist, 1605-58.....VII, 38

E.

- ELIZABETH, Queen of England, 1535-1603.....XIII, 107
For extra reading see 27, 28.
- ENNIUS, QUINTUS, Roman poet, 239-169 B. C. See 8...II, 99
- EPICARMUS, Sicilian comic dramatist, 500 B. C.....II, 3
- EPICRATES, Greek comic dramatist, 360 B. C.....II, 63
- ETHEREDGE, SIR GEORGE, English comic dramatist, 1635?-91. For extra reading see 30.....XIV, 101

- VOL. PAGE
- EUBULUS, Greek comic dramatist, 376 B. C.....II, 62
- EUPOLIS, Greek comic dramatist, 446-411 B. C.....II, 6
Lacedæmonians, 6.
- EURIPIDES, Greek tragic poet, 480-406 B. C.....I, 158
Hippolytus, 165, 188; *Medea, 192; Alcestis, 175, 198; *Iphigenia at Aulis, 202; *Iphigenia in Tauris, 203; *Madness of Hercules, 212; Phœnissæ, 214; Orestes, 214; *Bacchæ, 215; *Andromache, 178, 205; Suppliants, 173, 219; Troades, 207; *Hecuba, 209; Heraclidæ, 219; *Ion, 220; *Helena, 221; **Cyclops, satyric drama, 303; Ridiculed by Aristophanes, II, 25, 32.
For extra reading see 6, 2.
- EWALD, JOHANNES, Danish poet, 1743-81.....XVII, 27
Adamiade, 28; Balder's Death, 29; The Fisherman, 30.
For extra reading see 35.
- F.**
- FARID-UDDIN, ATTAR, Persian Sufic poet.....III, 195
- FARQUHAR, GEORGE, English comic, 1678-1707.....XIV, 128
The Constant Couple, 130; Sir Harry Wildair, 130.
For extra reading see 30.
- FATH-ALI, MIRZA, Turkish dramatist, 1875.....III, 317
- FEDERICI, LUIGI, Italian poet, 1540-1607.....V, 104
- FEITH, RHIJNVIS, Dutch poet, 1753-1824.....XII, 192
- FIELDING, HENRY, English novelist, 1707-54.....XV, 90
- FINN, HENRY A., American playwright, d. 1840.....XX, 40
- FIRDAUSI, Persian poet, 939-1020.....III, 191
Shah-nama, or Book of Kings, 191.
For extra reading see 11.
- FISCHER, JOHANN GEORG, German dramatist.....XII, 171
- FITCH, CLYDE, American dramatist, b. 1865. See 40....XX, 145
- FLETCHER, JOHN, English dramatist, 1579-1625.....XIV, 54
For works see under Beaumont.
- FONTENELLE, BERNARD LE BOVIER, French poet, 1657-1757.VIII, 29
La Comète, 29.
- FOOTE, SAMUEL, English comedian, 1720-77.....XV, 93
- FORREST, EDWIN, American tragedian, 1806-72.....XX, 15
For extra reading see 39, 40.
- FORSTER, JOHANN GEORG, German traveller, 1754-94.....X, 164
- FOUQUÉ, FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE, BARON, German romancist, 1777-1843. See 22.....XI, 140
- FREDRO, ALEXANDER, COUNT, Polish comic dramatist, 1793-1876. See 36 XVIII, 166

FRISCHLEIN, NICODEMUS, German-Latin satirist, 1547-90...X, 24

VOL. PAGE

G.

GARNIER, ROBERT, French tragic poet, 1534-90.....VII, 18
For extra reading see 17, 18.

GARRICK, DAVID, English actor, 1716-79.....I, 42; XV, 31
**The Clandestine Marriage, XV, 105.
For extra reading see 31.

GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE, French novelist, 1811-72.....I, 1; IX, 20

GAY, JOHN, English poet, 1688-1732.....XV, 82
The Beggars' Opera, 82.

GENICHIRO, Japanese dramatist, 1890.....III, 85

GILBERT, WM. SCHWENCK, English dramatist. See 33..XVI, 68

GILLETTE, WILLIAM, American dramatist, 1895. See 40..XX, 143

GIRARDIN, ÉMILE DE, French journalist, 1804-81.....IX, 137

GIRAUD, GIOVANNI, Italian Count, 1776-1834.....V, 106

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM E., English statesman, quoted.....I, 91

GOES, VANDER, Dutch dramatist XII, 191

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, German poet, 1749-1832 XI, 1

*Faust, 5-50; Götz von Berlichingen, 3; *Iphigenia in Tauris, 219; Sorrows of Werther, 56; Torquato Tasso, 64; Hermann and Dorothea, 76; The Divan, 83.

For extra reading see 24, 22.

GOGOL, NICHOLAS V., Russian novelist, 1809-52.....XVIII, 113

Confessions of an Author, 114; Evenings in a Farm-house, 117; **The Inspector, or Revisor, 119, 126; Dead Souls, 120. For extra reading see 36.

GOLDONI, CARLO, Italian comic dramatist, 1707-93.....V, 63

The Post-Inn, 259; Twins of Venice, 69; Curious Mishap, 73; Ostentatious Miser, 84.

For extra reading see 17.

GOLDSCHMIDT, MEYER AARON, Danish dramatist.....XVII, 75

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, Anglo-Irish poet, 1728-74.....XV 18

The Good-natured Man, 18; She Stoops to Conquer, 19. For extra reading see 27, 31.

GONGORA, LUIS DE, Spanish poet, 1561-1627.....VI, 87

For extra reading see 15.

GORKI, MAXIM (Alexei M. Pieshov), Russian dramatist.XVIII, 179

**In the Depths, 179.

GOTTSCHAL, RUDOLF VON, German poet, 1823-83.....XII, 171

GOTTSCHED, JOHANN CHRISTOPH, German critic, 1700-66...X, 44

For extra reading see 22.

- VOL. PAGE
- GOZZI, CARLO, Italian Count and dramatist, 1720-1806.....V, 93
The Three Ofranges, 93. For extra reading see 16.
- GRABBE, DIETRICH CHRISTIAN, German dramatist, 1801-36.XII, 168
- GREENE, ROBERT, English dramatist, 1562-92.....XIII, 99
For extra reading see 27, 28.
- GRILLPARZER, FRANZ, Austrian dramatist, 1791-1872.....XII, 75
*Die Ahnfrau (The Ancestress), 76; **King Otto-
kar's Fortune and End, 78; Sappho, 81; The
Golden Fleece, 81. For extra reading see 22.
- GRUNDTVIG, NICOLAI FREDERICK SEVERIN, Danish theo-
logian, 1783-1872. For extra reading see 35.....XVII, 42
- GRUNDY, SYDNEY, English comic dramatist.....XVI, 72
The Greatest of These, 73. For extra reading see 33.
- GRYPHIUS, ANDREAS, German poet, 1616-64.....X, 36
For extra reading see 22.
- GUALZETTI, Italian dramatist, 19th century.....V, 102
- GUARINI, GIAMBATTISTA, Italian poet, 1537-1612.....IV, 191
For extra reading see 16.
- GUTZKOW, KARL FERDINAND, German dramatist, 1811-78.XII, 15
Wally, die Weiflerin, 16; Die Ritter vom Geiste, 17;
Richard Savage, 17; Uriel Acosta, 17.
For extra reading see 26.

H.

- HAFIZ, SHAMS-ADDIN MUHAMMAD, Persian poet, 1300-89.III, 196
For extra reading see 11.
- HAFNER, PHILIP, Austrian comic dramatist.....X, 166
- HALLAM, HENRY, English historian, 1777-1859.....XIII, 59
- HARDI, ALEXANDRE, French tragic poet, 1570-1631.....VII, 25
- HAUPTMANN, GERHART, German dramatist, b. 1862.....XII, 171
Before Sunrise, 172; Lonely Lives, 173; The Weavers,
173; **Hannele, 174, 251; Colleague Crampton,
175; The Sunken Bell, 175, 288.
For extra reading see 22.
- HAZLITT, WILLIAM, English critic, 1778-1830.....XIII, 156
For extra reading see 27.
- HEIBERG, JOHAN LUDWIG, Danish poet, 1791-1860.....XVII, 63
Syvsoverdag, 65; Alferne, 65.
For extra reading see 35.
- HEIBERG, PEDER ANDREAS, Danish poet, 1758-1841.....XVII, 26
For extra reading see 35.

- HEINE, HEINRICH, German poet, 1797-1856.....VOL. PAGE
XII, 117
Buch der Lieder, 117; Almansor, William Ratcliff,
126; The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar, 136; Religion
and Philosophy in Germany, 140; The Romantic
School, 140; His Admiration for Napoleon, 141;
Book Le Grand, 141; Deutschland, 145; The
New Alexander, 146; The Princess Ilse, 151.
For extra reading see 26, 22.
- HEINE, SOLOMON, banker in Hamburg.....XII, 122
- HEINSE, JOHANN JAKOB, German novelist.....X, 163
- HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED, German critic, 1744-1803.....X, 84
Goethe's criticism on, 89.
For extra reading see 22, 23.
- HERNE, JAMES H., American playwright.....XX, 145
- HERODOTUS, Greek historian, about 490-428 B. C. See 2....I, 22
- HERONDAS, Greek writer of mimes, 250 B. C. See 2.....II, 79
For extra reading see 2.
- HERSHA DEVA, SRI, King of Cashmir, 1025.....III, 249
- HERTZ, HENRIK, Danish poet, 1798-1870.....XVII, 65
For extra reading see 35.
- HEYWOOD, JOHN, English dramatist, 1497-1587.....XIII, 19
See 27, 28.
- HODGKINSON, JOHN, English-American actor, 1775-1805.XIX, 83
For extra reading see 31, 39.
- HOFFMANN, AUGUST HEINRICH, German poet, 1798-1874..XII, 57
- HOFFMANN, ERNST THEODOR WILHELM, German tale-
writer, 1776-1822. See 22.....XI, 121
- HOFMANNSTHAL, HUGO VON, Austrian dramatist.....XII, 180
- HOLBERG, LUDWIG VON, Danish dramatist, 1684-1754....XVII, 16
Peder Paars, 18; **The Loquacious Barber, 189.
For extra reading see 35.
- HOME, JOHN, Scotch minister, 1724-1808.....XIV, 285
**Douglas, 283.
- HOOFT, PIETER C., Dutch dramatist, 1581-1647.....XII, 187
- HORACE, Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS, Roman poet, 65-8 B. C....II, 125
For extra reading see 9.
- HOSTRUP, JEN CHRISTIAN, Danish dramatist, 1819-92...XVII, 69
- HOWARD, BRONSON, American dramatist, b. 1842.....XX, 140
For extra reading see 40.
- HOZ, JUAN DE, Spanish poet, 1620-90. See 15.....VI, 191
- HUERTA, VINCENTE GARCIA, Spanish poet, 1729-97.....VI, 199
Rachel, 200. For extra reading see 15.

- VOL. PAGE
- HUGO, CHARLES, Hungarian dramatist, 1860.....XVIII, 173
Banker and Baron, 173.
- HUGO, VICTOR, French poet and novelist, 1802-85.....IX, 11
Compared with Dumas, 83; Inez de Castro, 14; Bug
Jargal, 16; Hans d'Islande, 16; Odes et Ballades,
17; Cromwell, 18; Hernani, 20; Marion Delorme,
23; **Le Roi S' Amuse, 24; Lucrece Borgia, 57;
Marie Tudor, 58; Ruy Blas, 59; Notre Dame de
Paris, 61; Les Miserables, 63.
For extra reading see 20, 17.

I.

- IBSEN, HENRIK, Norwegian dramatist, b. 1828.....XVII, 127
Catiline, 139; The Warrior's Tomb, 141; Mistress
Inger, 142; The Feast of Solhaug, 143; Olaf
Liljekrans, 144; The Warriors of Helgeland,
146; *The Pretenders, 147; Brand, 152; The
League of Youth, 154; Emperor and Galilean,
154; Pillars of Society, 156; A Doll's House,
156; **Ghosts, 281.
For extra reading see 35, 41.
- IDZUMO, TAKEDA, Japanese dramatist, d. 1756.....III, 83
Chiushingura, 83; Seeguwara, 83.
- IFFLAND, AUGUST WILHELM, German dramatist, 1759-1814.XI, 149
**Conscience, 149. For extra reading see 27.
- IMMERMANN, KARL LEBRECHT, German novelist, 1796-1840.XII, 170
Münchhausen, 170. For extra reading see 22.
- INGEMANN, BERNHARD SEVERIN, Danish poet, 1789-1862.XVII, 44
Reinald, the Wonder-Child, 45; Masaniello and
Bianca, 45.
- ION OF CHIOS, Greek poet, 450 B. C.....I, 329
- IOPHON, Greek tragic poet, about 430 B. C.....I, 327
- IRVING, SIR HENRY, English actor, b. 1838.....XVI, 39
For extra reading see 33, 34, 41.

J.

- JEFFERSON, JOSEPH, English-American actor, 1774-
1832. For extra reading see 39.....XIX, 81
- JEFFERSON, JOSEPH, American actor, b. 1829.....XX, 107
**Rip Van Winkle, 121. For extra reading see 40.
- JERROLD, DOUGLAS, English wit and satirist, 1803-57....XVI, 19
*The Rent Day, 20; A Prisoner of War, 21; Black-
eyed Susan, 22. For extra reading see 27, 32.
- JOHNSON, SAMUEL, English author, 1709-84.....XIII, 156
For extra reading see 27.

- | | VOL. PAGE |
|--|-----------|
| JONES, HENRY ARTHUR, English dramatist, b. 1851..... | XVI, 73 |
| Saints and Sinners, 73; The Case of Rebellious | |
| Susan, 74. For extra reading see 33. | |
| JONSON, BEN, English dramatist, 1572-1637..... | XIV, 52 |
| **Every Man in His Humor, 135. | |
| For extra reading see 27, 28. | |
| JORDAN, MRS. DOROTHEA, Irish-English actress, 1762-1816. | XV, 76 |
| JORDAN, WILHELM, German poet..... | XII, 170 |
| JULIUS, HEINRICH, German Duke, 16th century..... | X, 27 |

K.

- KAWAGA, ICHI, Japanese actor, 1890.....III, 98
- KALIDASA, Hindoo poet, 525.....III, 135
- Sakuntala, or the Lost Ring, 135; **Vikrama and
- Urvashi, 135, 152. For extra reading see 10.
- KATONA, JOSEPH, Hungarian dramatist, 1793-1830...XVIII, 169
- Panus Bank, 170.
- KEAN, EDMUND, English actor, 1787-1833...XVI, 53; XIX, 126
- For extra reading see 34, 32, 39.
- KEENE, LAURA, English-American actress. See 40.....XX, 90
- KENNICOTT, JAMES H., American playwright.....XX, 41
- Irma, 42.
- KERNER, JUSTINUS, German poet, 1786-1862.....XII, 108
- For extra reading see 22.
- KIELLAND, ALEXANDER, Norwegian poet, b. 1849.....XVII, 122
- Skipper Worse, 124; Professor, 125.
- KLINGEMANN, AUGUST, German dramatist, 1777-1831...XII, 82
- Tragedies; Ahasuer (the Wandering Jew), 83;
- *Faust, 85. For extra reading see 22.
- KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB, German poet, 1724-1803..X, 74
- For extra reading see 22.
- KNOWLES, J. SHERIDAN, English dramatist, 1784-1862....XVI, 14
- Caius Gracchus, 15; *Virginus, 16; William Tell, 15;
- The Hunchback, 15.
- For extra reading see 27, 32.
- KOCHANOWSKI, JAN, Polish poet, 1578. See 36.....XVIII, 165
- KÖRNER, KARL THEODORE, German poet, 1791-1813.X, 96; XII, 18
- Lyre and Sword, 21; Zriny, 20; Die Braut, 20; Die
- Sühne, 20; Der Grüne Domino, 20.
- For extra reading see 22.
- KOTZEBUE, AUGUST FERDINAND VON, German dramatist,
- 1761-1819. For extra reading see 22.....X, 159
- 19—Part II, Vol. XX.

- VOL. PAGE
- KRILOV, IVAN A., Russian fabulist, 1764-1844.....XVIII, 66
 Prince Trumps, 67; The Fashionable Lady, 68; The
 Story of Cahib, 70; Panegyric of My Grand-
 father, 72. For extra reading see 36.

L.

- LABERIUS, DECIMUS, Roman mime-writer, 105-43 B. C.....II, 89
 LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE, French fabulist, 1621-95. See 17.VIII, 74
 LA MOTTE, ANTOINE HOUDARD DE, French poet, 1672-1731. VIII, 141
 For extra reading see 17.
 LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, English poet, 1775-1864.....XVI, 8
 For extra reading see 27.
 LARIVEY, PIERRE DE, French dramatist, 1550-1612.....VII, 19
 For extra reading see 17.
 LASOS, Greek poet, about 500 B. C.....I, 20
 LAYARD, AUSTEN H., English explorer of Nineveh.....III, 188
 LECOUVREUR, ADRIENNE, French actress, 1692-1730.....IX, 96
 For extra reading see 18.
 LENAU, NIKOLAUS (N. F. Niernbsch von Strehlenau),
 Austrian poet, 1802-50. For extra reading see 22.....X, 170
 LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ, French novelist, 1668-1747.....VIII, 147
 **Crispin, Rival of His Master, 195.
 For extra reading see 17, 20.
 LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM, German dramatist and
 critic, 1729-81 X, 48
 Emilia Galotti, 53; **Nathan the Wise, 54; **Minna
 von Barnhelm, 181; Miss Sara Sampson, 50.
 For extra reading see 23, 22, 1.
 LE STRANGE, GUY, English Orientalist, 1884.....III, 315
 LIDNER, BENGT, Swedish poet, 1759-93.....XVII, 180
 LOMONOSOV, MICHAEL V., Russian poet, 1711-65.....XVIII, 12
 For extra reading see 36.
 LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, American poet.....XX, 43
 **The Spanish Student, XIX, 195; The Divine
 Tragedy, XX, 44.
 For extra reading see 39.
 LONGINUS, Greek critic, d. 273. Criticized Euripides.....I, 163
 LONGPIERRE, French dramatist, 16th century.....VIII, 68
 LOPÉ DE RUEDA, Spanish poet, 1500-64.....IV, 207
 LOPÉ DE VEGA CARPIO, FELIX, Spanish poet, 1562-1635....VI, 35
 **Dog in the Manger, 287; Discreet Revenge, 42;
 The Doubtful for the Certain, 60.
 For extra reading see 15.
 LUDWIG I, King of Bavaria, patron of art.....XII, 131

	VOL.	PAGE
LUDWIG, OTTO, German dramatist.....	XII,	171
LYLY, JOHN, English author of <i>Euphues</i> , 1554-1606....	XIII,	45
For extra reading see 28, 27.		

M.

MCCULLOUGH, JOHN, American actor, 1837-1885.....	XX,	105
For extra reading see 40.		
MACHIARELLI, NICCOLO, Italian author, 1469-1527.....	IV,	181
For extra reading see 16.		
MACKAYE, J. STEELE, American playwright.....	XX,	137
MACKLIN, CHARLES, Irish actor, 1690-1797.....	XV,	56
MAFFEI, FRANCESCO, Italian dramatist, 1575-1655.....	V,	60
MAGNES, Greek comic poet, 460 B. C.....	II,	5
MAIRET, JEAN, French dramatist, 1604-86.....	VII,	38
MANZONI, ALESSANDRO, Italian poet, 1784-1873.....	V,	180
**Carmagnola, 183; Adelchi, 187.		
For extra reading see 16.		
MARIVAUX, PIERRE DE, French novelist, 1688-1763.....	VIII,	157
For extra reading see 17, 18.		
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, English tragic poet, 1564-93....	XIII,	46
Edward the Second, 46; Tamburlaine the Great, 99.		
See 27, 28.		
MARSTON, WESTLAND, English poet.....	XVI,	44
MARTELLI, LUDOVICO, Italian poet, 1499-1527.....	V,	60
MASSINGER, PHILIP, English dramatist, 1583-1640.....	XIV,	65
The Virgin Martyr, 69; The Renegado, 67; **A New		
Way to Pay Old Debts, 68, XIII, 263.		
For extra reading see 28, 27.		
MATURIN, CHARLES ROBERT, Irish dramatist, 1782-1824.	XVI,	9
Bertram, 9. For extra reading see 32.		
MEIJER, LODEWIJK, Dutch dramatist.....	XII,	191
MENANDER, Greek comic poet, 342-291 B. C. See 2.....	II,	75
MERIVALE, HERMAN, English dramatist.....	XVI,	78
METASTASIO, PIETRO, Italian poet, 1698-1782.....	V,	35
**Dream of Scipio, 245; Hypsipyle, 39; Dido Aban-		
doned, 49; The Olimpiade, 50; La Clemenza di		
Tito, 53. For extra reading see 16.		
MILLER, JOAQUIN, American poet, 1841-1902.....	XX,	138
The Danites, 138. For extra reading see 40.		
MILMAN, HENRY HART, English dean, historian, poet,		
1791-1868	XVI,	10
Fazio, 10; Anne Boleyn, 11. For extra reading see 27.		

- VOL. PAGE
- MIMES.....Greek, II, 79; Roman, II, 89
- MIRANDA, SAA DE, Portuguese poet.....VI, 246
Inez de Castro, 246; *Lusiad*, 247.
- MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL, English author, 1787-1855....XVI, 13
For extra reading see 27.
- MOLIÈRE, JEAN B. POQUELIN, French comic, 1621-73....VII, 120
Le Dépit Amoureux*, 129; **Les Precieuses Ridicules*, 139; *Sganarelle*, 157; *La Toison d'Or*, 158; *L'École des Maris*, 243; *Les Facheux*, 167; *L'École des Femmes*, 175; *L'Impromptu de Versailles*, 179; *Tartuffe*, 181, 219; *Don Juan*, 189; *L'Amour Médecin*, 194; *Agésilas and Antiochus*, 198; *Le Misanthrope*, 199; *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, 201; *L'Imposteur*, 204; *L'Avare*, 215; *Le Malade Imaginaire*, 230; *His Influence in Germany*, X, 41.
For extra reading see 19, 17.
- MONDORI, French actor, 1580-1651.....VII, 37
- MONTCHÉRIEN, ANTOINE, French poet, 1570-1621.....VII, 22
- MONTI, VINCENZO, Italian poet, 1754-1828. See 16.....V, 178
- MOORE, HORATIO N., American playwright.....XX, 44
- MORETO, DON AUGUSTIN, Spanish dramatist, 1600-69.....VI, 188
- MOWATT, MRS. ANNA CORA (afterwards Mrs. Ritchie),
American dramatist.....XX, 60
**Fashion*, 64. For extra reading see 39.
- MOZART, WOLFGANG GOTTLIEB, German composer.....X, 162
- MÜLLNER, AMADEUS G. A., German fate dramatist, 1774-
1820 XII, 92
Die Albanäserinn (Fair Albanian), 93, 98; *The*
20th of February, 96; *König Yngard*, 98. See 25.
- MUSSET, ALFRED DE, French poet, 1810-57.....IX, 10
***The Chandelier*, translated by W. H. H. Cham-
bers, 173. For extra reading see 20, 17.

N.

- NAOGEORG, THOMAS, German playwright, 16th century....X, 22
- NAPOLÉON I (Bonaparte). French Emperor, 1769-1821...XII, 121
- NEOPHRON. Greek dramatist, 430 B. C.....I, 330
- NESTROY, JOHANN, Austrian dramatist, fl. 1830.....X, 169
- NEUBER, F. CAROLINE, German manager, 1770.....X, 45
- NICCOLINI, G. BATTISTA, Italian dramatist, 1782-1861.....V, 193
Giovanni da Procida, 194; ***Arnaldo da Brescia*, 198.
For extra reading see 16.
- NIMETOLLAH, SEID, Persian dervish.....III, 198

- NOAH, MORDECAI M., American journalist, 1785-1851....XX, 45
 NOVALIS (Friedrich von Hardenberg), German mystic,
 1772-1801. For extra reading see 22.....XI, III; XII, 6

O.

- OEHELENSCHLÄGER, ADAM, Danish poet, 1779-1850.X, 156; XVII, 35
 Hakon Jarl, X, 157; XVII, 39; Correggio, X, 156,
 158. For extra reading see 35, 22.
 OKUNI, Japanese actress, 1600 III, 68
 OLDFIELD, ANNE, English actress, 1683-1730.....XV, 5
 OPITZ, MARTIN, German poet, 1597-1639.....X, 34
 For extra reading see 22.
 OTWAY, THOMAS, English dramatist, 1651-85.....XIV, 96
 Venice Preserved, 98. For extra reading see 27.
 OUDAEN, JOACHIM, Dutch dramatist.....XII, 191
 OVERSKOV, THOMAS, Danish dramatist, 1798-1873.....XVII, 71
 OVID (P. OVIDIUS NASO), Roman poet, 48 B. C.-17 A. D...II, 101
 For extra reading see 8.

P.

- PALUDAN-MÜLLER, FREDERIK, Danish poet, 1809-76....XVII, 66
 Adam Homo, 67; Kalænus, 68.
 For extra reading see 35.
 PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD, American dramatist, 1791-1852...XIX, 141
 **Therese, the Orphan of Geneva, 149; *Home, Sweet
 Home, 145. For extra reading see 38, 39.
 PEELE, GEORGE, English dramatist, 1558-97.....XIII, 27
 **Edward I, 27; David and Bathsheba, 47.
 For extra reading see 28.
 PELLY, SIR LEWIS, English diplomat, editor of Persian
 Passion-play III, 297
 PETER THE GREAT, Tzar of Russia, 1672-1725.....XVIII, 25
 For extra reading see 36.
 PHILEMON, Greek comic poet, 320 B. C.....II, 76
 PHILLIPS, STEPHEN, English poet.....XVI, 79
 Herod, 79; Paolo and Francesca, 79; Ulysses, 80.
 For extra reading see 33.
 PHRYNICHUS, Greek tragic dramatist, about 500 B. C.....I, 25
 Phœnissæ, 26.
 PHRYNICHUS, Greek comic poet, 430 B. C.....II, 6
 PINDAR, Greek poet, 522-433 B. C. For extra reading see 2.I, 20
 PINDEMONTE, Italian tragic dramatist.....V, 07
 Ginevra of Scotland, 108; The Auto Da Fé, 113.
 For extra reading see 16.

- VOL. PAGE
- PINERO, ARTHUR WING, English dramatist, b. 1855.....XVI, 75
 The Profligate, 76; The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, 77;
 The Magistrate, 77. For extra reading see 33.
- PLACIDE, HENRY, American actor, 1799-1870.....XX, 139
 For extra reading see 39.
- PLATO, Greek philosopher, 429-327 B. C.....II, 10
 For extra reading see 2.
- PLAUTUS, T. MACCIUS, Roman comic dramatist, 254-
 184 B. C.....II, 159
 **Trinummus, 167; *Braggart Captain, 182; *The
 Captives, 188; *The Merchant, 190; *The Churl,
 196; *The Stratagem Defeated, 197.
 For extra reading see 9, 8.
- PLOUG, PARMO KARL, Danish poet.....XVII, 69
- PLUMPTRE, EDWARD H., English dean and translator.....I, 225
- POLLIO, C. ASINIUS, Roman statesman, 76 B. C.-4 A. D....II, 101
- PONSARD, FRANÇOIS, French tragic dramatist, 1814-67....IX, 150
- POPE, ALEXANDER, English poet, 1688-1744.....XV, 6
- POSIDIPPUS, Greek comic dramatist, 280 B. C.....II, 77
- POTAPIENKO, Russian novelist, fl. 1891. See 36.....XVIII, 137
- PRATINAS, Greek satyric dramatist, about 500 B. C. See 3...I, 24
- PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER S., Russian poet, 1799-1837....XVIII, 75
 Rouslan and Ludmiela, 80; Eugene Onegin, 85;
 **Boris Godunoff, 89; *Mozart and Saglieri, 101;
 *The Statue Guest, 103; *The Water Nymph,
 107; His Friendship for Gogol, 118.
 For extra reading see 36.

Q.

- QUEVEDO, FRANCISCO DE, Spanish satirist, 1580-1645.....VI, 95
- QUIN, JAMES, English actor, 1693-1766.....XV, 84
- QUINAULT, JEAN B. MAURICE, French actor, 1690-1744..VII, 107

R.

- RACHEL-FELIX, ELISABETH, French actress, 1821-58.....IX, 95
 For extra reading see 20.
- RACINE, JEAN BAPTISTE, French tragic poet, 1639-99.....
 VII, 185; VIII, 1
 Iphigenie, 2; Phèdre, 4; Esther, 46; *Athalie, 49;
 Alexandre, VII, 196; Andromaque, 205; **Les
 Plaideurs, 281; Britannicus, 222; Mithridate, 234.
 For extra reading see 18, 17.
- RAIMUND, FERDINAND, Austrian dramatist, 1791-1836....XII, 167
- RAUPACH, ERNST BENJAMIN, German dramatist, 1784-1852.XII, 168

- | | VOL. PAGE |
|---|------------|
| REES, JAMES, American dramatist, fl. 1850..... | XX, 46 |
| REGNARD, JEAN FRANÇOIS, French comic dramatist, 1655-1709 | VIII, 69 |
| Le Joueur, 73; Le Distrain, 78. | |
| For extra reading see 17, 19. | |
| REJ OF NAGLOWICE, Polish poet, 16th century..... | XVIII, 162 |
| RICH, JOHN, English manager,..... | XV, 78 |
| ROBERTSON, THOMAS W., English comic dramatist..... | XVI, 67 |
| David Garrick, 67; **Society, 67, 257; Caste, 68; | |
| Ours, 68. For extra reading see 33. | |
| ROSCIUS GALLUS, Q., greatest Roman actor, d. 62 B. C.... | II, 127 |
| For extra reading see 8. | |
| ROSSI, GHERARDO DI, Italian playwright, fl. 1830..... | V, 105 |
| ROSTAND, EDMOND, French dramatist, b. 1865..... | IX, 164 |
| Cyrano de Bergerac, 164; L'Aiglon, 164. | |
| ROWE, NICHOLAS, English dramatist, 1674-1718..... | XV, 26 |
| For extra reading see 31, 27. | |
| ROXAS, FRANCISCO DE, Spanish author, fl. 1500..... | VI, 191 |
| Celestina, 191. For extra reading see 15. | |

S.

- | | |
|---|---------|
| SACHS, HANS, German poet, 1494-1576..... | X, 17 |
| For extra reading see 22. | |
| SACKVILLE, THOMAS, Lord Buckhurst, English poet, 1536-81. For extra reading see 28..... | XIII, 2 |
| SANNAZZARO, GIACOMO, Italian novelist, 1458-1530..... | IV, 189 |
| SARDOU, VICTORIEN, French dramatist, b. 1831..... | IX, 141 |
| Taverne des Étudiants, 142; Premières Armes de Figaro, 142; M. Garet, 142; Pattes de Mouche, 142; Nos Intimes, 142; Nos Bons Villageois, 143; Famille Benoiton, 143; La Patrie, 143, 147; Rabagas, 143; L'Oncle Sam, 143; Andrea, 143; Dora, 143; Daniel Rochat, 144; Divorçons, 145; La Haine, 147; Fedora, 145; Theodora, 145; Thermidor, 145; Madame Sans-Gêne, 147. | |
| For extra reading see 21. | |
| SARGENT, EPES, American author, 1813-80..... | XX, 46 |
| *Velasco, 47. For extra reading see 38. | |
| SCARRON, PAUL, French dramatist, 1610-60..... | VII, 92 |
| Zenobie, 95; Theodore, 96; Don Japhet d'Arménie, 103; L'Ecolier de Salamanque, 109. | |
| For extra reading see 17. | |

- VOL. PAGE
- SCHILLER, J. C. FRIEDRICH VON, German poet, 1759-1805....X, 91
 Maria Stuart, 127; The Robbers, 93; Don Carlos, 96; **Wallenstein, 99; The Maid of Orleans, 130; The Bride of Messina, 133; *William Tell, 138; **The Camp of Wallenstein, 269.
 For extra reading see 25, 22, 24.
- SCHLEGEL, AUGUST WILHELM, German critic, 1767-1845...XI, 104
 XII, 6; quoted, I, 12, 141. For extra reading see 22.
- SCHLEGEL, K. W. FRIEDRICH VON, German philosopher, 1772-1829 XI, 109
- SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR, Austrian dramatist, b. 1850.....XII, 180
 **Questioning the Irrevocable, 329.
- SCHREYVOGEL, JOSEPH, Austrian critic.....X, 166
- SCRIBE, EUGÈNE, French dramatist, 1791-1861.....IX, 87
 Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale, 90; Vaudeville, 91; Michel et Christine, 92; **Adrienne Lecouvreur, 103. For extra reading see 17, 20.
- SCUDÉRI, MADELEINE, French novelist, 1607-1701.....VII, 29
- SENECA, L. ANNÆUS, Roman philosopher, 4 B. C.-65 A. D..II, 131
 **Daughters of Troy, 138; *Hippolytus, 149; Hercules Furens, 152; Thyestes, 152; Agamemnon, 152. For extra reading see 9, 8.
- SHADWELL, THOMAS, English comic dramatist, 1640-92..XIV, 94
 For extra reading see 30, 27.
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, English dramatist, 1564-1616..XIII, 59
 The Two Gentlemen of Verona, 127; Comedy of Errors, 128; Love's Labor Lost, 130; *All's Well That Ends Well, 133; *Merchant of Venice, 140; *Midsummer Night's Dream, 152; *Taming of the Shrew, 157; Merry Wives of Windsor, 162; *Much Ado About Nothing, 167; *As You Like It, 171; Twelfth Night, 174; *Measure for Measure, 175; *Cymbeline, 178; Winter's Tale, 181; The Tempest, 183; *Coriolanus, 190; Julius Cæsar, 193; Antony and Cleopatra, 194; Timon of Athens, 195; Troilus and Cressida, 196; King John, 203; Richard II, 204; Henry IV, 205; Henry, V, 207; Henry VI, 209; Richard III, 210; Henry VIII, 211; **Romeo and Juliet, XIV, 6; **Othello, 13; **Hamlet, 20; Macbeth, 34; King Lear, 39; Heine's Observations on, XII, 131; Shakespearean Revivals in England, XVI, 30.
 For extra reading see 29, 28, 27.
- SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, English poet, 1792-1822.....XVI, 8
 For extra reading see 27.

	VOL.	PAGE
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, Anglo-Irish orator and dramatist, 1751-1816.....	XV, 20; XVI,	53
<i>The Rivals</i> , XV, 21; <i>The School for Scandal</i> , 23;		
<i>The Critic</i> , 24.		
For extra reading see	27, 31.	
SHIRLEY, JAMES, English dramatist, 1594-1666.....	XIV,	63
For extra reading see	28.	
SIDDONS, MRS. SARAH, English actress, 1755-1831.....	XV,	91
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRIK, Polish novelist, b. 1846.....	XVIII,	165
SIMEON OF POLOTSK, Russian poet, 17th century.....	XVIII,	23
SMITH, RICHARD PENN, American dramatist, 1799-1854..	XX,	50
See	39.	
SODEN, COUNT F. H. J. VON, German dramatist.....	XII,	250
SOPHOCLES, Greek tragic dramatist, 495-405 B. C.....	I,	106
** <i>Antigone</i> , 112, 259; <i>Œdipus Tyrannus</i> , 123; <i>Œdipus</i>		
at <i>Colonus</i> , 126; ** <i>Electra</i> , 135; ** <i>Ajax</i> , 142;		
* <i>Philoctetes</i> , 151; <i>Trachinian Women</i> , 154.		
For extra reading see	5, 3, 2.	
STAEL-HOLSTEIN, A. L. G. BARONESS DE, French author,		
1766-1817. For extra reading see	17.....	IX, 5
STEELE, SILAS S., American playwright.....	XX,	50
STONE, JOHN AUGUSTUS, American dramatist, 1801-34...	XX,	22
<i>Metamora</i> , 22. For extra reading see	39.	
SUDERMANN, HERMANN, German dramatist, b. 1857.....	XII,	177
<i>Die Ehre</i> (<i>Honor</i>), 177; <i>Heimat</i> (<i>Home</i>), or		
<i>Magda</i> , 178; <i>Johannes</i> , 178; <i>Drei Reiherfedern</i> ,		
178; <i>Sodoms Ende</i> , 178; <i>Es lebe das Leben</i> (<i>The</i>		
<i>Joy of Living</i>), 178. For extra reading see	22.	
SUDRAKA, Hindoo King, poet and sage, about 200.....	III,	156
* <i>The Toy Cart</i> , 176. For extra reading see	10.	
SUMAROKOFF, ALEXANDER, Russian dramatist, 1718-77.	XVIII,	11
<i>Khoreff</i> , 15; * <i>Demetrius the Pretender</i> , 17; <i>Semiera</i> ,		
16; <i>His Comedies</i> , 19. For extra reading see	36.	
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, English poet, b. 1837....	XVI,	44
For extra reading see	27.	
SZIGLIGETI, EDWARD (Joseph Szatmary), Hungarian comic		
dramatist, b. 1814. For extra reading see	37.....	XVIII, 171

T.

TALFOURD, THOMAS NOON, English judge, 1795-1854....	XVI,	19
<i>Ion</i> , 19; <i>Athenian Captive</i> , 20.		
TALMA, FRANÇOIS JOSEPH, French tragedian, 1763-1826....	I,	41
TASSO, TORQUATO, Italian poet, 1544-95.....	IV, 190; V,	1
<i>Aminta</i> , IV, 190; V, 7; <i>Jerusalem Delivered</i> , V, 10.		
For extra reading see	16.	

- VOL. PAGE
- TAYLOR, SIR HENRY, English poet, 1800-86.....XVI, 11
 Isaac Comnenus, 12; Philip van Artevelde, 12; Edwin
 the Fair, 12. See —.
- TCHÉKHOV, ANTON P., Russian novelist, fl. 1895.....XVIII, 158
 The Melancholy Tale, 158; Ivanov, 159; **A Mar-
 riage Proposal, 175.
- TEGNER, ESAIAS, Swedish poet, 1782-1846.....XVII, 185
 For extra reading see 35.
- TELEKY, LADISLAS, COUNT, Hungarian dramatist, 1811-
 61. For extra reading see 37.....XVIII, 173
- TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, English poet, 1809-92.....XVI, 32
 Dramas: The Falcon, 33; The Promise of May, 34;
 The Cup, 35; Historical plays: Queen Mary, 41;
 Becket, 39; Harold, 42. For extra reading see 27.
- TERENCE, P. TERENTIUS AFER, Roman comic, 185-159 B. C..II, 205
 The Eunuch, 291; **The Self-Tormentor, 215; *The
 Andrian, 219; *The Brothers, 224.
 For extra reading see 9, 8.
- THEOBALD, LEWIS, English critic, d. 1744.....XV, 4
- THESPIAS, father of Greek tragedy, about 540 B. C.....I, 22
 For extra reading see 2, 3.
- THOMPSON, BENJAMIN, translator of German plays....XII, 289
- THOMSON, JAMES, British poet, 1700-48.....XV, 5
 For extra reading see 27.
- TIECK, JOHANN LUDWIG, German romanticist, 1773-1853..
 X, 155; X, 111
 His novels, XII, 2; Tales, 11; Puss in Boots, 4;
 World Turned Topsy-Turvy, 5; Genoveva, 8;
 Fortunes, 9; Translations: Don Quixote, 9;
 Shakespeare's Works, 11.
 For extra reading see 22.
- TIMOCLES, Greek comic dramatist, 350 B. C.....II, 63
- TOBIN, JOHN, English dramatist, 1770-1804.....XVI, 5
 **The Honeymoon, 5, 117. For extra reading see 31.
- TOLSTOI, ALEXIS C., COUNT, Russian diplomat, 1817-75.XVIII, 144
- TOLSTOI, LEO (LYEFF N.), COUNT, Russian author,
 b. 1828.....XVIII, 129
 Childhood and Youth, 131; My Confession, 138;
 Anna Karenina, 142, 145; War and Peace, 143;
 Popular Stories, 152; The Power of Darkness,
 146; The Fruits of Enlightenment, 148; The
 Kreutzer Sonata, 148; My Religion, 150; Resur-
 rection, 151. For extra reading see 36.
- TÖRRING, COUNT J. A. VON, German dramatist.....XII, 250
- TOWNLEY, JOHN, English teacher, 1715-78.....XVI, 85
 **High Life Below Stairs, 85.

	VOL.	PAGE
TRISSINO, GIAN GIORGIO, Italian tragic poet, 1478-1550.....	IV,	175
TRISTAN, FRANÇOIS, French dramatist, 1601-55.....	VII,	54
Mariamne, 54.		
TSUBOUCHI, Japanese critic and dramatist.....	III,	84
Maki no Kata, 84.		

U.

UDALL, NICHOLAS, English dramatist, 1506-64.....	XIII,	21
**Ralph Roister Doister, 213.		
For extra reading see 27.		
UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG, German poet, 1787-1862.....	XII,	104
Ballads, 105; Ernst, Duke of Suabia, 104; Ludwig the Bavarian, 104.		

V.

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN, English dramatist, 1666-1726....	XIV,	119
The Relapse, 121; Æsop, 122; **The Provoked Hus- band, XV, 255. For extra reading see 30.		
VIAUD, THEOPHILE DE, French dramatist, 1590-1626.....	VII,	27
VINCENTE, GIL, Portuguese dramatist, 1490-1556.....	VI,	250
Osmia, 251.		
VISSCHER, ROEMER, Dutch patron of the drama.....	XII,	185
His daughters, Anna and Tesselschade, 186, 187.		
VOLTAIRE, F. M. AROUET DE, French author, 1694-1778... VIII,	83	
Socrates, 281; Œdipe, 86; Merope, 94; Oreste, 95; Brutus, 96; Morte de César, 97; Catiline, 98; Triumvirat, 99; Zaire, 100; Alzire, 101; **Ma- homet, 229; Semiramis, 103; Tancred, 104; Orphelin de la Chine, 105. ♣		
For extra reading see 17, 18.		
VONDEL, JOOST VAN DER, Dutch dramatist, 1587-1679.....	XII,	188
Het Pascha, 188; Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence, 189; Gysbreght von Aemstel, 190; Lucifer, 190.		
VON VIESIN, DENIS I., Russian comic dramatist, 1744-92	XVIII,	54
The Brigadier, 58; *The Minor, 60.		
For extra reading see 36.		
VOS, JAN, Dutch dramatist.....	XII,	191
VOSS, RICHARD, German dramatist.....	XII,	180

W.

WAGNER, RICHARD, German composer, 1813-83.....	XII,	163
Tannhaeuser, 166. For extra reading see 22.		
WALLACE, LEW, GENERAL, quotation from Ben Hur.....	I,	138
Ben Hur dramatized, XX, 144.		

- | | VOL. PAGE |
|--|-----------|
| WALLACK FAMILY, English and American actors..... | XX, 79 |
| James W., Anglo-American manager, 1794-1864.... | XIX, 136 |
| James W., Jr., American actor..... | XX, 81 |
| John Lester, American manager, 1820-89..... | XX, 80 |
| For extra reading see 40. | |
| WARREN, WILLIAM, American comedian, 1812-88..... | XX, 126 |
| For extra reading see 40. | |
| WEISE, CHRISTIAN, German fate dramatist..... | X, 37 |
| The 29th of February. X, 305. | |
| WERNER, FRIEDRICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS, German fate
dramatist, 1768-1823 | XII, 23 |
| *The Sons of the Valley, 29; The Templars of
Cyprus, 31; The Cross on the Baltic, 59, 69;
Martin Luther, 62; The Mother of the Mac-
cabees, 71; **The 24th of February, 93. XI. | |
| For extra reading see 22. | |
| WESSEL, JOHAN HERMAN, Danish dramatist, 1742-85...XVII, | 31 |
| Love without Stockings, 31. | |
| WIELAND, CHRISTOPHER MARTIN, German poet, 1733-1813.X, | 77 |
| For extra reading see 22. | |
| WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER, American author, 1806-67...XX, | 52 |
| Bianca Visconti, 53. For extra reading see 38. | |
| WILLS, W. G., English dramatist..... | XVI, 78 |
| WOFFINGTON, PEG, Irish actress, 1718-60..... | XV, 83 |
| WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM, English comic dramatist, 1640-
1715 | XIV, 108 |
| The Country Wife, 113; The Plain Dealer, 114. | |
| For extra reading see 30. | |

Y.

- YOUNG, EDWARD, English poet, 1684-1765.....XV, 103
The Revenge.
- YOUNG, WILLIAM, American dramatist. See 40.....XX, 144
- YRIARTE, TOMÁS DE, Spanish poet, 1750-91.....VI, 204

Z.

- ZARATE, FRANCISCO LOPEZ, Spanish poet, 1580-1658. See 15.VI, 190
- ZEDLITZ, J. CHRISTIAN VON, Austrian poet, 1790-1862.....X, 169
- ZENO, APOSTOLO, Italian dramatist, 1669-1750. See 42.....V, 34
- ZENOCLES, Greek dramatist
- I, 331

INDEX II.

PLAYS PRESENTED.

Besides the title of the play, its character, nationality and author are noted. Each play from which quotation is made is marked with *; plays which are freely quoted or given in full are marked with **.

	VOL.	PAGE
THE ACHARNIANS—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	18
ACHILLES AND POLYXENA—Dutch drama. Hooft.....	XII,	187
ACIS ET GALATÉE—French musical drama. Campistron..	VIII,	42
ADAMUS EXUL—Latin drama. Hugo Grotius.....	XII,	186
ADHERBAL—French tragedy. Chancel.....	VIII,	67
**ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR—French tragedy. Scribe.....	IX,	103
ÆSOP—English comedy. Vanbrugh.....	XIV,	122
L'AFFAIRE CLÉMENCEAU—French drama. A. Dumas fils..	IX,	123
**AGAMEMNON—Greek tragedy. Æschylus.....	I,	78
AGÉSILAS—French tragedy. Corneille.....	VII,	198
AHASUER (the Wandering Jew)—German tragedy. Klingemann	XII,	83
DIE AHNFRAU (Ancestress)—German tragedy. Grill- parzer	XII,	76
L'AIGLON—French historical play. Rostand.....	IX,	164
**AJAX—Greek tragedy. Sophocles	I,	142
DIE ALBANÄSERINN (The Fair Albanian)—German tragedy. Müllner	XII,	93
**ALCESTIS—Greek tragedy. Euripides	I,	198
THE ALCHEMIST—Persian-Turkish comedy. Mirza Fath- Ali	III,	315
ALEXANDRE—French tragedy. Racine.....	VII,	196
ALL FOR LOVE—English tragedy. Dryden.....	XIV,	87
*ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL—English comedy. Shake- speare	XIII,	133
ALPEN-KÖNIG—German tragedy. Raimund.....	X,	168
ALZIRE—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	101
AMBOYNA—English tragedy. Dryden.....	XIV,	87
L'AMI DES FEMMES—French problem play. A. Dumas fils..	IX,	137

	VOL.	PAGE
L'AMOUR MÉDECIN—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	194
THE ANDRIAN—Latin comedy. Terence.....	II,	219
*ANDROMACHE—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I,	178
*ANDROMAQUE—French tragedy. Racine.....	VII,	205
ANDROMÈDE—French tragedy.....	VII,	100
**ANTIGONE—Greek tragedy. Sophocles.....	I,	112
ANTIOCHUS—French tragi-comedy. T. Corneille.....	VII,	199
ANTONY—French domestic tragedy. A. Dumas.....	IX,	71
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—English tragedy. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	194
APIUS AND VIRGINIA—English tragedy. Anon. about 1570.....	XIII,	5
*AS YOU LIKE IT—English comedy. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	171
*ATHALIE—French Biblical tragedy. Racine.....	VIII,	49
ATTILA—French tragedy. P. Corneille.....	VII,	203
AURUNGZEBE—English tragedy. Dryden.....	XIV,	87
L'AVARE—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	215
*BACCHÆ—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I,	215
THE BAMBOO FLUTE BY THE SHORE—Japanese poem.....	III,	55
BANKRUPTCY—Norwegian comedy. Björnson.....	XVII,	103
BANUS BANK—Hungarian tragedy. Katona.....	XVIII,	170
THE BATTLES OF KOKUSENYA (1715)—Japanese drama. Chikamatsu.....	III,	74
BEFORE SUNRISE—German drama. Hauptmann.....	XII,	172
**THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM—English comedy. Mrs. Cowley.....	XV,	187
**BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST—Spanish Biblical tragedy. Cal- deron.....	IV,	251
BERNARDO DEL CARPIO—American tragedy. Harrington.....	XIX,	113
BETWEEN THE BATTLES—Norwegian drama. Björnson.....	XVII,	84
BEYOND THEIR STRENGTH—Norwegian drama. Björnson.....	XVII,	116
BHAGAVAT-GITA, OR DIVINE SONG—Sanskrit dialogue.....	III,	118
THE BIRDS—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	43
THE BLOCKADE OF BOSTON—British comedy. Burgoyne.....	XIX,	33
**BORIS GODUNOFF—Russian tragedy. Pushkin.....	XVIII,	89
*THE BRAGGART CAPTAIN—Latin comedy. Plautus.....	II,	182
BRAND—Norwegian drama. Ibsen.....	XVII,	152
THE BRIDE OF MESSINA—German tragedy. Schiller.....	X,	133
THE BRIGADIER—Russian comedy. Von Viezin.....	XVIII,	58

	VOL.	PAGE
BRITANNICUS—French tragedy. Racine.....	VII,	222
*THE BROTHERS—Latin comedy. Terence.....	II,	224
BRUTUS—French tragedy. Voltaire.....	VIII,	96
CAIN—Towneley mystery	IV,	62
CALIGULA—French tragedy. A. Dumas.....	IX,	76
**THE CAPTIVES—Latin comedy. Plautus.....	II,	188
CAMILLE—See <i>La Dame aux Camélias</i> .		
*CARMAGNOLA—Italian tragedy. Manzoni.....	V,	183
THE CASTLE OF CONSTANCY—English morality.....	IV,	96
CATILINE—English tragedy. Jonson.....	XIV,	51
CATILINE—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	98
CATILINE—Norwegian tragedy. Ibsen.....	XVII,	139
**LA CELESTINA—Spanish comedy. Rojas.....	IV,	199
**CEREMONY OF THE PRINTER'S APPRENTICE—German morality	IV,	299
**THE CHANDELIER—French comedy. De Musset.....	IX,	173
LE CHASSE ET L'AMOUR—French farce. A. Dumas.....	IX,	67
CHINESE DRAMA—Its origin and development.....	III,	1
**CHOËPHORÆ—Greek tragedy. Æschylus.....	I,	92
CHRISTINE—French tragedy. A. Dumas.....	IX,	67
CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO HADES—English mystery.....	IV,	44
CHRONICLE PLAYS—English. 16th century.....	XIII,	14
**THE CHURL—Latin comedy. Plautus.....	II,	193
THE CID—French tragedy. Corneille.....	VII,	56
LA CIGUË—French drama. E. Augier.....	IX,	150
CINNA—French tragedy. Corneille.....	VII,	77
**THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE—English comedy. Col- man and Garrick	XV,	105
*LA CLEMENZA DI TITO—Italian drama. Metastasio.....	V,	53
CLITANDRE—French tragi-comedy. Corneille.....	VII,	40
**THE CLOUDS—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	233
COLLEAGUE CRAMPTON—German drama. Hauptmann....	XII,	175
*A COMEDY FOUNDED ON LIFE—Italian. Goldoni.....	V,	73
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—English. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	128
A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION—Chinese play.....	III,	50
THE CONSTANT COUPLE—English comedy. Farquhar....	XIV,	130
**CONSCIENCE—German comedy. Iffland.....	XI,	149
CONTAGION—French drama. V. Sardou.....	IX,	156
**THE CONTRAST—American comedy. Royal Tyler....	XIX,	47

	VOL.	PAGE
*CORIOLANUS—English tragedy. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	190
THE COUNTRY WIFE—English comedy. Wycherley....	XIV,	113
CREATION OF THE WORLD—Portuguese mystery.....	IV,	33
THE CREDO—York miracle play.....	IV,	89
**CRISPIN, RIVAL OF HIS MASTER—French comedy. Le Sage	VIII,	195
THE CRITIC—English comedy. Sheridan.....	XV,	24
CROMWELL—French tragedy. Victor Hugo.....	IX,	18
CUNEGUNDE—German tragedy. Werner.....	XII,	72
THE CUP—English drama. Tennyson.....	XVI,	35
A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN—British-American comedy....	XIX,	34
**THE CYCLOPS—Greek satyric drama. Euripides.....	I,	303
CYMBELINE—English tragi-comedy. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	178
CYRANO DE BERGERAC—French historical play. Rostand...	IX,	164
THE CROSS IN THE BALTIC—German musical drama. Werner	XII,	59
**DAGOBERT, KING OF THE FRANKS—German play of chivalry. J. M. Babo.....	XII,	195
LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS—French tragedy. A. Dumas fils	IX,	121
DAMON AND PYTHIAS—English tragi-comedy. Edwards.....	XIII,	8
DANIEL ROCHAT—French drama. Sardou.....	IX,	144
DAPHNE—German opera. Opitz.....	X,	54
*DARBY'S RETURN—American afterpiece. Dunlap.....	XIX,	64
DAUGHTERS OF TROY—Latin tragedy. Seneca.....	II,	138
THE DELUGE—English mystery.....	IV,	65
DEMETRIUS—German tragedy. Schiller.....	X,	145
*DEMETRIUS THE PRETENDER—Russian tragedy. Sumarokoff	XVIII,	17
LE DEMI-MONDE—French drama. A. Dumas fils.....	IX,	127
LE DÉPIT AMOUREUX—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	129
THE DEVIL TURNED PREACHER—Spanish comedy.....	VI,	187
THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS—Spanish religious drama. Calderon	VI,	125
DIANE DE LYS—French tragedy. A. Dumas fils.....	IX,	126
DIDO ABANDONED—Italian lyric drama. Metastasio.....	V,	49
DIPLOMACY—Founded on Sardou's Dora.....	IX,	143
**THE DISCREET REVENGE—Spanish comedy. Lopé de Vega.....	VI,	42
LE DISTRAIT—French comedy. Regnard.....	VIII,	78
DIVORÇONS—French comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	145

VOL. PAGE

- **THE DOG IN THE MANGER**—Spanish comedy. Lopé de Vega VI, 287
- DOJOJI—Japanese "No" drama III, 65
- A DOLL'S HOUSE—Norwegian problem play. Ibsen...XVII, 156
- DON CARLOS—German tragedy. Schiller.....X, 96
- DON JAPHET D'ARMÉNIE—French comedy. Scarron...VII, 103
- DON JUAN—French comedy. Molière.....VII, 189
- DON JUAN—French tragedy. Corneille.....VIII, 22
- DON JUAN DE MARANA—French drama. A. Dumas.....IX, 75
- DORA—French comedy. Sardou.....IX, 143
- THE DOUBLE-DEALER—English comedy. Congreve.....XIV, 125
- *THE DOUBTFUL FOR THE CERTAIN**—Spanish comedy.
Lopé de Vega.....VI, 60
- **DOUGLAS**—Scotch-English tragedy. John Home....XIV, 283
- **THE DREAM OF SCIPIO**—Italian lyric drama. Metastasio..V, 245
- THE DYING CATO—German tragedy. Gottsched.....X, 46
- L'ÉCOLE DES FEMMES—French comedy. Molière.....VII, 175
- **L'ÉCOLE DES MARIS**—French comedy. Molière.....VII, 243
- I'ÉCOLIER DE SALAMANQUE—French comedy. Scarron..VII, 109
- THE EDITOR—Norwegian drama. Björnson.....XVII, 105
- *EDWARD I**—English chronicle play.....XIII, 27
- *EDWARD II**—English chronicle play. Marlowe.....XIII, 253
- EDWY AND ELGIVA—American tragedy. Ingersoll.....XIX, 94
- LES EFFRONTÉS—French comedy. Augier.....IX, 156
- **EGOTIST AND PSEUDO-CRITIC**—German comedy. Kotzebue.XI, 303
- **ELECTRA**—Greek tragedy. Sophocles.....I, 135
- *ELECTRE**—French tragedy. Crébillon.....VIII, 133
- ELIZABETHAN DRAMA XIII, 96
- *EMILIA GALOTTI**—German tragedy. Lessing.....X, 53
- EMPEROR AND GALILEAN—Norwegian tragedy. Ibsen..XVII, 154
- **ENFANT PRODIGE**—French comedy. Voltaire.....VIII, 106
- ES LEBE DAS LEBEN (Life lives)—German drama. Sudermann XII, 178
- ESTHER—French Biblical drama. Racine.....VIII, 46
- **EUMENIDES**—Greek tragedy. Æschylus I, 225
- **THE EUNUCH**—Latin comedy. Terence.....II, 291
- EUROPE (Europa)—French tragedy. Richelieu and Desmarets VII, 84
- **EVERY-MAN**—English morality. 15th century.....IV, 319

	VOL. PAGE
**EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR—English comedy. Jonson..XIV, 135	
*EXILE—Spanish tragedy. Quevedo.....VI, 102	
LES FACHEUX—French comedy. Molière.....VII, 167	
A FAILURE—Norwegian drama. B. Björnson.....XVII, 167	
(Called also Bankruptcy, which see.)	
**THE FAITHFUL FRIEND—Italian tragedy. Scala.....V, 237	
THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS—English comedy. Beau-	
mont and Fletcher.....XIV, 60	
THE FALCON—English drama. Tennyson.....XVI, 33	
FAMILLE BENOITON—French comedy. Sardou.....IX, 143	
FAMILY DRAMA—in German literature.....X, 150	
*THE FATHER OF AN ONLY CHILD—American tragedy.	
Dunlap XIX, 56	
**FAUST—German tragedy. Goethe.....XI, 5	
*FAUST—German tragedy. Klingemann.....XII, 85	
THE FEAST OF FOOLS—French mediæval burlesque....IV, 20	
THE FEAST OF THE ASS—French mediæval burlesque...IV, 21	
THE FEAST OF SOLHAUG—Norwegian drama. Ibsen...XVII, 143	
FEDORA—French historical play. Sardou.....IX, 145	
FERREX AND PORREX—New name for Gorboduc, which see.	
LE FILS DE GIBOYER—French comedy. Augier.....IX, 156	
THE FOOL'S REVENGE—English tragedy. Taylor.....IX, 24	
(Adapted from V. Hugo's <i>Le Roi s'Amuse</i> .)	
FORTUNATUS—German comedy. Tieck.....XII, 10	
**THE FORTY-NINERS—American comedy XX, 155	
FOURCHAMBAULT—French drama. Augier.....IX, 159	
FRAU JUTTA—German play. Schernberg.....X, 9	
DER FREISCHÜTZ—German opera. Weber.....X, 155	
*THE FROGS—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....II, 50	
GABRIELLE—French drama. Augier.....IX, 152	
GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE—English comedy. Bishop	
Still XIII, 21	
**A GAUNTLET—Norwegian drama. Björnson.....XVII, 225	
**LE GENDRE DE M. POIRIER—French comedy. Augier...IX, 153	
GENOVEVA—German drama. Tieck.....XII, 8	
THE GEORGIA SPEC—American farce. Royal Tyler....XIX, 47	
**GHOSTS—Norwegian problem play. Ibsen.....XVII, 281	
**GINEVRA OF SCOTLAND—Italian tragedy. Pindemonti....V, 108	

	VOL. PAGE
*GIOVANNI DA PROCIDA—Italian tragedy. Niccolini.....	V, 194
THE GOLDEN FLEECE—German tragedy. Grillparzer.....	XII, 81
THE GOOD-NATURED MAN—English comedy. Goldsmith.....	XV, 18
GORBODUC—First English tragedy. Sackville.....	XIII, 2
*THE GOSSIPS—Greek mime. Herondas.....	II, 82
GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN—German romantic drama. Goethe	XI, 3
GYSBRECHT VON AEMSTEL—Dutch patriotic play. Vondel.....	XII, 190
LA HAINE—French drama. Sardou.....	IX, 147
HAKON JARL—Danish historical play. Oehlenschläger....	X, 157
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK—English tragedy. Shake- speare	XIV, 20
In Japan, III, 87. See also I, 5.	
**HANNELE—German dream poem. Hauptmann.....	XII, 174
HANUMAN-NATAKA—Hindoo play	III, 137
HECUBA—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I, 209
HEIMAT (Home)—German drama. Sudermann.....	XII, 178
(Called in English version Magda.)	
THE HEIRESS—British drama. Burgoyne.....	XIX, 33
HELENA—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I, 221
HENRI III ET SA COUR—French romantic tragedy. Dumas.....	IX, 68
HERACLIDÆ—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I, 219
HERACLIUS—French tragedy. Corneille.....	IX, 97
HERCULES FURENS—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I, 212
(Called also The Madness of Hercules.)	
HERMANN AND DOROTHEA—German pastoral. Goethe....	XI, 76
HERNANI—French romantic tragedy. Hugo.....	IX, 20
HENRY IV—English history. Shakespeare.....	XIII, 205
HENRY V—English history. Shakespeare.....	XIII, 207
HENRY VI—English history. Shakespeare.....	XIII, 209
HENRY VIII—English history. Shakespeare.....	XIII, 211
HEROD—English tragedy. Phillips.....	XVI, 79
**HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS—English farce. Townley.....	XVI, 85
**HIPPOLYTUS—Greek tragedy. Euripides	I, 188
HISTORY OF THE CHARACTER JIN—Chinese religious play.....	III, 30
*THE HONEYMOON—English comedy. Tobin.....	XVI, 117
HONOR (Die Ehre)—German drama. Sudermann.....	XII, 177
**HORACE (Horatius)—French tragedy. Corneille.....	VII, 64
HORRIBILICRIBIFAX—German comedy. Gryphius.....	X, 37

	VOL. PAGE
HYMEN—Spanish comedy	VI, 253
HYPSIPYLE—Italian lyric drama. Metastasio.....	V, 39
ILLUSION—French comedy. Corneille.....	VII, 49
L'IMPOSTEUR—French comedy. Molière.....	VII, 204
(Also called Tartuffe.)	
L'IMPROMPTU DE VERSAILLES—French comedy. Molière.....	VII, 179
INDIAN PRINCESS—American musical drama. Barker.....	XIX, 91
THE INDIAN QUEEN—English heroic play. Dryden.....	XIV, 81
INEZ DE CASTRO—Portuguese tragedy. Saa de Miranda.....	VI, 246
INEZ DE CASTRO—French tragedy. Hugo.....	IX, 14
*THE INFLEXIBLE PRINCE—Spanish tragedy. Calderon.....	VI, 126
**THE INSPECTOR (Revisor)—Russian comedy. Gogol.....	XVIII, 119
INTERLUDES—English. John Heywood.....	XIII, 19
**IN THE DEPTHS—Russian drama. Maxim Gorky.....	XVIII, 279
INTRIGUE AND LOVE—German drama. Schiller.....	X, 95
ION—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I, 220
**IPHIGENIA IN AULIS—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I, 202
**IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I, 203
**IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS—German tragedy. Goethe.....	XI, 219
IPHIGÉNIE—French tragedy. Racine.....	VIII, 2
IVANOV—Russian drama. Tchekhof	XVIII, 159
JACOB AND ESAU—Biblical drama.....	IV, 48
JAPANESE DRAMA—Called "No".....	III, 52, 58; Popular, III, 67
*THE JEALOUS WOMAN—Greek mime. Herondas.....	II, 80
JEAN DE THOMMERAY—French patriotic play. Augier.....	IX, 158
JEROLIMO THE SPANISH BRABANTER—Dutch comedy.	
Hoof	XII, 188
LA JEUNESSE—French comedy. Augier.....	IX, 156
LA JEUNESSE DE LOUIS XIV—French comedy. Dumas.....	IX, 83
JOB, BOOK OF—Hebrew dramatic poem.....	III, 230
JOCASTA—English tragedy. Gascoigne.....	XIII, 8
JODELET—French comedy. Scarron.....	VII, 91
JOHANNES—German drama. Sudermann	XII, 178
JORURI—Japanese popular drama	III, 68
*JOSEPH AND MARY—English mystery	IV, 78
LE JOUEUR—French comedy. Regnard.....	VIII, 73
THE JOY OF LIVING—German drama. H. Sudermann....	XII, 178

*JULIAN THE APOSTATE—American tragedy. Ingersoll..XIX, 95
 JULIUS CÆSAR—English tragedy. Shakespeare.....XIII, 193

KABALE UND LIEBE—German drama. Schiller.....X, 95
 KAGURA—Japanese pantomime III, 57
 KALÆNUS—Danish tragedy. Paludan-Müller.....XVII, 68
 THE KING—Norwegian drama. Björnson XVII, 107
 KING CAMBISES—English tragedy. Thomas Preston..XIII, 4
 KING JOHN—English history. Shakespeare.....XIII, 15
 KING LEAR—English tragedy. Shakespeare..XIII, 16; XIV, 39
 KING OF LUBBERLAND—French farce. Legrand.....VIII, 150
 KING OTTOKAR'S FORTUNE AND END—German tragedy.
 Grillparzer XII, 78
 KING SVERRE—Norwegian historical play. Björnson...XVII, 87
 KIOGEN—Japanese interlude III, 66
 **THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE—English bur-
 lesque. Beaumont and Fletcher.....XIV, 59
 THE KNIGHTS—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....II, 20
 KOMPIRA-BON—Japanese popular drama. Oka Seibei....III, 68
 KÖNIG YNGARD—German tragedy. Müllner XII, 98

THE LADY OF LYONS—English drama. Bulwer-Lytton..XVI, 25
 THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH—Norwegian drama. Ibsen...XVII, 154
 LEONARDA—Norwegian drama. Björnson.....XVII, 110
 THE LIAR—French comedy. Corneille.....VII, 83
 *LIFE IN ALGIERS—Spanish drama. Cervantes.....IV, 218
 THE LIFE OF THE VALIANT CESPEDES—Spanish tragedy.
 Lopé de Vega.....VI, 66
 LIMPING HULDA—Norwegian comedy. Björnson.....XVII, 85
 THE LIME-CIRCLE STORY—Chinese social drama.....III, 44
 LIONNES PAUVRES—French drama. Augier.....IX, 155
 LIONS ET RENARDS—French drama. Augier.....IX, 157
 THE LITTLE ORPHAN OF THE HOUSE OF TCHAO—Chinese
 tragedy III, 5
 LONELY LIVES—German drama. G. Hauptmann.....XII, 173
 **THE LOQUACIOUS BARBER—Danish comedy. Holberg..XVII, 189
 LOVE AND GEOGRAPHY—Norwegian comedy. Björnson..XVII, 118
 LOVE'S LABOUR LOST—English comedy. Shakespeare..XIII, 130
 THE LOYAL LEAGUE—Japanese historical play. Chika-
 matsu III, 81

	VOL.	PAGE
LUCIFER—Dutch tragedy. Vondel	XII,	190
LUCRECE—French tragedy. F. Ponsard.....	IX,	150
LUCRECE BORGIA—French tragedy. Victor Hugo.....	IX,	57
LYSISTRATA—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	23
MACBETH—English tragedy. Shakespeare.....	XIV,	34
MADAME CAVERLET—French comedy. Augier.....	IX,	159
MADAME SANS-GÊNE—French comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	147
*MADNESS OF HERCULES—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I,	212
MAGDA (translation of Heimat)—German drama. Suder- mann	XII,	178
*THE MAGIC LUTE—Chinese play	III,	16
**MAHOMET—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	229
THE MAID OF ORLEANS—German tragedy. Schiller.....	X,	130
LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	230
MALATI AND MADHAVA—Hindoo Romeo and Juliet. Bab- havuti	III,	136
LE MARIAGE D'OLYMPE—French comedy. Augier.....	IX,	154
MARIAMNE—French tragedy. Tristan	VII,	54
MARIA STUART—German tragedy. Schiller.....	X,	127
MARIE TUDOR—French tragedy. Hugo.....	IX,	58
MARION DELORME—French tragedy. Hugo.....	IX,	23
MARMION—American tragedy. Barker.....	XIX,	92
THE MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS—Hungarian drama, 1550...XVIII,		168
MARTIN LUTHER—German historical drama. Werner...XII,		62
MARY MAGDALENE—English mystery.....	IV,	167
MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND—Norwegian tragedy. Björn- son	XVII,	91
*MEASURE FOR MEASURE—English tragedy. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	175
LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI—French comedy. Molière...XVI,		201
MEDEA—Greek tragedy. Euripides	I,	192
MEDÉE—French tragedy. Corneille	VII,	49
MÉLITE—French comedy. Corneille	VII,	36
MERCATOR—German morality. T. Naogeorg	X,	22
*THE MERCHANT—Latin comedy. Plautus	II,	190
*THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—English. Shakespeare...VIII,		140
MEROPE—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	94
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—English comedy. Shake- speare	XIII,	162
MICHEL ET CHRISTINE—French comedy. E. Scribe.....	IX,	72

	VOL.	PAGE
*A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—English comedy.		
Shakespeare	XIII,	152
**MINNA VON BARNHELM—German drama. Lessing.....	X,	181
**THE MINOR—Russian comedy. Von Viezin.....	XVIII,	60
LE MISANTHROPE—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	198
*THE MISER—Chinese play	III,	22
MISFORTUNES OF ARTHUR—English tragedy. Hughes...	XIII,	12
MRS. GRUMBLE'S BIRTHDAY—Russian comedy. Cath-		
erine II	XVIII,	49
MISTRESS INGER—Norwegian drama. Ibsen.....	XVII,	142
MITHRIDATE—French tragedy. Racine.....	VII,	234
**MONEY—English drama. Bulwer-Lytton.....	XVI,	183
M. GARET—French comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	142
LA MORT D'AGRIPPINE—French. Cyrano de Bergerac....	VII,	105
MORT DE CÉSAR—French tragedy. Voltaire.....	VIII,	97
THE MOTHER OF THE MACCABEES—German tragedy.		
Werner	XII,	71
MOZART AND SAGLIERI—Russian tragedy. Pushkin....	XVIII,	101
*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—English comedy. Shake-		
speare	XIII,	167
**MYRRHA—Italian tragedy. Alfieri	V,	285
MYSTERY OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT—Dutch, 1500.....	XII,	183
NARCISS—German drama. Brachvogel	XII,	171
**NATHAN THE WISE—German drama. Lessing.....	X,	54
**THE NECKLACE (Retnavali)—Sanskrit comedy. Sri		
Hersha Deva	III,	137
THE NEW SYSTEM—Norwegian drama. Björnson....	XVII,	115
**A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS—English comedy.		
Massinger	XIII,	263; XIV, 68
THE NEWLY MARRIED—Norwegian comedy. Björnson.	XVII,	94
NICOMÈDE—French tragedy. Corneille	VII,	101
NO DRAMAS—Japanese musical plays	III,	59
NOS BONS VILLAGEOIS—French comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	143
NOS INTIMES—French comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	143
UNE NUIT DE LA GARDE NATIONALE—French farce. Scribe.	IX,	90
**NUMANTIA—Spanish tragedy. Cervantes.....	IV,	215
O TEMPORA—Russian comedy. Catherine II.....	XVIII,	47
OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.....	IV,	111
For extra reading see 14.		

	VOL.	PAGE
OBERON—German poem. C. M. Wieland.....	X,	80
**OBSTINACY—German comedy. Benedic.....	XI,	281
*ŒDIPE—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	86
**ŒDIPUS AT COLONUS—Greek tragedy. Sophocles.....	I,	126
*ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS—Greek tragedy. Sophocles.....	I,	123
(Called also Œdipus Rex and Œdipus the King.)		
OLAF LILJEKRANS—Norwegian drama. Ibsen.....	XVII,	144
THE OLD BACHELOR—English comedy. Congreve.....	XIV,	125
L'ONCLE SAM—French satirical comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	143
ORESTE—French tragedy. Voltaire.....	VIII,	95
ORESTEA—Greek trilogy. Æschylus	I,	78
ORESTES—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I,	214
L'ORPHELIN DE LA CHINE—French drama. Voltaire....	III, 12; VIII,	105
**THE OSTENTATIOUS MISER—Italian comedy. Goldoni...V,	84	
*OTHELLO—English tragedy. Shakespeare.....	XIV,	13
OTTO—German play of chivalry. Klinger.....	XII,	249
PALAMEDES, OR MURDERED INNOCENCE—Dutch tragedy.		
Vondel	XII,	189
PANDORA—German fragment. Goethe.....	X,	153
PAOLO AND FRANCESCA—English tragedy. Phillips....	XVI,	79
THE PATERNOSTER—Mediæval morality.....	IV,	96
LA PATRIE—French patriotic play. Sardou.....	IX,	143
PATTES DE MOUCHE—French comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	142
PAUL FORESTIER—French drama. Augier.....	IX,	156
THE PEACE—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	22
LE PÉDANT JOUÉ—French comedy. Cyrano de Bergerac.....	VII,	106
PEDER PAARS—Danish comic poem. Holberg.....	XVII,	18
**LE PÈRE PRODIGE—French drama. A. Dumas fils....	IX,	129
PERSÆ (The Persian Women)—Greek tragedy. Æschylus.....	I,	59
PERTHARITE—French tragedy. Corneille	VII,	106
**PHÈDRE—French tragedy. Racine.....	VIII,	4
*PHILIP II—Italian tragedy. Alfieri.....	V,	131
*PHILOCTETES—Greek tragedy. Sophocles.....	I,	151
**PHILOSOPHER DUPED BY LOVE—French comedy.....	VII,	321
PHŒNISSÆ (Phœnician Women)—Greek tragedy. Euripides.....	I,	214
PHRAATE—French tragedy. Campistron	VIII,	43
*THE PICCOLOMINI—German tragedy. Schiller.....	X,	108
PILLARS OF SOCIETY—Norwegian drama. Ibsen.....	XVII,	156

	VOL.	PAGE
PLACE ROYALE—French comedy. Corneille.....	VII,	45
**LES PLAIDEURS—French comedy. Racine.....	VII,	281
THE PLAIN-DEALER—English comedy. Wycherley....	XIV,	114
PLUTUS—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	46
POLYEUCTE—French tragedy. Corneille.....	VII,	80
POPE JOAN—Mediæval legend.....	X,	8
**THE POST-INN—Italian comedy. Goldoni.....	V,	259
THE POWER OF DARKNESS—Russian domestic tragedy. Tolstoi	XVIII,	146
*LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES—French comedy. Molière..	VII,	139
PREMIÈRES ARMES DE FIGARO—French comedy. Sardou..	IX,	142
*THE PRETENDERS—Norwegian drama. Ibsen.....	XVII,	147
LA PRINCESSE DE BAGDAD—French drama. A. Dumas fils.	IX,	138
THE PRODIGAL FATHER—French drama. A. Dumas fils..	IX,	129
THE PRODIGAL SON—Russian comedy. Simeon of Polotsk	XVIII,	23
**PROMETHEUS BOUND—Greek tragedy. Æschylus.....	I,	70
THE PROMISE OF MAY—English drama. Tennyson....	XVI,	34
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA—English drama. Whetstone..	XIII,	11
PUSS IN BOOTS—German satirical play. Tieck.....	XII,	4
PYRRHUS—French tragedy. Crébillon.....	VIII,	137
**THE PROVOKED HUSBAND—English comedy. Vanbrugh and Cibber	XV,	255
**PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK—Spanish religious play. Calderon	VI,	167
**QUESTIONING THE IRREVOCABLE—German comedy. Schnitzler	XII,	329
RABAGAS—French satirical comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	143
RACHEL—Spanish drama. Huerta	VI,	200
**RAISING THE DEVIL—German carnival play. Hans Sachs.	X,	171
**RALPH ROISTER DOISTER—English comedy. Udal....	XIII,	215
REBECCA—German morality. Frischlin	X,	24
REGULUS—German tragedy. Pradon.....	X,	45
REGULUS—German tragedy. Collin	X,	166
THE REHEARSAL—English comedy. G. Villiers.....	XIV,	86
THE RELAPSE—English comedy. Vanbrugh	XIV,	121
RENDEZVOUS DES TUILERIES—French comedy. Bacon..	VIII,	39
THE RENEGADO—English tragedy. Massinger.....	XIV,	67

	VOL.	PAGE
*RHADAMISTE—French tragedy. Crebillon	VIII,	135
RICHARD II—English history. Shakespeare	XIII,	204
RICHARD III—English history. Shakespeare	XIII,	210
RICHARD SAVAGE—German tragedy. Gutzkow.....	XII,	17
RICHELIEU—English tragedy. Bulwer-Lytton.....	XVI,	26
**RIP VAN WINKLE—American comedy. Burke.....	XIX,	299
THE RIVALS—English comedy. Sheridan.....	XV,	21
ROBIN HOOD—English folk-play. 16th Century.....	IV,	87
RODOGUNE—French tragedy. Corneille	VII,	90
*LE ROI S'AMUSE—French tragedy. Victor Hugo.....	IX,	24
(Adapted in English as <i>The Fool's Revenge</i> .)		
*ROMEO AND JULIET—English tragedy. Shakespeare...	XIV,	6
RUY BLAS—French tragedy. Hugo.....	IX,	59
THE SACRAMENT—Mediæval miracle play	IV,	90
SAPPHO—German tragedy. Grillparzer.....	XII,	81
**SAUL—Italian Biblical tragedy. Alfieri.....	V,	153
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—English comedy. Sheridan.	XV,	23
THE SCORNFUL LADY—English comedy. Beaumont....	XIV,	61
A SCRAP OF PAPER—Derived from Sardou's <i>Pattes de</i>		
<i>Mouche</i>	IX,	142
SECRET LOVE—English tragi-comedy. Dryden.....	XIV,	83
SEJANUS—English tragedy. Jonson.....	XIV,	51
**THE SELF-TORMENTOR—Latin comedy. Terence.....	II,	215
SEMIRAMIS—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	103
SENTIMENTAL DRAMAS IN GERMAN LITERATURE.....	X,	151
SEVEN AGAINST THEBES—Greek tragedy. Æschylus.....	I,	65
**THE SEVENTH FARCE—Spanish	VI,	281
SGANARELLE—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	157
THE SHEPHERDS—Mediæval mystery	IV,	66
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—English comedy. Goldsmith.	XV,	19
SIGURD THE CRUSADER—Norwegian Folk-play. Björnson.	XVII,	97
*SIGURD SLEMBE—Norwegian drama. Björnson.....	XVII,	89
SIR HARRY WILDAIR—English comedy. Farquhar.....	XIV,	130
SIR THOMAS MORE—English tragedy, about 1580.....	XIII,	17
*THE SLAVE OF THE TREASURES HE GUARDS—Chinese		
play	III,	22
**SOCIETY—English comedy. Robertson.....	XVI,	67
**SOCRATES—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	281
SODOMS ENDE (Destruction of Sodom)—German drama.		
Sudermann	XII,	178

	VOL.	PAGE
**SOLDIER'S FORTUNE—German drama. Lessing.....	X,	181
(Same as <i>Minna von Barnhelm</i> .)		
**SOLON SHINGLE—American comedy. Jones.....	XX,	
**SONS OF THE VALLEY—German tragedy. Werner.....	XII,	29
*SOPHONISBA—Italian tragedy. Alfieri	V,	168
THE SORROWS OF HAN—Chinese play.....	III,	13
(Translated by Sir J. Davis.)		
A SOUBRETTE'S INTRIGUE—Chinese comedy	III,	37
**THE SPANISH STUDENT—American tragedy. Long-		
fellow	XIX,	195
THE SPENDTHRIFT—German comedy. Raimund.....	X,	169
*SPIRIT, WILL, UNDERSTANDING—English morality.....	IV,	99
*THE STATUE GUEST—Russian tragi-comedy. Pushkin.....	XVIII,	103
**STELLA—German drama. Goethe.....	XII,	289
STORY OF THE MAGIC FLUTE—Chinese sentimental play....	III,	3
*STRATAGEM DEFEATED—Latin comedy. Plautus.....	II,	197
THE SUNKEN BELL—German drama. Hauptmann.....	XII,	175
THE SUPPLIANTS—Greek tragedy. Æschylus	I,	68
THE SUPPLIANTS—Greek tragedy. Euripides	I,	219
LE SUPPLICE D'UNE FEMME—French drama. A. Dumas fils.....	IX,	137
**SWEETHEARTS—English comedietta. Gilbert.....	XVI,	68
**TAKASAGO—Japanese typical "No" drama.....	III,	60
TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT—English tragedy. Marlowe.....	XIII,	48
*TAMING OF THE SHREW—English comedy. Shakespeare		
	XIII,	157
TANCRED—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	104
TANCRED AND GISMUNDA—English play, Five Lawyers.....	XIII,	9
TARTUFFE—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	180
TAVERNE DES ÉTUDIANTS—French comedy. Sardou.....	IX,	142
TAZIEH—The Persian Passion-play	III,	201
THEODORA—French historical play. Sardou.....	IX,	145
THEODORE—French comedy. Scarron	VII,	96
THEOPHILUS—Mediæval legend	X,	8
THERMIDOR—French historical play. Sardou.....	IX,	145
THESMOPHORIAZUSÆ—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	24
THE TEMPEST—English comedy. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	183
**THE TEMPLARS OF CYPRUS—German tragedy. Werner.....	XII,	31
**THERÈSE THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA—American tragedy.		
Payne	XIX,	145

	VOL.	PAGE
THIERRY AND THEODORET—English tragedy. Beaumont and Fletcher	XIV,	55
THOMAS MORUS—French tragedy. La Serre.....	VII,	81
THE THREE ORANGES—Italian comedy. Gozzi.....	V,	93
TIBETAN DRAMATIC FESTIVALS	III,	226
TIMOCRATE—French tragedy. T. Corneille.....	VII,	114
TIMON OF ATHENS—English tragedy. Shakespeare....	XIII,	195
LA TOISON D'OR—French comedy. Molière.....	VII,	150
TOMSEN—Japanese "No" drama.....	III,	65
LA TOUR DE NESLE—French tragedy. Dumas.....	IX,	
**THE TOY-CART—Sanskrit drama. Sudraka.....	III,	156
TRACHINIAN WOMEN—Greek tragedy. Sophocles.....	I,	154
THE TRANSMIGRATION OF YO-CHEOU—Chinese religious play	III,	32
*TRINUMMUS—Latin comedy. Plautus	II,	167
LE TRIUMVIRAT—French tragedy. Voltaire.....	VIII,	99
TROADES—Greek tragedy. Euripides	II, 138; I,	207
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA—English drama. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	196
TROUBLESOME RAIGNE OF KING JOHN—English chronicle play	XIII,	15
LES TUILERIES—French comedy	VII,	48
TWELFTH NIGHT—English comedy. Shakespeare.....	XIII,	174
**THE 24TH OF FEBRUARY—German fate drama. Werner	X, 305; XII,	93
THE 29TH OF FEBRUARY—German tragedy. Müllner.....	XII,	96
THE TWINS OF VENICE—Italian comedy. Goldoni.....	V,	69
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—English comedy. Shakespeare	XIII,	127
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN—English drama. Fletcher..	XIV,	61
ULYSSES—English tragedy. Phillips	XVI,	81
UNCLE SAM (L'Oncle Sam)—French satirical play. Sardou	IX,	143
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—American drama. Aiken.....	XX,	74
(Dramatization of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's novel.)		
URIEL ACOSTA—German tragedy. K. Gutzkow.....	XII,	17
VENICE PRESERVED—English tragedy. Otway.....	XIV,	98
VERTEP—Russian religious plays.....	XVIII,	6
*VIKRAMA AND URVASI, OR THE HERO AND THE NYMPH—Sanskrit romantic drama. Kalidasa.....	III,	135

	VOL.	PAGE
VINCENTIUS LADISLAUS—German comedy. Duke Julius...	X,	17
VIRGINIA—Italian tragedy. Alfieri.....	V,	141
*VIRGINIUS—English tragedy. J. Sheridan Knowles....	XVI,	16
THE VIRGIN MARTYR—English tragedy. Massinger....	XIV,	69
THE VIRGIN OF THE SANCTUARY—Spanish tragedy. Cal- deron	VI,	161
LES VISIONNAIRES—French comedy. Desmarets.....	VII,	63
VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT—Spanish. Quevedo.....	VI,	103
UNE VISITE DES NOCES—French drama. A. Dumas fils...	IX,	137
WALLENSTEIN—German trilogy. Schiller.....	X,	99
(Translated into English by S. T. Coleridge.)		
**WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP—German drama. Schiller.....	X,	269
THE WARRIORS OF HELGELAND—Norwegian drama. Ibsen	XVII,	145
THE WARRIOR'S TOMB—Norwegian drama. Ibsen....	XVII,	141
*THE WATER NYMPH—Russian tragedy. Pushkin....	XVIII,	107
THE WEAVERS—German drama. Hauptmann.....	XII,	173
**THE WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH—Dramatized from J. F. Cooper's novel.....	XIX,	268
*WILLIAM TELL—German drama. Schiller.....	X,	138
THE WINTER'S TALE—English comedy. Shakespeare..	XIII,	181
**WOMAN'S CRAZE FOR TITLES—French comedy. Dan- court	VIII,	311
WOMEN IN COUNCIL—Greek comedy. Aristophanes.....	II,	24
*THE WONDERFUL MAGICIAN—Spanish tragedy. Calderon.	VI,	140
THE WORLD TURNED TOSY-TURVY—German satirical play. Tieck	XII,	5
ZAIRE—French tragedy. Voltaire	VIII,	100
ZENOBIÉ—French comedy. Scarron.....	VII,	95
ZRINY—German drama. Körner	XII,	20

INDEX III.

DRAMATISTS CLASSIFIED.

I. Ancient Dramatists.

GREECE.

VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
ACHÆUS	I, 329	EUPOLIS	II, 6
ÆSCHYLUS	I, 52	EURIPIDES	I, 158
AGATHON	I, 327	HERONDAS	II, 79
ALEXIS	II, 63	ION	I, 329
ANAXANDRIDES	II, 63	IOPHON	I, 326
ANTIPHANES	II, 62	MENANDER	II, 75
ARAROS	II, 62	NEOPHRON	I, 330
ARISTARCHUS	I, 330	PHILEMON	II, 76
ARISTOPHANES	II, 17	PHRYNICHUS, comic	II, 6
CHÆREMON	I, 333	PHRYNICHUS, tragic	I, 25
CHIONIDES	II, 5	POSIDIPPUS	II, 77
CRATINUS	II, 5	PRATINAS	I, 24
CRITIAS	I, 329	SOPHOCLES	I, 106
EPICHARMUS	II, 3	THESPIAS	I, 21
EPICRATES	II, 63	TIMOCLES	II, 63
EUBULUS	II, 62	ZENOCLES	II, 331

ROME.

☞ All references are to Vol. II.

PAGE	PAGE
ATTIUS (or Accius), LUCIUS 97	POLLIO, C. ASINIUS.....101
ENNIUS, QUINTUS..... 99	PUBLILIUS SYRUS..... 89
LABERIUS, TITUS..... 89	ROSCIUS, QUINTUS..... 96
LIVIUS ANDRONICUS..... 97	SENECA, L. ANNÆUS.....131
OVID (P. Ovidius Naso)...101	TERENCE (P. Terentius
PLAUTUS, T. MACCIUS.....159	Afer) 205

II. Modern Dramatists Classified by Countries.

AMERICA.

VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
BANNISTER, N. H.....XX, 58	IRVING, WASHINGTON, critic
BARKER, ISAAC N.....XIX, 87	XIX, 26
BENJAMIN, PARK.....XX, 57	JONES, J. S.....XX, 95
BIRD, ROBERT M.....XX, 54	KENNICOTT, JAMES H. XX, 41
BOKER, GEORGE H.....XX, 70	LOGAN, CORNELIUS A...XX, 43
BOUCICAULT, DION.....XX, 81	LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.
BROUGHAM, JOHN.....XX, 83	XIX, 195; XX, 43
BROWN, DAVID PAUL...XX, 57	MACKAYE, STEELE....XX, 137
BURK, JOHN DALY....XX, 85	MILLER, JOAQUIN.....XX, 138
BURKE, CHARLES.....	MOORE, HORATIO N...XX, 44
XIX, 290· XX, 108	MOWATT, ANNA CORA..XX, 60
CAMPBELL, BARTLEY...XX, 139	NOAH, MORDECAI M...XX, 45
CONRAD, ROBERT T...XX, 25	PAINE, THOMAS (ROBERT
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.XX, 150	TREAT, JR.).....XIX, 72
DUNLAP, WILLIAM...XIX, 51	PAULDING, JAMES K...XX, 56
FINN, HENRY A.....XX, 40	PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD.XIX, 141
FITCH, CLYDE.....XX, 145	REES, JAMES.....XX, 46
GILLETTE, WILLIAM...XX, 143	SARGENT, EPES.....XX, 46
GODFREY, THOMAS ...XIX,	SMITH, RICHARD PENN.XX, 50
HARDY, ISAAC XIX, 94	STEELE, SILAS S.....XX, 50
HARRINGTON, H. F...XIX, 113	STONE, JOHN AUGUSTUS.XX, 22
HERNE, JAMES A.....XX, 145	TYLER, ROYAL.....XIX, 47
HOWARD, BRONSON...XX, 140	WILLIS, NATHANIEL P..XX, 52
INGERSOLL, CHARLES J.XIX, 94	YOUNG, WILLIAM.....XX, 144

DENMARK.

☞ All references are to Vol. XVII.

PAGE	PAGE
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN.47	HOLBERG, LUDWIG VON.....16
BERGSOE, WILHELM.....75	HOSTROP, JEN CHRISTIAN....69
BRANDES, GEORGES, critic...76	INGEMANN, BERNARD S.....44
EWALD, HERMAN F.....74	OEHLENSCHLÄGER, ADAM....35
EWALD, JOHANNES.....27	(See also X, 156.)
GOLDSCHMIDT, MEYER A....75	OVERSKOV, THOMAS 71
GRUNDTVIG, NICHOLAS F. S..44	PALADAN-MÜLLER, FREDERIK.66
HEIBERG, PETER ANDREAS....26	PLOUG, PARMO KARL.....69
HERTZ, HENRIK.....65	

ENGLAND.

VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
ADDISON, JOSEPH.....XV, 28	CONGREVE, WILLIAM..XIV, 127
BAILLIE, JOANNA.....XVI, 13	COWLEY, MRS. HANNAH
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS..XIV, 54	XV, 187
BELLAMY, ANNE GEORGE.XV, 84	CUMBERLAND, RICHARD.XV, 12
BETTERTON, THOMAS...XV, 45	DRYDEN, JOHN XIV, 16
BOOTH, BARTON.....XV, 53	D'URFEY, THOMAS...XIV, 104
BOUCICAULT, DION...XVI, 28	ETHEREDGE, SIR GEORGE
BROWNING, ROBERT...XVI, 43	XIV, 101
BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD,	FARQUHAR, GEORGE...XIV, 128
LORD LYTTON.....XVI, 25	FIELDING, HENRY.....XV, 90
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON NOEL,	FLETCHER, JOHN.....XIV, 54
LORD XVI, 6	FOOTE, SAMUEL XV, 93
CENTLIVRE, MRS. SUSANNA	GARRICK, DAVID.....XV, 58
XIV, 134	GAY, JOHN.....XV, 82
CIBBER, COLLEY XV, 2	GOLDSMITH, OLIVER...XV, 18
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T.XVI, 8	GRUNDY, SYDNEY...XVI, 72
COLLIER, JEREMY.....XIV, 116	HOME, JOHN XIV, 285
COLMAN, GEORGE, the elder	IRVING, SIR HENRY...XVI, 39
XV, 9	JERROLD, DOUGLAS....XVI, 19
COLMAN, GEORGE, the younger	JONES, HENRY ARTHUR.XVI, 73
XV, 10	JONSON, BEN.....XIV, 52

ENGLAND—Continued.

VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
JORDAN, MRS. DORA....XV, 76	ROBERTSON, THOMAS W.
KEAN, EDMUND.....XVI, 53	XVI, 66
KEMBLE, JOHN.....XV, 76	ROWE, NICHOLAS.....XV, 26
KNOWLES, J. SHERIDAN..XVI, 14	SHADWELL, THOMAS...XIV, 94
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE	SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM
XVI, 8	XIII, 59; XIV, 1
LYLY, JOHN.....XIII, 45	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.XVI, 8
MACKLIN, CHARLES....XV, 56	SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER	XV, 20
XIII, 45	SHIRLEY, JAMES.....XIV, 63
MARSTON, WESTLAND..XVI, 44	SIDDONS, SARAH.....XV, 91
MASSINGER, PHILIP...XIV, 65	SWINBURNE, ALGERNON
MATURIN, CHARLES ROBERT	CHARLES XVI, 44
XVI, 9	TALFOURD, THOMAS NOON
MERIVALE, HERMAN...XVI, 78	XVI, 9
MILMAN, HENRY HART.XVI, 10	TAYLOR, TOM.....XVI, 11
MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL.XVI, 2	TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD
OLDFIELD, ANN.....XV, 5	XVI, 32
OTWAY, THOMAS.....XIV, 96	THEOBALD, LEWIS XV, 4
PEELE, GEORGE XIII, 45	THOMSON, JAMES XV, 5
PHILLIPS, STEPHEN...XVI, 79	TOBIN, JOHN XVI, 6
PINERO, ARTHUR WING.XVI, 75	VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN.XIV, 119
POPE, ALEXANDER XV, 6	WILLS, W. G.....XVI, 78
QUIN, JAMES.....XV, 84	WOFFINGTON, PEG.....XV, 83
RICH, JOHN.....XV, 78	WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM.XIV, 108
	YOUNG, EDWARD XV, 103

FRANCE.

VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
AUGIER, EMILE.....IX, 149	HUGO, VICTOR.....IX, 11
BARON, MICHEL.....VIII, 39	LA CHAUSSÉE, P. C. Ni-
BEAUMARCHAIS, P. A.	VELLE DE VIII, 154
CARON DE.....VIII, 168	LA FONTAINE, JEAN..VIII, 74
BENSERADE, ISAAC DE..VII, 53	LA MOTTE, ANTOINE HOU-
BERGERAC, CYRANO DE..VII, 104	DART DE.....VIII, 141
BOISROBERT, FRANÇOIS L. M.	LARIVEY, PIERRE DE...VII, 19
VII, 41	LEGOUVÉ, ERNEST W...IX, 164
BOURSAULT, EDME...VII, 169	LE GRAND, MARC ANTOINE
CALPRENÈDE, GAUTHIER DE	VIII, 150
COSTES, SEIGNEUR DE LA	LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ..VIII, 147
VII, 53	LONGPIERRE VIII, 68
CAMPISTRON, JEAN GABRIEL	MAIRET, JEAN VII, 38
VIII, 29	MARIVAUD, P. C. DE CHAM-
CHANCEL, JOSEPH LA GRANGE	BLAIN DE.....VIII, 157
VIII, 67	MEILHAC, HENRI.....IX, 165
CHEVREAU, URBAIN...VII, 62	MOLIERE, J. B. POQUELIN
CORNEILLE, PIERRE....VII, 35	VII, 119
CORNEILLE, THOMAS....	MONDORI VII, 37
VII, 98; VIII, 138	MONTCHRÉTIEU, ANTOINE
CRÉBILLON, PROSPER J. DE	VII, 22
VIII, 131	OHNET, GEORGES IX, 172
DESMARETS DE ST. SORLIN,	QUINAULT, PHILIPPE..VII, 107
JEAN VII, 53	RACINE, JEAN.....VII, 185
DESTOUCHES, PHILIPPE NÉRI-	REGNARD, JEAN FRANÇOIS
CAULT VIII, 153	VIII, 69
DUCIS, JEAN FRANÇOIS..VIII, 170	RICHELIEU, ARMAND DU
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE...IX, 65	PLESSIS, CARDINAL...VII, 46
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE, fils	SARDOU, VICTORIEN...IX, 141
IX, 121	SCARRON, PAUL.....VII, 92
FEUILLET, OCTAVE....IX, 169	SCRIBE, EUGÈNE.....IX, 87
FONTENELLE, BERNARD LE	SCUDÉRI, GEORGE DE...VII, 29
BOVIER DE..VII, 29; VIII, 140	VIAUD, THÉOPHILE DE..VII, 27
GARNIER, ROBERT....VII, 18	VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS MARIE
HALÉVY, LUDOVIC....IX, 165	AROUET DE VIII, 83
HARDI, ALEXANDRE...VII, 25	

GERMANY.

VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ. XII, 113	KOTZEBUE, AUGUST FER-
ARNIM, LUDWIG ACHIM VON	DINAND VON X, 159
XI, 119	LENAU, NIKOLAUS.....X, 170
AYRENHOF, CORNELIUS H.	LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM
VON X, 165	X, 47
AYRER, JACOB X, 26	MOTTE-FOUQUÉ, BARON FRIED-
BABO, JOSEPH MARIUS. XII, 195	RICH DE LA.....XI, 140
BENEDIX, RODERICH...XI, 301	MÜLLNER, AMADEUS G. A.
CHAMISSE, ADELBERT VON	XII, 91
XII, 109	NAOGEORG, THOMAS....X, 22
COLLIN, HEINRICH JOSEPH	NESTROY, JOHANN.....X, 169
VON X, 166	NEUBER, CAROLINE.....X, 45
FRISCHLIN, NICODEMUS..X, 22	NOVALIS (Friedrich von
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLF-	Hardenberg) XI, 111
GANG VON XI, 1	OPITZ, MARTIN.....X, 24
GOTTSCHED, JOHANN CHRIS-	PRADON, NICOLAS.....X, 45
TOPH X, 44	RAIMUND, FERDINAND...X, 167
GRABBE, CHRISTIAN DIETRICH	RAUPACH, E. B. SOLOMON
XII, 168	XII, 168
GRILLPARZER, FRANZ..XII, 75	SACHS, HANS.....X, 17
GRYPHIUS, ANDREAS...X, 36	SCHILLER, J. FRIEDRICH VON
GUTZKOW, KARL.....XII, 15	X, 91
HAFNER, PHILIP.....X, 166	SCHLEGEL, AUGUST WILHELM
HAUPTMANN, GERHART. XII, 171	VON XI, 104
HEINE, HEINRICH....XII, 117	SCHLEGEL, K. W. FRIEDRICH
HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED	VON XI, 109
VON X, 84	SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR
HOFFMAN, ERNST THEODOR	SUDERMANN, HERMANN
WILHELM..XI, 123; XII, 57	XII, 177
IFFLAND, AUGUST WILHELM	TIECK, LUDWIG.....XII, 1
XI, 149	UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG
IMMERMANN, KARL LEBE-	XII, 104
RECHT XII, 169	WAGNER, RICHARD...XII, 163
KLEIST, HEINRICH VON. XI, 122	WEISE, CHRISTIAN.....X, 37
KLINGEMANN, ERNST A. F.	WERNER, F. L. ZACHARIAS
XII, 82	X, 305; XII, 23
KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTT-	WIELAND, CHRISTOPH MARTIN
LIEB X, 74	X, 78
KÖRNER, KARL THEODOR. XII, 18	ZEDLITZ, J. C. VON.....X, 169

HUNGARY.

All references are to Vol. XVIII.

PAGE	PAGE
CZAKO, SIGISMUND 173	NAGY, IGNATIUS.....173
CZUCZOR, GEORGE.....168	OBERNYIK, CHAS.....173
GARAY, JANOS.....168	SZIGLIGETI, EDWARD.....171
HUGO, CHARLES.....173	TELEKY, COUNT LADISLAS..173
KATONA, STEPHEN 168	VÖRÖSMARTY, MIHALY....168

ITALY.

All references are to Vol. V.

PAGE	PAGE
ALBERGATI-CAPACELLI, FRAN- CESCO 99	MANZONI, ALESSANDRO....180
ALFIERI, COUNT VITTORIO.. 115	MARTELLI, PIETRO GIACOMO.160
ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE DE...217	METASTASIO, PIETRO BONA- VENTURA 35
AVELLONI, FRANCESCO.....101	MONTI, VINCENZO.....178
COSSA, PIETRO 216	NICCOLINI, GIOVANNI BAT- TISTA 193
FEDERICI, FRANCESCO.....104	PINDEMONTI, IPPOLITO.....107
GIRAUD, COUNT GIOVANNI..106	ROSSI 105
GOLDONI, CARLO 63	TASSO, TORQUATO..... 1
GOZZI, COUNT CARLO..... 93	ZENO, APOSTOLO 34
GUALZETTI 102	
MAFFEI, MARQUIS FRAN- CESCO S.....60	

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

All references are to Vol. XVII.

PAGE	PAGE
ALMQUIST, LUDWIG.....186	KIELLAND, ALEXANDER.....122
ATTERBOM, PETER D. A....182	LIDNER, BENGT 180
BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTERNE.. 77	LING, HENRIK 184
BLANCHE, AUGUST 186	OSCAR II, KING.....187
BÖRJESSON, JOHAN.....183	SJÖBERG, ERIK ("Vitalis")..184
DAHLGREN, KARL FREDER- ICK 184	STAGNELIUS 183
HEDBERG, FRANS.....187	TEGNER, ESAIAS.....185
IBSEN, HENRIK 127	WESSEL, JOHN HERMAN... 31
	WERGELAND, HENRIK ARNOLD.78

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

☞ All references are to Vol. XVIII.

	PAGE		PAGE
BELINSKI	156	NEKRASOFF, NIKOLAI A....	86
CATHERINE II, TZARINA....	46	NIKON, PATRIARCH	9
CHEKHOV, ANTON PAVLO-		POLOTZKI, SIMEON.....	5
VITCH	175	POTAPIENKO	157
DERJAVINE, GABRIEL R....	43	PUSHKIN, ALEX. SERGEI-	
GOGOL, NICHOLAS VASSIL-		VITCH	75
IVITCH	113	REJ OF NAGLOWICE.....	162
GORKI, MAXIM.....	279	SIENKIEWICZ, HENRIK....	165
KANTEMIER, CONSTANTINE		SUMAROKOFF, ALEX. PETRO-	
D.	55	VITCH	16
KOCHANOWSKI, JAN.....	163	TCHÉKHOF (see Chekhov).158	
KOTOSHIKLIN, GREGORY KAR-		TOLSTOI, COUNT ALEXIS	
POFF	5	CONSTANTINOVITCH	144
KRILOV, IVAN ANDREEVITCH.	66	TOLSTOI, COUNT LEO OR	
LERMONTOFF, MICHAEL Y... 86		LYEFF NIKOLAEVITCH	129
LOMONOSOV, MICHAEL	42	VON VIEZIN, DENIS IVANO-	
MERECHKOVSKI	156	VITCH	55

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

☞ All references are to Vol. VI.

	PAGE		PAGE
ARGENSCLA, LUPERCIO L....	93	LOPÉ DE VEGA CARPIO, FELIX	35
CALDERON DE LA BARCA,		MIRANDA, SAA DE.....	246
PEDRO	109	MORETO, AUGUSTIN.....	188
CANIZARES, JOSÉ DE.....	192	PONCE DE LEON, LUIS.....	17
CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA, MI-		QUEVEDO, FRANCISCO GOMEZ	95
GUEL DE	23	ROXAS, FRANCISCO DE.....	191
GONGORA, LUIS DE.....	87	VINCENTE, GIL	250
HOZ, JUAN DE.....	191	YRIARTE, TOMAS	204
HUERTA, VINCENTE GARCIA.	199	ZARATE, FERNANDO DE.....	190

III. Oriental Drama.

 All references are to Vol. III.

INDIA AND PERSIA.

	PAGE		PAGE
BABHAVUTI	136	JAAFAR, MIRZA	317
DAKIKI	191	KALIDASA	135
FATH-ALI, MIRZA	317	SUDRAKA	136
FIRDAUSI	191	'VISAKHADATTA	137
HERSHA DEVA, SRI.....	248		

JAPAN.

	PAGE		PAGE
CHIKAMATSU	69	GENICHIRO	83
DANJURO	84	IDZUMO	95

BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND EXTRA READING.

1. GENERAL WORKS ON THE DRAMA.

- DRYDEN, JOHN—An Essay of Dramatic Poesy.
SCHLEGEL, A. W. VON—Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.
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MEREDITH, GEORGE—Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit.
RICCIBONI, LUIGI—Reflexions Historiques et Critiques sur les differens Théâtres de l' Europe.

2. GREEK LITERATURE.

- BROWNE, R. W.—History of Classical Literature.
COLLINS, W. LUCAS, editor—Ancient Classics for English Readers.
SYMONDS, J. ADDINGTON—Studies of the Greek Poets.
JEVONS, F. B.—History of Greek Literature.

- MURRAY, GILBERT—History of Ancient Greek Literature.
 LLOYD—The Age of Pericles.
 MAHAFFY, J. P.—History of Classical Greek Literature.
 MILLS, ABRAHAM—Poets and Poetry of the Greeks.
 MÜLLER AND DONALDSON—History of the Literature of Ancient Greece.
 PERRY, T. SERGEANT—History of Greek Literature.
 SMITH, SIR WILLIAM—Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.
 WILKINSON, W. CLEAVER—College Greek Course in English.
 MURE, WM.—Critical History of Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.

3. GREEK DRAMA.

- DARLEY, J. R.—The Grecian Drama.
 BULWER, EDWARD LYTTON—Athens.
 MOULTON, R. G.—The Ancient Classical Drama.
 PATIN, GUY—Études sur les Tragiques Grecs.
 HUDDLESTON, J. H.—Greek Tragedy in the Light of Vase Paintings.
 WALFORD, E.—Handbook of the Greek Drama.
 MUNK, ED.—The Student's Greek Tragedians. Translated by A. W. Verrall.
 DONALDSON, J. W.—The Theatre of the Greeks.
 CHURCH, ALFRED W.—Stories from the Greek Tragedians. Stories from the Greek Comedians.
 SMITH, GOLDWIN—Specimens of Greek Tragedy.
 POLLARD, ALFRED W.—Odes from the Greek Dramatists.
 HAIGH, A. E.—The Attic Theatre. Tragic Drama of the Greeks.
 WITZSCHEL, A.—The Athenian Stage.
 CAPPS, EDWARD—The Stage in the Greek Theatre according to extant Dramas.

4. AESCHYLUS.

- PALEY, FREDERICK A.—Tragedies of Æschylus translated (prose).
 POTTER, ROBERT—Tragedies of Æschylus translated (verse).
 PLUMPTRE, E. H.—Tragedies of Æschylus translated (verse).
 SWANWICK, ANNA—Tragedies of Æschylus translated (verse).
 BLACKIE, J. STUART—Tragedies of Æschylus translated (verse).
 CAMPBELL, LEWIS—Æschylus, seven plays translated (verse).

- BROWNING, ROBERT—The Agamemnon of Æschylus.
 BROWNING, ELIZABETH B.—Prometheus Bound of Æschylus, translated.
 MILMAN, H. H.—Æschylus' Agamemnon and Euripides' Bacchæ.
 DALTON, C. N.—The Oresteia of Æschylus.
 FITZGERALD, EDWARD—The Agamemnon of Æschylus.
 GURNEY, W.—The Persæ of Æschylus.
 WEBSTER, AUGUSTA—Prometheus of Æschylus, translated.
 MOLYNEUX, HOWARD—Prometheus of Æschylus, translated.
 WARR, A. C.—The Oresteia of Æschylus.
 VERRALL, A. W.—Septem contra Thebas of Æschylus.
 MORSHEAD, E. D. A.—The Suppliant Maidens of Æschylus.
 COPLESTON, R. S.—Æschylus (life and works.)
 FLAXMAN, JOHN—Compositions from the Tragedies of Æschylus (outline drawings).

5. SOPHOCLES.

- PLUMPTRE, E. H.—Tragedies of Sophocles, translated (verse).
 FRANKLIN, THOMAS—Tragedies of Sophocles, translated (verse).
 CAMPBELL, LEWIS—Sophocles (Ancient Classics for English Readers).
 Death and Burial of Aias (Ajax), Sophocles.
 JEBB, R. C.—Death and Burial of Aias of Sophocles.
 Œdipus Rex of Sophocles.
 COLLINS, C. W.—Sophocles (life and works).
 FARREN, R.—The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles (etchings).

6. EURIPIDES.

- POTTER, ROBERT—Translation of Euripides (in verse) containing Alcestis, Electra, Orestes.
 BROWNING, ROBERT—Balaustion's Adventure (contains translation of Alcestis of Euripides).
 MILMAN, H. H.—The Bacchanals (translation of the Bacchæ of Euripides).
 WOODHULL, MICHAEL—Bacchanals, Ion, Medea of Euripides.
 DARMESTETER, A. MARY F. ROBINSON—The Crowned Hippolytus of Euripides.
 ENGLAND, E. B.—Euripides and the Attic Orators.
 WEBSTER, AUGUSTA—Medea.
 VERRALL, A. W.—Euripides the Rationalist.
 DONNE, W. B.—Euripides (life and works).

10. DRAMA IN INDIA.

- MACDONELL, A. A.—History of Sanskrit Literature.
 REED, E. A.—Hindu Literature.
 WILSON, HORACE HAYMAN—Theatre of the Hindus.
 KALIDASA—Raghavamsa, ed. by G. R. Nandargikar, with English translation.
 LEVI, SYLVAIN—Le Théâtre Indien.

11. PERSIAN LITERATURE.

- OUSELEY, SIR W. GORE—Biographical Notices of Persian Poets.
 REED, E. A.—Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern.
 ROSS, DENISON—History of Persian Literature.
 BROWNE, E. G.—Literary History of Persia.
 HEDIN, SVEN—Central Asia and Tibet, towards the holy city of Lassa.
 ROGERS, ALEX.—Three Persian Plays.
 Jami's Joseph and Zuleikha.
 BENJAMIN, S. G. W.—Persia and the Persians.
 PELLY, LEWIS—Passion Play of Hasan and Husain.

12. CHINESE AND JAPANESE DRAMA.

- GILES, H. A.—History of Chinese Literature.
 GOTSCHALL—Das Theater und Drama der Chinesen.
 ASTON, W. G.—History of Japanese Literature.

13. MYSTERIES AND PASSION PLAYS.

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 HUNTER, J., AND STEVENSON, J.—Towneley Mysteries.
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 BATES, KATHARINE LEE—The English Religious Drama.

14. PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

BLACKBURN, HENRY—Art in the Mountains, the Story of the Passion Play.

BUTLER, W. A.—Ober-Ammergau.

MACCOLL, MALCOLM—Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.

15. SPANISH DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE—Numantia, translated by J. Y. Gibson.

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CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO—Dramas, six translated by Edward Fitzgerald.

Dramas, translated by D. F. McCarthy.

Life's a Dream and Great Theatre of the World, translated by Archbishop R. C. Trench.

SIMONDI, J. C. L. S. DE—Literature of the South of Europe.

HASELL, E. J.—Calderon (Life and Works) in the series "Foreign Classics for English Readers."

16. ITALIAN DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

GOLDONI, CARLO—Comedies, translated by Helen Zimmern.

HASELL, E. J.—Tasso (Life and Works).

ALFIERI, VITTORIO—Tragedies, translated by E. A. Bowring.

HOWELLS, W. D.—Alfieri and Goldoni.

SALVINI, TOMMASO—Leaves from his Autobiography.

LONGFELLOW, H. W.—Poets and Poetry of Europe.

GARNETT, RICHARD—History of Italian Literature.

17. FRENCH LITERATURE.

BRUNETIÈRE, FERDINAND—French Literature.

VAN LAUN, HENRY—History of French Literature.

DOWDEN, EDWARD—History of French Literature.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE—Short History of French Literature.

KASTNER AND ATKINS—Short History of French Literature.

18. FRENCH CLASSIC DRAMA.

TROLLOPE, HENRY M.—Corneille and Racine (Foreign Classics for English Readers).

LOUNSBURY, T. R.—Voltaire and Shakespeare.

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BLAZE DE BURY, H.—Racine and the French Classical Drama.

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RACINE, JEAN—Dramatic Works, translated by R. B. Boswell (verse).

COCHRANE, A. B.—The Théâtre Français in the Reign of Louis XV.

HAWKINS, F.—Annals of the French Stage.
French Stage in the Eighteenth Century.

19. MOLIERE.

MOLIERE, J. B. POQUELIN—Dramatic Works, translated by H. Van Laun.

Selections from Molière's Plays by English Dramatists.

Comedies, translated by Charles Matthews.

20. ROMANTIC FRENCH DRAMA.

BRANDES, GEORGES—Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature.

KENNARD, N. H.—Life of Elisa Rachel ("Famous Women").
B., MADAME DE—Memoirs of Rachel.

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JANIN, JULES—Rachel et la Tragédie.

HUGO, VICTOR—Dramatic Works, translated by Mrs. Newton Crosland and F. L. Slous.

MARZIALS, T.—Life of Victor Hugo, with a Bibliography.

SWINBURNE, A. C.—A Study of Victor Hugo.

SAINTE-BEUVE, C. DE—Portraits Contemporains (V. Hugo).

EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND—Idols of the French Stage.

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BARTON, ALFRED—Victor Hugo:—Sa Vie, Ses Oeuvres et Son Temps.

21. RECENT FRENCH DRAMA.

HOUSSEY, ARSÈNE—Behind the Scenes of the Comédie Française.

OLIPHANT, C. F.—Alfred de Musset.

MUSSET, ALFRED DE—Comedies, translated by S. L. Gwynn.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER—The Theatres of Paris.

French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century.

REBELL, HUGUES—Victorien Sardou, le Théâtre et l'Époque.

LEMAITRE—Impressions de Théâtre Français.

22. GERMAN DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

BARTELS, ADOLF—Geschichte der Deutschen Litteratur.

HOSMER, J. K.—Short History of German Literature.

KOBERSTEIN—Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Nationallitteratur.

METCALFE, FREDERICK—History of German Literature.

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History of German Literature.
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- MENZEL, W.—German Literature.
- THOMPSON, BENJAMIN—German Theatre (collection of plays, translated).
- GOSTWICK AND HARRISON—Outlines of German Literature.
- DE STAEL, MADAME—Germany (De l'Allemagne).

23. LESSING AND HERDER.

- LESSING, G. E.—Dramatic Works, ed. by E. Bell.
Nathan the Wise, translated by E. K. Corbett.
- SIME, JAMES—Lessing (in "Foreign Classics for English Readers").
- ROLLESTON, T. W.—Gotthold E. Lessing.
- NEVINSON, H.—J. S. von Herder.

24. GOETHE.

- GOETHE, J. W.—Dramatic Works translated by Sir W. Scott, Bowring and Swanwick.
Autobiography—Poetry and Truth from my Life.
Faust, translated by A. Hayward.
Faust, translated by Sir Theodore Martin.
Faust, translated by Anna Swanwick.
Faust, translated by Bayard Taylor.
Hermann and Dorothea, translated by M. J. Teesdale.
Hermann and Dorothea, translated by E. A. Bowring.
- HAYWARD, A.—Goethe ("Foreign Classics for English Readers").
- RETZSCH, MORITZ—Goethe's Faust, with Retzsch's illustrations.
- HEDDEWICK, T. C. H.—The Old German Puppet Play of Doctor Faust (translated).
- DUDLEY, M. V.—The Poetry and Philosophy of Goethe.
- SANBORN, F. B.—Life and Genius of Goethe.
- HEINEMANN, A.—Life of Goethe.
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- GRIMM, HERMANN—Life and Times of Goethe.
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- BANCROFT, GEORGE—Literary and Historical Miscellanies.
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- HEDGE, FREDERICK H.—Hours with German Classics.
 EMERSON, RALPH W.—Representative Men (Goethe the Writer).
 DUNTZER, H.—Life of Goethe.
 HUTTON, RICHARD H.—Essays in Literary Criticism.
 TAYLOR, BAYARD—Studies in German Literature.

25. SCHILLER.

- CARLYLE, THOMAS—Life of Schiller.
 DUNTZER, H.—Life of Schiller.
 SIME, JAMES—Schiller (in "Foreign Classics for English Readers").
 SCHILLER, FRIEDRICH VON—Poems and Plays, translated by Lord Lytton.
 Don Carlos, translated by A. Wood.
 Maid of Orleans, translated by Lewis Filmore.
 Dramatic Works.

26. HEINE AND LATER GERMAN DRAMA.

- SHARP, WILLIAM—Life of Heine.
 WERNER, F. L. Z.—The Brethren of the Cross, translated by E. A. M. Lewis.
 GRILLPARZER, F.—Sappho, translated by E. Frothingham.
 PORTER, C. AND CLARKE, H. A., editors—Poet-Lore. (Contains translations from Hauptmann, Sudermann, Ibsen, etc.)

27. BRITISH LITERATURE AND DRAMA.

- WARTON, THOMAS—History of English Poetry, edited by W. C. Hazlitt.
 CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE—New Edition, by David Patrick.
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 COLLIER, J. PAYNE—History of English Dramatic Poetry to Time of Shakespeare and Annals of Stage to Restoration.
 WARD, A. W.—History of English Dramatic Literature.
 ADAMS, W. DAVENPORT—Dictionary of the Drama.
 HAZLITT, WILLIAM—Lectures on Dramatic Literature of Age of Elizabeth.

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 MORLEY, HENRY—English Writers.

28. ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE AND DRAMA.

- SAINTSBURY, GEORGE—History of Elizabethan Literature.
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The English Chronicle Play.

HAZLITT, W. CAREW—Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays.

FLEAY, F. G.—Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama. Elizabethan and Pre-Elizabethan Drama.

BOAS, F. S.—Shakspeare and his Predecessors in the English Drama.

CUNLIFFE, JOHN W.—The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL—The Old English Dramatists.

WATSON, WILLIAM—Some Literary Idolatries.

PENNIMAN, JOSIAH H.—The War of the Theatres (*i. e.*, quarrels among some Elizabethan dramatists).

LYLY, JOHN—Dramatic Works, edited by F. W. Fairholt.

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MASSINGER AND FORD—Dramatic Works.

SHIRLEY, JAMES—Dramatic Works, edited by W. Gifford and A. Dyce.

TOURNEUR, CYRIL—Plays and Poems, edited by J. Churton Collins.

WEBSTER, JOHN—Works, edited by W. C. Hazlitt.

29. SHAKESPEARE.

The principal authority for the text of Shakespeare's works is the first folio edition, published in 1623, seven years after his death, by J. Heminge and H. Condell, Managers of the Globe Theatre. Many of the plays had been previously published in quarto editions, but the author seems to have taken no special care of them. The first folio has been re-

printed several times. It was photo-lithographed by H. Staunton in 1866, and a reduced edition was issued by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips in 1876. Another fac-simile edition was edited by Sidney Lee in 1903.

The best recent annotated editions are those by H. Staunton (1860), A. Dyce (1867), R. G. White (1860), N. Delius (1877), N. H. Hudson (1881), W. J. Rolfe (1884).

The valuable Variorum edition was commenced by H. H. Furness in 1873, and is still in progress. It gives generally a volume to each play.

BOAS, F. L.—Shakespeare and his Predecessors.

GUIZOT, F. P.—Shakespeare and his Times.

SHERMAN, L. A.—Shakespeare, Artist and Man.

DOWDEN, EDWARD—Critical Study of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: His Mind and Art.

GOADBY, E.—England of Shakespeare.

CANNING, A. S. G.—Shakespeare Studied in Eight Plays.

CLARKE, MARY COWDEN—Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.

COLLIER, J. PAYNE—Memoirs of Principal Actors in Shakespeare's Plays.

GILES, HENRY—Human Life in Shakespeare.

LOUNSBURY, T. R.—Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.

SKEAT, W. W.—Shakespeare Illustrated by North's Plutarch.

HARTMANN, S.—Shakespeare in Art.

JUSSERAND, J. J.—Shakespeare in France.

ELSON, L.—Shakespeare in Music.

HUFFORD, LOIS G.—Shakespeare in Tale and Verse.

CORSON, HIRAM—Introduction to Shakespeare.

MOULTON, RICHARD G.—Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.

BACON, DELIA—Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare.
(This unfortunate lady originated the ascription of Shakespeare's plays to Sir Francis Bacon.)

CORSON, HIRAM A.—Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare.

HOLMES, N. H.—Authorship of Shakespeare.

MORGAN, APPLETON—The Shakspeare Myth.

HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS, J. O.—Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.

COLERIDGE, S. T.—Lectures upon Shakespeare and other Dramatists.

GERVINUS, G.—Shakespeare Commentaries.

HUDSON, HENRY N.—Shakespeare: His Life, Art and Characters.

WHITE, RICHARD GRANT—Life and Genius of Shakespeare.

- ### 30. DRAMA OF THE RESTORATION.

- BESANT, SIR WALTER—London in the Time of the Stuarts.
 CONGREVE, WM.—Plays, edited by Joseph Knight.
 CUNNINGHAM, P.—The Story of Nell Gwyn.
 DAVENANT, SIR WM.—Dramatic Works.
 DRYDEN, JOHN—Dramatic Works, edited by Sir Walter Scott.
 ETHEREDGE, SIR GEORGE—Works.
 FARQUHAR, GEORGE—Dramatic Works, edited by A. C. Ewald.
 OTWAY, THOMAS—Selections, edited by Roden Noel.
 GARNETT, RICHARD—The Age of Dryden.
 SHADWELL, THOMAS—Selections, edited by G. Saintsbury.
 VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN—Plays, edited by W. C. Ward.
 HUNT, LEIGH, Editor—The Dramatic Works of Wycherley,
 Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.

MACAULAY, T. B., LORD—Miscellanies (article on "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration").

MAIDMENT AND LOGAN—Dramatists of the Restoration.

ELLIS, HAVELOCK, Editor—Mermaid Series of Plays—contains the best plays of Otway, Wycherley, Congreve, Steele, and Vanbrugh.

ASHTON, JOHN—Humor, Wit and Satire of the Seventeenth Century.

CRAWFORD, O.—English Comic Dramatists.

31. BRITISH DRAMA—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

FIELDING, HENRY—Dramatic Works.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER—Poems and Plays.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE—Life of Dryden.

SHERIDAN, R. B.—Dramatic Works.

ADDISON, JOSEPH—Cato.

The Spectator.

STEELE, SIR RICHARD—Dramatic Works.

The Tatler.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM—The English Comic Writers.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES—Plays and Puritans.

STRANG, LEWIS C.—David Garrick and his Contemporaries.

BOULTON, W. B.—The Amusements of Old London.

CREIZENACH, WILHELM—Die Schauspiele der Englischen Komoedianten.

KNIGHT, JOSEPH—David Garrick (biography).

IRVING, WASHINGTON—Oliver Goldsmith.

DOBSON, AUSTIN—Oliver Goldsmith.

BOSWELL, JAMES—Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER—Comedies—She Stoops to Conquer, etc.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL—Lives of the Poets.

COURTHOPE, W. J.—Addison.

CIBBER, COLLEY—Apology for his Life.

FITZGERALD, PERCY—Lives of the Sheridans.

GARRICK, DAVID—Plays.

Private Correspondence, edited by Boaden.

MOORE, THOMAS—Life of R. B. Sheridan.

BESANT, SIR WALTER—London in the Eighteenth Century.

MOLLOY, J. FITZGERALD—Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington.

DALY, AUGUSTIN—Peg Woffington.

KENNARD, N. H.—Life of Mrs. Siddons ("Famous Women").

HUNT, LEIGH—Wit and Humor.

MINTO, JOHN—Literature of the Georgian Era.

32. BRITISH DRAMA, 1800-1850.

- HUNT, LEIGH—Dramatic Essays.
 MOLLOY, J. FITZGERALD—Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean.
 BOADEN, JAMES—Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons.
 BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD, LORD LYTTON—Dramatic Works.
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T.—Poetical and Dramatic Works (including his translations from Schiller).
 HORNE, RICHARD H.—The Spirit of the Age.
 LAMB, CHARLES—Plays, edited by Rudolph Dircks. Dramatic Essays.
 KEMBLE, FRANCES A.—Records of My Girlhood. Records of Later Life.
 FITZGERALD, PERCY—Family of the Kembles.
 ARCHER, WILLIAM—William Charles Macready.
 STRANG, L. C.—The Kembles and their Contemporaries.
 YATES, EDMUND—Life and Correspondence of Charles Matthews.

33. BRITISH DRAMA SINCE 1850.

- MARSTON, WESTLAND—Dramatic and Poetical Works.
 ROBERTSON, THOMAS W.—Principal Dramatic Works.
 TAYLOR, TOM—Historical Dramas.
 ARCHER, WILLIAM—English Dramatists of To-day.
 SCOTT, CLEMENT—The Drama of Yesterday and To-day.
 BRIDGES, ROBERT—Plays.
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 PINERO, ARTHUR W.—Plays.
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 FITZGERALD, PERCY—Henry Irving: Record of Twenty Years at the Lyceum.
 PEMBERTON, T. E.—Life and Writings of T. W. Robertson. Memoir of E. A. Sothorn.

34. HISTORY OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

- BAKER, H. BARTON—The London Stage.
 DORAN, JOHN—Their Majesty's Servants.

- DOWNES, JOHN—History of the Stage.
 EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND—Famous First Representations.
 FITZGERALD, PERCY—Romance of the English Stage.
 GENEST, J.—History of the Drama and Stage.
 HAWKINS, F. N.—Life of Edmund Kean.
 KELLY, W.—Notices of Drama and other Popular Amusements.
 LOWE, A. W.—Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature.
 MORLEY, H.—Journal of a London Play-goer.
 NEVILLE, HENRY—The Stage, its past and present history.
 WILLIAMS, MICHAEL—Some London Theatres.
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